

PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

PAUL NIXON

DEAN OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

V

STICHUS

THREE BOB DAY

TRUCULENTUS

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

FRAGMENTS



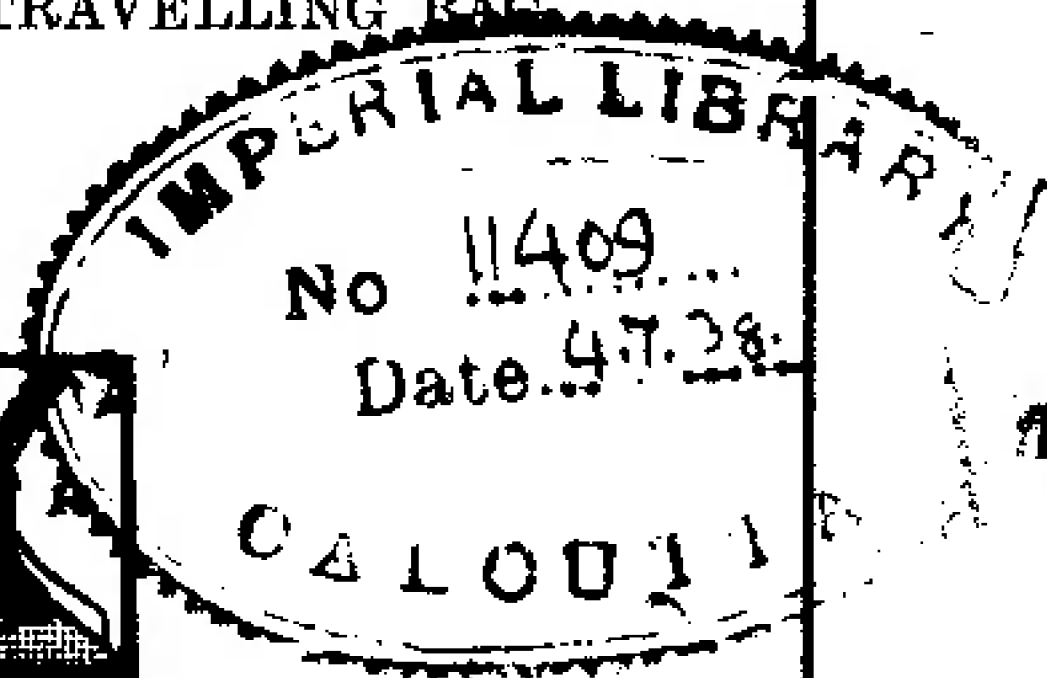
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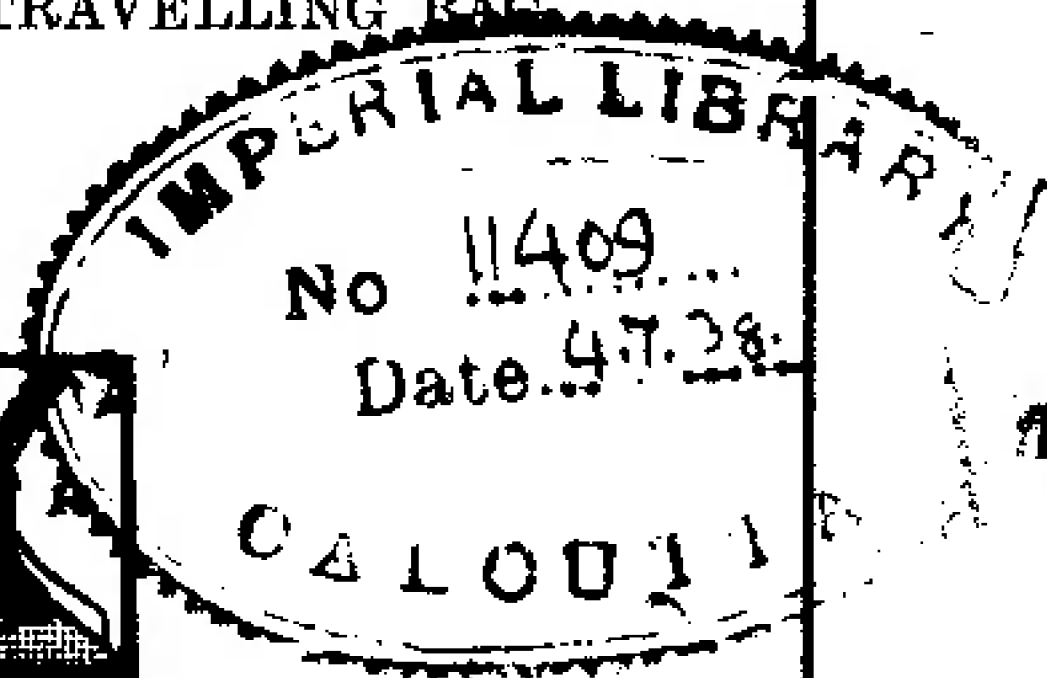
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THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF THE PLAYS IN THE FIFTH VOLUME

THE *Stichus* was adapted from Menander's 'Αδελφοί, a second 'Αδελφοί, and was presented at Rome in A.D. 200. The date of presentation of its original is less certain. The combined facts that the brothers had been able to enjoy three years of apparently peaceful¹ trading in Asia, that the people of Ambracia had envoys visiting Athens,² that Pinacium intends to make things unpleasant for any "king"³ who blocks his path and expects such an impressive⁴ welcome from his mistress, lead Hueffner⁵ to believe that the 'Αδελφοί was produced in 306 B.C. when Demetrius Poliorcetes wintered at Athens with much pomp and circumstance.

References in the *Trinummus* to Asian trade and war,⁶ and to busybodies knowing *quid in aurem rex reginae dixerit*⁷ cause Hueffner⁸ to assign its Greek original, Philemon's Θησαυρός, to the period when this same Demetrius Poliorcetes ruled in Athens, 292-287 B.C. The *Trinummus* itself seems to have been produced no earlier than 194 B.C.

¹ Stich. 402-405.

² Stich. 287.

³ Hueffner, 46.

⁴ Trin. 207.

⁵ Stich. 490-491.

⁶ Stich. 290-291.

⁷ Trin. 598-599.

⁸ Hueffner, 61.

THE GREEK ORIGINALS

The original of the *Truculentus* is unknown. Stratophanes' statement that he overthrew Syria,¹ together with Diniarchus' allusion to going to Lemnos *cum publico imperio*² make it likely that that original was produced in Athens between 299 and 297 B.C.³ The *Truculentus* was written toward the end of Plautus' life and probably was presented at Rome about 186 B.C.

• ¹ Truc. 530-532.

¹ ² Truc. 91-92.

³ Hueffner, 33.

SOME ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF PLAYS
IN THE FIFTH VOLUME

Stichus, Fennell; Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1893.

Trinummus, Fairclough; New York, The Macmillan Company, 1909.

Trinummus, Freeman and Sloman; Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1885.

Trinummus, Morris; Boston and London, Ginn and Company, 1898.

Truculentus, Spengel; Göttingen, Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 1868.

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STICHVS

STICHUS

GRAECA ADELPHOE MENANDRU

ACTA LUDIS PLEBEIS

CN. BAEBIO C. TERENTIO AED. PL.

T. PUBLILIUS PELLIO

MARCIPOR OPPII

TIBIIS SARRANIS TOTAM

C. SULPICIO C. AURELIO COS.

STICHUS

FROM THE GREEK PLAY OF MENANDER,
THE BROTHERS.

ACTED AT THE PLEBEIAN GAMES IN
THE PLEBEIAN AEDILESHIP OF GNAEUS
BAEBIUS AND GAIUS TERENTIUS.

PRODUCED BY TITUS PUBLILIUS PELLIO.
MUSIC, ON TYRIAN FLUTES THROUGHOUT,
BY OPPIUS' MARCIPOR.

GAIUS SULPICIUS AND GAIUS AURELIUS,
CONSULS.

ARGVMENTVM I.

Duas sorores simul in matrimonium
duo fratres ducunt. post re confracta duo
rem quaerunt peregre, qui paupertatem levent.
ibi absunt peregrinantes per triennium.
sorores nolunt prodere absentes viros.
pater castigat propter eam rem filias;
sed ei persuadent, aliis ne se conlocet.
reveniunt opibus aucti ad uxores viri;
facete reduces ludunt. potant servuli.

ARGVMENTVM II

Senex castigat filias, quod eae viros
Tam perseverent peregrinantis pauperes
Ita sustinere fratres neque relinquere;
Contraque verbis delenitur commodis,
Habere ut sineret quos semel nactae forent.
Viri reveniunt opibus aucti trans mare;
Suam quisque retinet, ac Sticho ludus datur.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

Two brothers marry two sisters at the same time. Later, having lost their money, the brothers go abroad to recoup these losses that have left them poor. And abroad they stay for three long years. The sisters will not hear of giving up their absent husbands. This leads their father to upbraid them; but they persuade him not to marry them to other men. Home come the husbands to their wives at last, affluent again; and a lively time the home-comers have. The slaves carouse.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

An old gentleman upbraids his daughters for standing by their husbands through thick and thin and refusing to give them up, two impoverished brothers then abroad. The girls, however, find the proper words to appease him and are permitted to keep the mates they already have. Their husbands, affluent again, return from across the sea. They have their wives secure, and Stichus is allowed to celebrate.

PERSONAE

PANEGYRIS VXOR EPIGNOMI

SOROR VXOR PAMPHILIPPI

ANTIPHO SENEX

GELASIMVS PARASITVS

CROCOTIVM ANCILLA

PINACIVM PVER

EPIGNOMVS }
PAMPHILIPPVS } FRATRES

STICHVS }
SANGARINVS } SERVI

STEPHANIVM ANCILLA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PANEGYRIS, *wife of Epignomus.*

SISTER of Panegyris, and *wife of Pamphilippus.*

ANTIPHO, *their father, an old gentleman of Athens.*

GELASIMUS, *a parasite.*

CROCOTIUM, *maid to Panegyris.*

PINACIUM, *slave boy of Panegyris.*

EPIGNOMUS }
PAMPHILIPPUS } *brothers, young Athenians.*

STICHUS, *slave of Epignomus.*

SANGARINUS, *slave of Pamphilippus.*

STEPHANUM, *maid to Pamphilippus' wife.*

ACTVS I

Pan. Credo ego miseram
fuisse Penelopam,
soror, suo ex animo,
quae tam diu vidua
viro suo caruit;
nam nos eius animum
de nostris factis noscimus, quarum viri hinc apsunt,
quorumque nos negotiis apsentum, ita ut aequom est,
sollicitae noctes et dies, soror, sumus semper.

Sor. Nostrum officium
nos facere aequomst,
neque id magis facimus
quam nos monet pietas.
sed hic, soror, asside dum : multa volo tecum
loqui de re viri.

Pan. Salvene, amabo ? ♀

10

Sor. Spero quidem et volo ; sed hoc, soror, crucior,
patrem tuum meumque adeo, unice qui unus ¹
civibus ex omnibus probus perhibetur,
eum nunc improbi viri officio uti,
viris qui tantas apsentibus nostris
facit iniurias immerito
nosque ab eis abducere volt.

¹ Corrupt (Leo)

Scene :—Athens. A street in which stand the houses of Epignomus, Pamphilippus and Antipho.

ACT I

ENTER *Panegyris* AND HER SISTER INTO DOORWAY OF *Panegyris'* HOUSE. THEY LOOK DOWN THE STREET, DISAPPOINTEDLY.

Pan. (*querulously*) Ah, Penelope must have felt dreary, sister, living alone without her husband all that time. We know what her feelings were, all right, from what's happened to us, with our husbands gone, and we for ever anxious about their affairs while they're away—and so we should be, sister—day and night.

Sister. (*resolutely*) We should do our duty, and what we do is no more than our loyalty dictates. (*drawing her to a couch within the wide open doors*) But do come and sit down here, dear. There's lots I want to talk over with you—it's this husband matter.

Pan. (*as they seat themselves*) Mercy! All's well, isn't it?

Sister I certainly hope so and wish so. But here's what torments me, sister—to have your father, yes, and mine, who's held to be the one outstanding man of high principles in this whole city, to have him, him, act like an unprincipled scoundrel now in doing our absent husbands such dreadful, undeserved injustice and wanting to take us away

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec res vitae me, soror, saturant,
haec mihi divitiae et senio sunt.

Pan. Ne lacruma, soror, neu tuo id animo 20
fac quod tibi tuos pater facere minatur :
spes est eum melius facturum.
novi ego illum : ioculo istaec dicit,
neque ille sibi mereat Perarum
montis, qui esse aurei perhibentur,
ut istuc faciat quod tu metuis.
tamen si faciat, minime irasci
decet, neque id immerito eveniet.
nam viri nostri domo ut abierunt,
hic tertius annus.

Sor. 30
Ita ut memoras.

Pan. Quom ipsi interea vivant, valeant,
ubi sint, quid agant, ecquid agant,
neque participant nos, neque redeunt.

Sor. An id doles, soror, quia illi suum officium
non colunt, quom tu tuum facis?

Pan. Ita pol.

Sor. Tace sis, cave sis audiam ego istuc
posthac ex te.

Pan. Nam quid iam?

Sor. Quia pol meo animo omnis sapientis 40
suum officium aequom est colere et facere.
quam ob rem ego te hoc, soror, tametsi es maior,
moneo, ut tuum memineris officium :
etsi illi improbi sint atque aliter
nobis faciant quam aequomst, tam pol
ne quid magi' sit,¹ omnibus obnixè opibus
nostrum officium meminisse decet.

¹ *magi' sit* Lindsay, *sit A* : *magis simus* (Leo), lacuna noted.

STICHUS

from them. (*choking*) It's this that makes me tired of life, dear. It's this that makes me feel so harassed, so worn.

Pan. (*petting her*) There, there, sister, don't cry! Don't treat your own self the way your father threatens to treat you. I'm in hopes he'll do better than that by us. I know him: he's having his little joke. Why, not for all those fabled Persian mountains made of gold would he do the thing you fear. (*somewhat resentfully*) Even if he did, though, we have no earthly right to be angry, and it wouldn't be anything (*with emphasis*) undeserved. Why, it's three years now since those husbands of ours left home.

Sister (*sobbing*) Yes, three years.

Pan. (*her resentment rising*) And all this time whether they're safe and sound, where they are, what they're doing, how they're doing—they don't vouchsafe us a word and they don't return.

Sister (*tearfully*) Is this what . . . bothers you, sister, that they . . . disregard their duty while you do yours?

Pan. Yes, indeed it is!

Sister Will you please hush! Will you please never let me hear any . . . such words from you again!

Pan. And pray why not?

Sister Why, because, as I see it, right . . . thinking people should all have regard for what's their own . . . duty and do it. So no matter if you are the older, dear, I warn you to keep your own duty in mind. Even if our husbands are irresponsible and do treat us . . . inconsiderately, well then, we mustn't add to the . . . injury, but exert every effort to remember what our own . . . duty is.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pan. Placet : taceo.
Sor. At memineris facito.¹

I. 2.
Ant. Qui manet ut moneatur semper servos homo officium
 suum
 nec voluntate id facere meminit, servos is habitu hau
 probust.
 vos meministis quot kalendis petere demensum
 cibum :
 qui minus meministis quod opus sit facto facere in
 aedibus ?
 iam quidem in suo quicque loco nisi erit mihi situm
 supellectilis,
 quom ego revortar, vos monimentis commonefaciam
 bubulis.
 non homines habitare mecum mi hic videntur, sed
 sues.
 facite sultis, nitidae ut aedes meae sint, quom
 redeam domum.
 iam ego domi adero : ad meam maiorem filiam
 invisio modo ;
 siquis me quaeret, inde vocatote aliqui ; aut iam
 egomet hic ero.

60

* Leo brackets following vv., 48-57 :

Pan. Nolo ego, soror, me credi esse immemorem viri,
 neque ille eos honores, mihi quos habuit, perdidit ;
 nam pol mihi grata acceptaque eiust benignitas.
 et me quidem haec iudicio nunc non paenitet,
 neque est cur ² studeam has nuptias mutarier ;
 verum postremo in patris potestate est situm :
 faciendum id nobis quod parentes imperant.
Sor. Scio, atque in cogitando maerore augeor,
 nam propemodum iam ostendit suam sententiam.
Pan. Igitur quaeramus, nobis quid facto usus sit.

² Leo brackets following non.

STICHUS

Pan. (with a hug) You're right; I'll hush.
Sister But see you . . . remember.¹ (both cry and comfort each other)

Scene 2. ENTER *Antipho*, GLOWERING, INTO HIS DOORWAY.

Ant. (hotly, to servants within) A slave that's eternally remiss in doing his duty till he's reminded and never remembers it of his own accord, well, he's a slave of no principles. You fellows remember to claim your rations the first of every month. What makes your memories fail you for doing what needs to be done in the house? Now mark my words! If things aren't arranged in there just exactly where they ought to be, when I return, the reminders you get from me will be memorials of cowhide. It looks as if I were living here with swine, not human beings. You kindly see to it that this house of mine is spick and span by the time I'm back. I'll soon be home; I'm only going over to my elder daughter's. If anyone wants me, you come there and call me—or I'll soon be here myself. (leaves the doorway and then halts, meditating)

¹ vv. 48-57 :

Pan. I don't want to be thought unmindful of my husband, sister, and his esteem of me isn't wasted, either. No indeed, I'm certainly grateful for his kind-heartedness and appreciate it. And so far as I'm concerned, my marriage isn't something I now regret or have any reason for desiring changed. But after all, our father has absolute authority in this: we simply must obey parental orders.

Sister I know, and that's what depresses me all the more when I think about it, for already he has pretty nearly shown us how he feels.

Pan. Then let's consider what our best course is.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sor. Quid agimus, soror, si offirmabit pater adversum nos?

Pan. Pati
nos oportet quod ille faciat, cuius potestas plus potest.
exorando, haud adversando sumendam operam censeo :

70

gratiam per si petimus, spero ab eo impetrassere ;
adversari sine dedecore et scelere summo haud possumus,
neque equidem id factura neque tu ut facias consilium dabo,

Ant. verum ut exoremus. novi ego nostros : exorabilest.
Principium ego quo pacto cum illis occipiam, id ratiocinor :

utrum ego perplexim laccessam oratione ad hunc modum,

quasi numquam quicquam in eas similem, quasi nil indauidiverim

eas in se meruisse culpam, an potius temptem saeviter,¹

si manere hic sese malint potius quam alio nubere. non faciam. quid mi opust decurso aetatis spatio cum meis

80

gerere bellum, quom nil, quam obrem id faciam, meruisse arbitror?

minime, nolo turbas, sed hoc mihi optimum factu arbitror : ²

perplexabiliter earum hodie perpavefaciam pectora ;
post id ³ igitur deinde, ut animus meus erit, faciam palam.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 79 :
an minaciter. scio litis fore, ego meas novi optume.

STICHUS

Sister What shall we do, sister, if father holds out in opposing us?

Pan. We'll have to do as he sees fit, he having the upper hand. But it seems to me we should rely on appeal rather than opposition. If we ask it as a favour, I have my hopes he'll acquiesce; opposing him's impossible without our seeming a perfectly shameless and dreadful pair. I certainly won't do it, and I won't advise you to do it, either. Appeal's the thing. I know our family: he's open to appeal.

Ant. (*still buried in meditation*) It's hard to figure how I'd best begin approaching them about it. Should I open up on 'em in a befoggy sort of way, as if I weren't charging them with anything at all, as if I had no inkling of their having been in the least at fault? Or should I come down on 'em hard,¹ if they prefer staying here to taking other husbands? (*cogitates further*) I won't do it. What's the use, now that my course is run, of fighting with my own girls when they really seem to have done nothing to deserve it? I certainly won't. No squabbles for me. No, this seems to be my best plan of action:² (*chuckling*) I'll befoggify 'em to-day till they're both beflabbergasted; and then after that I'll go on and make it plain how I feel.

¹ v. 79: Or with threats? I know there'll be protests. I'm thoroughly acquainted with my daughters.

² v. 84: This is what I'll do: I'll make believe they've misbehaved somehow.

² Leo brackets following v., 84:
sic faciam: adsimulabo quasi quam culpam in sese admiserint.

³ Leo brackets following *agam*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

multa scio faciunda verba. ibo intro. sed apertast
foris.

Sor. Certo enim mihi paternae vocis sonitus auris accidit.

Pan. Is est ecastor. ferre advorsum homini occupemus
osculum.

Sor. Salve, mi pater.

Ant. Et vos ambae. ilico agite assidite. 90

Sor. Osculum—

Ant. Sat est osculi mihi vestri.

Pan. Qui, amabo, pater?

Ant. Quia ita meae animae salsura evenit.

Sor. Asside hic, pater.

Ant. Non sedeo istic, vos sedete; ego sedero in subsellio.

Pan. Mane pulvinum.

Ant. Bene procuras. mihi satis sic fultumst. sede.

Sor. Sine, pater.

Ant. Quid opust?

Pan. Opust.

Ant. Morem tibi geram. atque hoc est satis.

Sor. Numquam enim nimis curare possunt suum paren-
tem filiae.

quem aequiust nos potio^{re}m habere quam te?

postidea, pater,

viros nostros, quibus tu voluisti esse nos matres
familias.

STICHUS

It'll take a lot of talking, that's sure. Well, I'll go in. (*approaching Panegyris' house*) But the door's open.

Sister Why, that was the sound of father's voice I caught, it certainly was!

Pan. (*peeking*) Goodness, yes, it's he! Let's surprise him with a kiss as he comes in. (*they do so with high success*)

Sister Good morning, father dear!

Ant. (*feigning gruffness and trying to release himself*) Same to you both. That'll do, that'll do, sit down!

Sister (*both still embracing him*) Just a kiss—

Ant. I've had enough of your kissing.

Pan. Oh, father dear, how can you say that?

Ant. (*scanning their tear-stained faces*) Because it already has made my breath briny.

Sister (*trying to draw him to the couch*) Sit down here, father.

Ant. Not I, you two sit there. I'll sit on this bench myself. (*does so*)

Pan. Wait—a cushion! (*makes him comfortable*)

Ant. (*liking it*) You do take good care of me. There, there, that's plenty of propping. Sit down.

Sister (*bringing another cushion*) Just one more, father.

Ant. Oh, what's the sense?

Pan. (*as they fuss over him*) But there is.

Ant. (*succumbing*) I give up. (*they complete his comfort*) Now that's plenty, plenty.

Sister Why, daughters can't ever take too good care of their parents. Who ought to be held higher by us than you? And next to you, (*with a sly glance at Panegyris*) our husbands, father, that you yourself wished us to be married to.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ant. Bonas ut aequomst facere facitis, quom tamen
apsentis viros
proinde habetis quasi praesentes sint.

Sor. Pudicitiaſt, pater, 100

eos nos magnificare, qui nos socias sumpserunt sibi.

Ant. Num quis hic est alienus nostris dictis auceps
auribus?

Pan. Nullus praeter nosque teque.

Ant. Vostrum animum adhiberi volo;
nam ego ad vos nunc imperitus rerum et morum
mulierum,
discipulus venio ad magistras: quibus matronas
moribus,
quae optumae sunt, esse oportet? sed utraque ut
dicat mihi.

Sor. Quid istuc est quod huc exquaesitum mulierum
mores venis?

Ant. Pol ego uxorem quaero, postquam vostra mater
mortuaſt.

Sor. Facile invenies et peiorem et peius moratam, pater,
quam illa fuit: meliorem neque tu reperies neque
sol videt. 110

Ant. At ego ex te exquaero atque ex istac tua sorore.

Sor. Edepol pater,
scio ut oportet esse: si sint—ita ut ego aequom
censeo.

Ant. Volo scire ergo, ut aequom censes.

Sor. Vt, per urbem quom ambulent,
omnibus os opturent, ne quis merito male dicat sibi.

STICHUS

- Ant.* (*with apparent heartiness*) You act as good wives ought to act in having the same regard for your absent husbands as if they were present.
- Sister* (*hiding her surprise*) It's only decent of us, father, to hold in honour men who've chosen us to be their helpmates.
- Ant.* (*peering about*) There's no outsider within earshot eavesdropping on what we say?
- Pan.* (*looking startled*) No one but you and us.
- Ant.* (*very grave and confidential*) Well then, I wish to be accorded your attention. The fact is, unfamiliar as I am with feminine affairs and characteristics, I am coming to you girls now as a pupil to his teachers. Tell me what characteristics should women have, to be the very best wives and mothers? (*as his daughters exchange wondering glances*) But I want the opinion of each of you.
- Sister* What's your idea in coming to us with questions about feminine characteristics?
- Ant.* Well, I am looking for a wife, (*the girls gasp*) now that your mother is no more.
- Sister* (*after a pained silence*) Ah, father, you'll easily find a worse one and one with worse characteristics than hers. A better one you'll never find; there's not one under the sun.
- Ant.* Still, I ask this question of you and your sister there.
- Sister* (*hesitantly*) Dear me, father, I . . . know the sort they should have: if they're to be—the sort I . . . approve of.
- Ant.* (*enjoying the situation*) Ah then, I wish to know the sort you do approve of.
- Sister* Well, the sort that . . . seen on the city streets . . . mew up all maligning mouths and give no one cause for gossip.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ant.* Dic vicissim nunciam tu.
- Pan.* Quid vis tibi dicam, pater?
- Ant.* Vbi facillime spectatur mulier, quae ingenio est bono?
- Pan.* Quoi male faciundi est potestas, quae ne id faciat temperat.¹
- Ant.* Qui potest mulier vitare citius?
- Sor.* Vt cottidie 121
 pridie caveat ne faciat quod pigeat postridie.
- Ant.* Quae tibi mulier videtur multo sapientissima?
- Pan.* Quae tamen, cum res secundae sunt, se poterit noscere,
 et illa quae aequo animo patietur sibi esse peius quam fuit.
- Ant.* Edepol vos lepide temptavi vostrumque ingenium ingeni.
 sed hoc est quod ad vos venio quodque esse ambas conventas volo :
 mi auctores ita sunt amici, ut vos hinc abducam domum.
- Sor.* At enim nos, quarum res agitur, aliter auctores sumus. 130
 nam aut olim, nisi tibi placebant, non datas oportuit, aut nunc non aequomst abduci, pater, illisce apsentibus.
- Ant.* Vosne ego patiar cum mendicis nuptas me vivo viris?
- Sor.* Placet ille meus mihi mendicus : suos rex, reginae placet.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 118-120 :

Ant. *Hau male istuc. age tu altera, utra sit condicio pensior, virginemne an viduam habere ?*

Sor. *Quanta mea sapientia est, ex malis multis malum quod minimum est, id minimest malum.*

STICHUS

- Ant.* (to *Panegyris*) Your turn now, let me hear from you.
- Pan.* What do you want to hear from me, father?
- Ant.* The best proof of a woman's excellence of character.
- Pan.* Her . . . having the chance to do wrong and the self-restraint not to.¹
- Ant.* (to *Sister*) How can a woman keep free from faults?
- Sister* Oh, by . . . daily avoidance the . . . day before of . . . actions she'll regret the day after.
- Ant.* (to *Panegyris*) Hm! And who is far the wisest sort of woman, in your opinion?
- Pan.* The one that can . . . really see herself even when things go well, and still is . . . cheerful and patient when they (on the verge of tears) don't.
- Ant.* (laughing heartily) Well, well, my dears, this has been a most entertaining test of you and your own characteristics of character! (finally checking their demonstrative relief) But here's the true cause of my coming to you and wishing a conference with you both: my friends are advising me to take you away to my own home.
- Sister* (fondling him) Ah, but it's our lives that are affected, and we advise you otherwise. For either you ought not to have given us at all to husbands you didn't esteem, or now it's unfair, father, to take us away from those husbands in their absence.
- Ant.* (with a poor show of indignation) So I'm to let you girls stay married, in my own lifetime, to mendicants?
- Sister* That mendicant of mine is dear to me: it's her.
- ¹ vv. 118-120:
- Ant.* Not bad, that. (to *Sister*) Come, you other one—which makes the more desirable wife, maid or widow?
- Sister* To the best of my . . . knowledge, of infinite ills the . . . least irksome is the ill that . . . irks the least.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

idem animust in paupertate qui ~~elim~~ in divitiis fuit : ¹
non tu me argento dedisti, opinor, nuptum, sed viro.

Ant. Quid illos ^{ex}expectatis, qui abhinc iam abierunt
triennium?

Pan. quin vos capitis condicionem ex pessuma primariam?
Stultitiast, pater, venatum ducere invitas canes.

hostis est uxor, invita quae viro nuptum datur. 140

Ant. Certumne est neutram vostrarum persequi im-
perium patris?

Pan. Persequimur, nam quo dedisti nuptum, abire
nolumus.

Ant. Bene valet. ibo atque amicis vostra consilia
eloquar.

Pan. Probiores credo arbitrabunt, si probis narraveris.

Ant. Curate igitur familiarem rem ut potestis.

Pan. Optume,
nunc places, quom recte monstras; nunc tibi
auscultabimus.

nunc, soror, abeamus intro.

Sor. Immo intervisam domum.

si a viro tibi forte veniet nuntius, facito ut sciam.

Pan. Neque ego te celabo, neque tu me celassis quod
scias.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 135 :

Ant. Vosne latrones et mendicos homines magni penditis?

STICHUS

own prince that's dear to a princess. Poor as we are or rich as we were, I feel the same.¹ It wasn't to money you married me, I assume, but to a man.

Ant. But why wait for men who went away and left you three years ago? Why not make a first-rate match, in place of one that's the worst possible?

Pan. (*also fondling him*) It's foolish, father, to lead unwilling hounds to hunt. The man that's given an unwilling wife marries an enemy.

Ant. Then you're both resolved not to obey your father's orders?

Pan. We do obey them, in holding to the husbands you gave us.

Ant. (*rising*) Well, goodbye, my dears. (*quizzically*) I'll go and inform my friends of your intentions.

Pan. (*as they hover about him, seeing him off*) And they'll respect us the more for them, I fancy, if they're friends to be respected.

Ant. (*going*) Well then, manage your household affairs as best you can, girls.

Pan. (*calling to him*) Oh, that's fine! Now you're just a dear, with advice like that; now we'll listen to you.

[EXIT *Antipho*, LEAVING HIS DAUGHTERS JUBILANT.
Now then, sister, let's go inside.]

Sister I can't, I must look after things at home. If you happen to get a message from your husband, be sure you let me know.

[EXIT.]

Pan. (*as she disappears*) I shan't keep back anything I know from you, nor you from me, either. (*goes to her door and calls*) Hullo there! Crocotium!

¹ v. 135:

Ant. Bandits and beggars—you girls prize them all, eh?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eho, Crocotium, i, parasitum Gelasimum huc
 arcesso, 150
 tecum adduce; nam illum ecastor mittere ad
 portum volo,
 si quae forte ex Asia navis heri aut hodie venerit.
 nam dies totos apud portum servos unus assidet;
 sed tamen volo intervisti. propera atque actutum
 redi.

I. 3.

Gel. Famem ego fuisse suspicor matrem mihi,
 nam postquam natus sum, satur numquam fui.
 neque quisquam melius referet matri gratiam¹
 neque rettulit, quam ego refero meae matri Fami.
 nam illa me in alvo menses gestavit decem,
 at ego illam in alvo gesto plus annos decem. 160
 atque illa puerum me gestavit parvolum,
 quo minus laboris cepisse illam existumo:
 ego non pauxillulam in utero gesto famem,
 verum hercle multo maximam et gravissimam;
 uteri dolores mihi oboriuntur cotidie,²
 sed matrem parere nequeo, nec quid agam scio.
 atque auditavi saepe hoc volgo dicier,
 solere elephantum gravidam perpetuos decem
 esse annos; eius ex semine haec certost fames,
 nam iam compures annos utero haeret meo. 170

¹ Leo brackets following v., 157*:
quam ego meae matri refero invitissimus.

² Corrupt (Leo): *quot dies* Goetz.

¹ v. 157*: Than I square accounts with my mother,
 much as I hate to.

STICHUS

ENTER *Crocotium*.

Go and find the parasite Gelasimus, bring him here with you. I simply must send him to the harbour to see if some ship hasn't possibly arrived from Asia yesterday or to-day. Even though I do have a slave stationed at that harbour all the time, I want someone to go and look. Hurry up, and return at once.

[EXIT INTO HER HOUSE, *Crocotium* HURRYING ONLY AS FAR AS *Antipho's* DOORWAY, WHERE SHE STOPS TO CHAT WITH ANOTHER SLAVE.]

Scene 3. ENTER *Gelasimus*, OBVIOUSLY LIVING IN A HARD, COLD WORLD.

Gel. Dear, dear, I do suspect that I'm the son of old mother Hunger herself, for never since my birth have I had my fill. And no one ever will square accounts with his mother,¹ or ever has, better than I square 'em with my mother Hunger. Why, she carried me in her belly a mere ten months, while I've carried her in mine ten years and more. Yes, and I was only a mite of a thing when she carried me, which must have reduced the labour for her. But this Hunger I'm carrying in my inside is no miniature. Lord, not by a jugful! It's the biggest, most unwieldy one on record! I get my pains there every day, yet still can't manage to deliver mother, and what to do about it I don't know. I've often a-heard the common saying, that an elephant stays in the family way for ten years straight; that's the stock this Hunger of mine must come from, for it's been hanging to my insides for years and years already.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nunc si ridiculum hominem quærat quispiam,
venalis ego sum cum ornamentis omnibus;
inanimentis explementum quaerito.

Gelasimo nomen mi indidit parvo pater,
quia inde iam a pausillo puero ridiculus fui.¹
propter pauperiem hoc adeo nomen repperi,
eo quia paupertas fecit ridiculus forem;
nam illa artis omnis perdocet, ubi quem attigit.
per annonam caram dixit me natum pater:
propterea, credo, nunc essurio acrius.

180

sed generi nostro haec redditast benignitas:
nulli negare soleo, siquis me essum vocat.
oratio una interiit hominum pessume,
atque optuma hercle meo animo et scitissima,
qua ante utebantur: "veni illo ad cenam, sic face,
promitte vero, ne gravare. est commodum?
volo inquam fieri, non amittam quin eas."

nunc reppererunt iam ei verbo vicarium
—nihil quidem hercle verbumst ac vilissimum:
"vocem te ad cenam, nisi egomet cenem foris."
e hercle ego verbo lumbos diffractos velim,
ni vere perierit, si cenassit domi.

190

haec verba subigunt me uti mores barbaros
discam atque ut faciam praeconis compendium
itaque auctionem praedicem, ipse ut venditem.

Croc. Hic ille parasitus, quem arcessitum missa sum.
quae loquitur auscultabo prius quam conloquar.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *inde* deleted (Guietus).

STICHUS

(*surveying the neighborhood with a sigh*) Well now, if anyone's hunting for a humourist, here I am for sale, with my entire equipment; what I always hunt, myself, is (*soulfully*) satiation of my inanitions. I got the name Gelasimus from my father as a youngster, for even since I was a little shaver I've been a (*smirking*) jolly ass. And besides, I acquired this name from being poor, for it was poverty made a professional humourist out of me. Ah, poverty does teach all the arts to anyone she lights on. Father told me food was dear when I was born. No doubt that's why I'm damn near starved at present. But our family's always been endowed with altruism: I never refuse a living soul that asks me out to eat. It's wicked, though, the way one kind of speech, that people used to make, has perished from the earth, the noblest, most appealing speech, by gad, that ever was, in my opinion: "Come on to dinner—do, you must—there, there, now! Promise—don't fight shy. The time is right? I tell you I insist. You can't escape me till you come." But now they've found a new set phrase they substitute—and, oh Lord, it's the scummiest, scurviest phrase I know: "I'd ask you in to dinner, but I'm dining out myself." Ugh! I'd like to see that phrase get its loins wrecked, except that if its user does dine at home, it'll get utterly lost. It's phrases of this sort that constrain me to learn foreign customs, so I must dispense with an auctioneer and announce my own auction, and offer myself for sale.

Croc. (*aside, seeing Gelasimus, her friend having left*) Here's that parasite I was sent to fetch. I'll just catch what he's saying before I speak to him.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gel.* Sed curiosi sunt hic complures mali,
 alienas res qui curant studio maximo,
 quibus ipsis nullast res, quam procurent, sua : 200
 ei quando quem auctionem facturum sciunt,
 adeunt, perquirunt quid sit causae ilico :
 alienum aes cogat an pararit praedium,
 uxorin sit reddenda dos divortio.
 eos omnis tametsi hercle haud indignos iudico
 qui multum miseri sint, laborent, nil moror :
 dicam auctionis causam, ut damno gaudeant ;
 nam curiosus nemo est quin sit malevolus.¹
 damna evenerunt maxuma misero mihi,
 ita me mancupia miserum adfecerunt male, 210
 potationes plurumae demortuae,
 quot adeo cenae, quas deflevi, mortuae,
 quot potiones mulsi, quae autem prandia,
 quae inter continuom perdidi triennium.
 prae maerore adeo miser atque aegritudine
 consenui ; paene sum fame emortuos.
- Croc.* Ridiculus aequè nullus est quando esurit.
- Gel.* Nunc auctionem facere decretumst mihi :
 foras necessumst quidquid habeo vendere.
 adeste sultis, praeda erit praesentium. 220
 logos ridiculos vendo. age licemini.
 qui cena poscit ? ecqui poscit prandio ?
 hercle aestumavi prandio, cena tibi.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 208^a :
ipse egomet quam ob rem auctionem praedicem.

* ¹ v. 208^a : The reason why I myself announce an auction.

STICHUS

Gel. *(with a casual glance at the audience)* But this place is overrun with inquisitive riffraff, heart and soul intent on other folk's business, having none of their own that claims attention. When they learn anyone's holding an auction, up they come and straightway pry into the reasons for it: "Dunned for his debts, is he?" "Investing in real estate?" "Wife divorced and dowry to be returned, eh?" All right, I don't mind, though I must admit that the whole drove of 'em deserve to be the poor, hard-working devils that they are. So I'll state the reasons for the auction myself, and let 'em revel in my misfortunes—for no one is inquisitive without wishing for the worst.¹

(loudly, playing public crier) I am a miserable man; dire misfortunes have befallen me. Alas! It is my possessions that have made me a miserable man—countless drinks quite dead and gone—and all the poor dead dinners I have mourned, besides—and all the draughts of mead, aye, and noonday meals that I have missed within these last three years! Alas, alas, sorrow and suffering have made me old before my time; I am almost dead and gone myself from hunger.

Croc. *(aside)* He's just the funniest fellow ever, when he's ravenous.

Gel. Now I have determined to hold an auction: all that I possess I must sell to strangers.
(to spectators, changing to auctioneer) Step up, please, step up! Prizes for all present! For sale—some funny stories! Come, make your bids! *(silence)* Who offers a dinner? *(silence)* Anyone offer a lunch? *(more silence)* Gad, I thought 'em worth a lunch or one of *(to a spectator)* your dinners! *(to*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ehem, adnuistin? nemo meliores dabit.¹
 vel unctiones Graecas sudatorias
 vendo vel alias malacas, crapularias;
 cavillationes, adsentatiunculas
 ac perieratiunculas parasiticas;
 robiginosam strigilem, ampullam rubidam,
 parasitum inanem quo recondas reliquias.
 haec veniisse iam opus est quantum potest,
 ut decumam partem Herculi polluceam.

230

Croc. Ecastor auctionem haud magni preti.
 adhaesit homini ad infimum ventrem fames.
 adibo ad hominem.

Gel. Quis haec est quae advorsum it mihi?
 Epignomi ancilla haec quidem est Crocotium.

Croc. Gelasime, salve.

Gel. Non id est nomen mihi.

Croc. Certo mecastor id fuit nomen tibi.

240

Gel. Fuit disertim, verum id usu perdidit:
 nunc Miccotrogus nomine e vero vocor.

Croc. ² Eu ecastor, risi te hodie multum.

Gel. Quando aut quo in loco?

Croc. Hic quom auctionem praedicabas,

Gel. Pessuma,
 eho an audivisti?

Croc. Te quidem dignissumam.

Gel. Quo nunc is?

Croc. Ad te.

Gel. Quid venis?

¹ Leo brackets following v., 225:
nulli meliores esse parasito sinam.

² Corrupt (Leo): *eu ecastor! risi ted* Lindsay.

STICHUS

another spectator) Aha! You nodded? (*silence*) None better anywhere.¹ (*silence*) Here you are—rubdowns for sale—Greek style—good for perspiration—others for emollition—or liquorosion! For sale—scurrilities—blandishiloquies—parasitical palaverettes! For sale—a rusty strigil—a rubious flask—an empty parasite to store your scraps in! All these properties must now be sold as soon as possible, that I may proffer tithes to Hercules.

Croc. (*aside*) Gracious! There's nothing worth much in that auction. Hunger's sticking to his very belly bottom. I'll go up to him.

Gel. (*aside, seeing her*) Who's this woman coming toward me? Oh yes, it's Crocotium, that maidservant of Epignomus.

Croc. Good morning, Gelasimus.

Gel. (*funereal*) That is no name of mine.

Croc. Heavens, man, it surely was your name.

Gel. 'Twas, in good sooth. But I wore it out. Now the name forced on me by the facts of life is Nibble-nubbin.

Croc. Oh dear me! The way you made me laugh to-day!

Gel. When? Whereabouts?

Croc. Here when you were holding that auction——

Gel. (*interrupting, masterially*) Oho, vile creature! So you listened?

Croc. (*continuing, insubordinately*) — which precisely matched your deserts.

Gel. (*overlooking the insult*) Where to, now?

Croc. To you.

Gel. Why to me?

¹ v. 225: I'll not concede that any parasite has better ones.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Croc.* Panegyris
 rogare iussit ted ut opere maximo,
 mecum simitu ut ires ad sese domum.
- Gel.* Ego illo mehercle vero eo quantum potest. 250
 iamne exta cocta sunt? quot agnis fecerat?
- Croc.* Illa quidem nullum sacrificavit.
- Gel.* Quo modo?
 quid igitur me volt?
- Croc.* Tritici modios decem
 rogare, opinor.¹
- Gel.* Mene, ut ab sese petam?
- Croc.* Immo ut a vobis mutuom nobis dares.
- Gel.* Nega esse quod dem nec mihi nec mutuom,
 neque aliud quicquam nisi hoc quod habeo pallium;
 linguam quoque etiam vendidi datariam.
- Croc.* Au,
 nullan tibi lingua est?
- Gel.* Quae quidem dicat "dabo"; 260
 ventri reliqui eccam aliam quae dicat "cedo."
- Croc.* Malum quidem si vis—
- Gel.* Haec eadem dicit tibi.
- Croc.* Quid nunc? ituru's an non?
- Gel.* Ati sane domum,
 iam illo venturum dicito. propera atque abi.
 demiror quid illaec me ad se arcessi iusserit,
 quae numquam iussit me ad se arcessi ante hunc
 diem,
 postquam vir abiit eius. miror quid siet,
 nisi ut periculum fiat: visam quid velit.
 sed eccum Pinacium eius puerum. hoc vide, 270

¹ Leo brackets following *te volt*.

STICHUS

Croc. (*impressively hospitable*) Panegyris ordered me to ask you, press you, to accompany me to her house to see her.

Gel. (*thrilled*) By the Lord, indeed I will, as fast as I know how. Is the sacrificial meat cooked yet? How many lambs did she offer up?

Croc. Lambs? Why, she made no sacrifice at all.

Gel. How's that? Then what does she want of me?

Croc. (*innocently*) I believe it's a matter of asking for some wheat, ten pecks or so.

Gel. (*hopefully*) Asking me to ask it of her?

Croc. Oh no, asking you to lend it to us.

Gel. Tell her I've got nothing to give myself or lend to others, not a single thing except this cloak I wear. More than that, I've even sold my tongue, my giveawayish one.

Croc. Poor thing! You have no tongue now?

Gel. None to say "I'll give" with. But look, I've left my belly another one (*demonstrating*) to say "I'd like it."

Croc. (*irate*) Like trouble, eh? Well, if that's what you want—

Gel. (*interrupting*) The same to you, says this article.

Croc. (*leaving*) Well now? Are you coming, or not?

Gel. Yes, yes, be off home! Tell her I'll be there soon. Hurry up and be off.

[EXIT *Crocotium*.]

I wonder why on earth she had me summoned to her, when she never once did it before to-day, not since her husband left. I do wonder what it is—but I'd better chance it and go see what she wants. (*looking down the street*) Aha, though, there's her page, Pinacium! Will you look at that! If that

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

satin ut facete, aequae atque ex pictura, astitit?
ne iste edepol vinum poculo pauxillulo
saepe exanclavit submerum scitissume.

ACTVS II

Pin. Mercurius, Iovis qui nuntius perhibetur, numquam
aeque patri
suo nuntium lepidum attulit quam ego nunc meae
erae nuntiabo :
itaque onustum pectus porto laetitia lubentiaque
neque lubet nisi gloriose quicquam proloqui pro-
fecto.
amoenitates omnium venerum et venustatum adfero
ripisque superat mi atque abundat pectus laetitia
meum.
propera, Pinacium, pedes hortare, honesta dicta
factis—
nunc tibi potestas adipiscendist gloriam laudem
decus—
eraeque egenti subveni,¹
quae misera in expectatione est Epignomi adven-
tum viri.
proinde ut decet, amat virum suum, cupide expetit.
nunc, Pinacium,
age ut placet, curre ut lubet, cave quemquam flocci
feceris,
cubitis depulsa de via, tranquillam concinna viam ;
si rex obstabit obviam, regem ipsum prius per-
vortito.

Gel. Quidnam dicam Pinacium
lascivibundum tam lubentem currere?
harundinem fert sportulamque et hamulum pesca-
rium.

STICHUS

isn't the neatest pose he's striking—just like in a picture! Ah me, ah me! Many's the time that lad has ladled out the teeny cups of nearneat wine in just the knowingest way. (*withdraws to listen*)

ACT II

ENTER *Pinacium*, WITH FISHING EQUIPMENT, WILDLY EXUBERANT.

Pin. No, not Mercury, the fabled messenger of Jove, e'er brought his sire so sweet a message as that I now shall bring my mistress. Oh, this breast of mine is brimming with delight and delectation! It likes me now to deal in naught but high hyperbole. The charms of all things lovable and lovely do I convey, and my heart doth overflow its banks and teem with joy. Push on, *Pinacium*, prick on thy feet, and fructify thy words with deeds—now art thou empowered to win thee fame and praise and honour—and aid thy mistress all bereft who anxiously awaits the coming of Epignomus, her husband. Quite as beseems her does she love that husband, long for him ardently. (*elaborately preparing himself for action*). On now, *Pinacium*, as thou dost please, run as thou likest! Care not a straw for any man alive! Elbow them all from thy path! Clean them out and clear the road! Be it a monarch that blocks thy course, up and land that monarch on his neck! (*runs, mightily*)

Gel. (*aside*) What the deuce makes the little frisky-romper so fond of running? He's carrying a rod, and a basket and a bit of tackle.

¹ Leo brackets following *benefacta maiorum tuorum*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pin. Sed tandem, opinor, aequiust eram mihi esse
 supplicem
 atque oratores mittere ad me donaque ex auro et
 quadrigas,
 qui vehar, nam pedibus ire non queo. ergo iam
 revortar.
 ad me adiri et supplicar? egomet mi aequom censeo.
 an vero nugas censeas, nihil esse quod ego nunc scio?
 tantum a portu adporto bonum, tam gaudium
 grande adfero,
 vix ipsa domina hoc, nisi sciat, exoptare ab deis
 audeat.
 nunc ultro id deportem? hau placet, neque id viri
 officium arbitror.
 sic hoc videtur mihi magis meo convenire huic
 nuntio:
 adversum veniat, opsecret, se ut nuntio hoc
 impertiam;
 secundas fortunas decent superbiae.
 sed tandem cum recogito, qui potuit scire haec
 scire me?
 non enim possum quin revortar, quin loquar, quin
 edisserem
 eramque ex maerore eximam, bene facta maiorum
 meum
 exaugeam atque illam augeam insperato opportuno
 bono:
 contundam facta Talthubi contemnamque omnis
 nuntios;
 simulque ¹ cursuram meditabor ² ad ludos Olympios.
 sed spatium hoc occidit: brevest curriculo; quam
 me paenitet.
 quid hoc? oclusam ianuam video. ibo et pultabo
 fores.

290

300

STICHUS

Pin. (*halting*) And yet, methinks, 'twere more fitting for mistress to petition me and send me envoys and gifts of gold and a four-horse chariot for transportation. No indeed, travel afoot is not for me. So back I go forthwith. (*struts to his starting point*) I hold it proper that I be approached myself, that I be appealed to. Canst think, forsooth, that what I now know is but a trifling thing of no account? Why, such good news from the port am I reporting, such bounteous bliss am I returning with, that mistress herself, unless informed, could hardly venture to pray it of the gods. And now am I to be porter of such news, unasked? It suits me not, 'tis not my notion of a manly part. I feel it more befits a message such as mine that she come meet me and beseech that I impart it. Hauteur sits well on those whom fortune favours. (*pauses and ponders*) And yet, on second thoughts, how could she know that I know this? Ah well, I see I must return, speak out, unfold it all, and sweep away her sorrow, overtop the good deeds of my sires and top off mistress' woes with an unexpected, timely blessing. (*girding himself for more action*) Those efforts of Talthybius¹ I'll scrap, and hold all messengers in scorn. Likewise I'll try my stride for the Olympic games. (*does so*) But what a rotten place to run! This track's too short. How I do regret it! (*having arrived at the house*) What ho! I see the door is shut. I'll go and knock. (*does so,*

¹ Herald of Agamemnon.

¹ Leo brackets following *ad.*

² Leo brackets following *me.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

aperite atque adpropere, fores facite ut pateant,
removete moram;

nimis haec res sine cura geritur. vide quam dudum
hic asto et pulto.

310

somnone operam datis? experiar, fores an cubiti ac
pedes plus valeant.

nimis vellem hae fores erum fugissent, ea causa ut
haberent malum magnum;

defessus sum pultando.

hoc postremumst. vae vobis

Gel. Ibo atque hunc compellabo.
salvos sis.

Pin. Et tu salve.

Gel. Iam tu piscator factu's?

Pin. Quam pridem non edisti?

Gel. Vnde is? quid fers? quid festinas?

Pin. Tua quod nil refert, ne cures. 320

Gel. Quid istic inest?

Pin. Quas tu edes colubras.

Gel. Quid tam iracundu's?

Pin. Si in te
pudor adsit, non me appelles.

Gel. Possum scire ex te verum?

Pin. Potes: hodie non cenabis.

II. 2.

Pan. Quisnam, opsecro, has frangit fores? ubi est?
tun haec facis? tun mihi huc hostis venis?

STICHUS

lustily) Open up this door and do it double-quick! Throw it open wide, wide! No more dawdling! (*hammers harder*) The appalling slackness of this household! See how long I have to stand and knock! Busy, are you, taking naps? I'll find out which is stronger, this door or these elbows and feet. (*experiments without results*) Ugh! I wish this door had run away from home, so as to be let in for some good sound discipline. (*pauses*) I'm all fagged with pounding. Now for a knock-out! There! Curse you! (*does himself credit*)

Gel. (*aside*) I'll go and accost him. (*aloud, stepping up*) Good morning.

Pin. (*viciously*) Good morning yourself.

Gel. (*pleasantly*) So you've turned fisherman, have you?

Pin. When didn't you eat last?

Gel. (*still trying to be agreeable*) Where have you been? (*glancing at the basket*) What are you bringing? What's your hurry?

Pin. Keep your nose out of other folks' business.

Gel. What's in there? (*reaching for the basket*)

Pin. (*pushing him off*) Snakes for your lunch.

Gel. Why so irritable?

Pin. With any decency, you'd not keep at me. (*bangs on door again*)

Gel. (*losing his temper, and grabbing him*) Can't I get the truth out of you?

Pin. (*slipping away well out of range*) You can—to-day you eat no dinner.

Scene 2. ENTER *Panegyris* INTO DOORWAY.

Pan. (*as she opens up*) Mercy me, who's breaking down this door? Where is he? (*sees only Gelasimus*) Your work, is it? You come to storm my house, do you?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gel.* Salve, tuo arcessitu venio huc. °
Pan. Ean gratia fores effringis?
Gel. Tuos inclama, tui delinquent: ego quid me velles
visebam;
nam me quidem harum miserebat.
Pin. Ergo-auxilium propere latumst.
Pan. Quisnam hic loquitur tam prope nos?
Pin. Pinacium.
Pan. Vbi is est? 330
Pin. Respice ad me et relinque egentem parasitum,
Panegyris.
Pan. Pinacium.
Pin. Istuc indiderunt nomen maiores mihi.
Pan. Quid agis?
Pin. Quid agam rogitas?
Pan. Quidni rogitem?
Pin. Quid mecum est tibi?
Pan. Mein fastidis, propudiose? eloquere propere,
Pinacium.
Pin. Iube me omittere igitur hos, qui retinent.
Pan. Qui retinent?
Pin. Rogas?
omnia membra lassitudo mihi tenet.
Pan. Linguam quidem
sat scio tibi non tenere.
Pin. Ita celeri curriculô fui
propere a portu, tui honoris causa.
Pan. Ecquid adportas boni?
Pin. Nimio ¹ adporto multo tanto plus quam speras.
Pan. Salva sum.

° ¹ *Nimio adporto* Ritschl: *nimio in partem* corrupt (Leo).

STICHUS

- Gel.* (*with dignity*) Good morning. I come because you summoned me.
- Pan.* Which explains your battering down my door?
- Gel.* Lecture your own people; the fault is theirs. I was coming to see why you wanted me; and this poor thing, (*with a wave toward the door*) well, I did pity it.
- Pin.* (*ironically*) And therefore rushed to the rescue.
- Pan.* (*not seeing him*) Why, who's that talking so close to us?
- Pin.* (*consequentially*) Pinacium.
- Pan.* Where is he?
- Pin.* (*swaggering up*) Attend to me, Panegyris; away with that beggarly parasite.
- Pan.* (*reprovingly*) Pinacium!
- Pin.* (*grandly*) So my forebears have yept me.
- Pan.* What are you at?
- Pin.* What am I at, you ask?
- Pan.* (*sharply*) Why shouldn't I ask?
- Pin.* (*yawning*) How do I concern you, pray?
- Pan.* Putting on airs with me, you scalawag? Come, speak, Pinacium! This instant!
- Pin.* (*affecting exhaustion*) Then order my custodians to let me go.
- Pan.* Custodians? Who?
- Pin.* What a question! Fatigue has all my limbs in custody.
- Pan.* Well, it's clear enough your tongue has escaped.
- Pin.* (*reproachfully*) Such a race as I ran, hurrying home from the port, just for your sake.
- Pan.* (*eagerly*) You've something good to report?
- Pin.* Ah, such a report! Miles and miles beyond your hopes!
- Pan.* Oh, I am saved, saved!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pin. At ego perii, quoi medullam lassitudo perbibit. 340

Gel. Quid ego, quoi misero medullam ventris percepit.
fames.

Pan. Ecquem convenisti?

Pin. Multos.

Pan. At virum?

Pin. Equidem plurimos:
verum ex multis nequiorem nullum quam hic est.

Gel. Quo modo?

iam dudum ego istum patior dicere iniuste mihi.
praeterhac si me inritassis —

Pin. Edepol essuries male.

Gel. Animum inducam, ut istuc verum te elocutum esse
arbitrer.

Pin. Munditias volo fieri. ecferte huc scopas simulque
harundinem,
ut operam omnem araneorum perdam et texturam
improbem
deiciamque eorum omnis telas.

Gel. Miseri algebunt postea.

Pin. Quid? illos itidemne esse censes quasi te, cum
• veste unica?

cape illas scopas.

350

Gel. Capiam.

Pin. Hoc egomet, tu hoc converre.

Gel. Ego fecero.

Pin. Ecquis huc effert nassiternam cum aqua?

Gel. Sine suffragio
populi tamen aedilitatem hic quidem gerit.

STICHUS

- Pin.* But I am dead, dead! The marrow of my bones is all sucked out by weariness.
- Gel.* Lord! And what of me? The marrow of my stomach is all scrunched in by hunger.
- Pan.* (*hesitantly*) You met some one?
- Pin.* Many a one.
- Pan.* But my—a man?
- Pin.* Drove of 'em. But there wasn't a worse specimen in the whole gang than (*scowling at Gelasimus*) this one.
- Gel.* (*enraged*) How's that? (*to Panegyris*) I have endured his incivility too long! (*to Pinacium*) If you provoke me further, I'll—
- Pin.* (*interrupting amiably*) Stay awfully empty, right you are.
- Gel.* (*wryly, torn between ire and hope*) I shall prevail upon myself to assume that you state the case correctly.
- Pin.* (*taking full charge, to Panegyris*) Everything must be tidied up. (*shouting to slaves within*) Bring some brooms here, and a long pole, too, so that I can throw out the spiders' work entirely, condemn their weaving and discard all their webs.
- Gel.* Then the poor things will freeze.
- Pin.* Huh! Think they're in your own fix, do you, with only one outfit? (*as slaves bring out implements*) Here, take that broom.
- Gel.* (*obeying*) All right.
- Pin.* (*using his own frantically*) I'll sweep here and you sweep there.
- Gel.* (*joining in*) I'm your man.
- Pin.* (*yelling at the door*) Pail and water, someone, will you?
- Gel.* (*aside, to audience*) He's serving as Sanitary Commissioner without waiting to be elected.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pin. • Age tu ocius
¹ pinge humum, consperge ante aedis.

Gel. Faciam.

Pin. Factum oportuit.

ego hinc araneas de foribus deiciam et de pariete.

Gel. Edepol rem negotiosam.

Pan. Quid sit, nil etiam scio,
 nisi forte hospites venturi sunt.

Pin. Vos lectos sternite.

Gel. Principium placet de lectis.

Pin. Alii ligna caedite,
 alii piscis depurgate, quos piscatu rettuli,
 pernam et glandium deicite.

Gel. Hic hercle homo nimium sapit. 360

Pan. Non ecastor, ut ego opinor, satis erae morem geris.

Pin. Immo res omnis relictas habeo prae quod tu velis.

Pan. Tum tu igitur, qua causa missus es ad portum, id
 expedi.

Pin. Dicam. postquam me misisti ad portum cum luci
 simul,

commodum radiosus sese sol superabat ex mari.

dum percontor portitores, ecquae navis venerit

ex Asia, negant venisse, conspicatus sum interim

cercurum, quo ego me maiorem non vidisse censeo.

in portum vento secundo, velo passo pervenit. •

alius alium percontamur: quoiast navis? quid
 vehit?

STICHUS

Pin. (*thrusting the pail into Gelasimus' hand*) Come you, quick, paint the ground, sprinkle in front of the house.

Gel. Do it I will.

Pin. It should be already done. (*seizing the pole*) Now to knock these spiders off the door and walls!

Gel. (*aside to Panegyris*) This is cur busy day, by Jove?

Pan. (*aside to Gelasimus*) I'm not at all sure even yet what it means, unless maybe (*tremulous*) guests are coming.

Pin. (*to slaves within*) Cover the couches, you!

Gel. (*aside*) Couches! Capital start!

Pin. Cut wood, some of you! And you—clean the fish I brought back from my fishing trip! And you—get out ham and sweetbreads!

Gel. (*aside, redoubling his activity*) By the Lord, this lad shows lots of sense.

Pan. (*to Pinacium, plaintively*) It certainly does seem to me that you give your mistress very little consideration.

Pin. (*chasing spiders*) The idea! When I've neglected everything else to accommodate you.

Pan. Well then, the matter I sent you to the harbour about—tell me, tell me!

Pin. Ah, yes. (*keeps busy with the spiders*) After you sent me down to the harbour at early (*swatting one*) dawn, the arradiant sun was but then (*swatting another*) surmounting the sea. While I was inquiring of the customs chaps if any ship had come from Asia, and they said (*another*) no, I caught sight of a Cyprian bark, as big a one as I ever saw, I think. Right on into harbour it came, full sail, in front of a spanking breeze. We're just asking each other whose ship it is and what it's laden with, when I set my eyes on (*swats*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

interibi Epignomum conspicio tuom virum et servom Stichum.

Pan. Hem quid? Epignomum elocutu's?
Pin. Tuom virum.

Gel. Et vitam meam.

Pin. Venit inquam.

Pan. Tutin ipsus ipsum vidisti?

Pin. Lubens.

argenti aurique advexit nimium.

Gel. Nimis factum bene.

hercle vero capiam scopas atque hoc convorram lubens.

Pin. Lanam purpuramque multam.

Gel. Em qui ventrem vestiam.

Pin. Lectos eburatos, auratos.

Gel. Accubabo regie.

Pin. Tum Babylonica et peristroma tonsilia et tappetia advexit, nimium bonae rei.

Gel. Hercle rem gestam bene.

Pin. Poste, ut occepi narrare, fidicinas, tibicinas, sambucas advexit secum forma eximia. 380

Gel. Eugepae, quando adbibero, adludiabo: tum sum ridiculissimus.

Pin. Poste unguenta multigenerum multa.

Gel. Non vendo logos.

iām non facio auctionem, mi optigit hereditas:

malivoli, perquisitores auctionum, perierint.

Hercules, decumam esse adauctam tibi quam vovi gratulor.¹

¹ Leo brackets following v., 387:
spes est, tandem aliquando inportunam exigere ex utero famem.

STICHUS

several) your husband Epignomus and his slave Stichus.

Pan. (*sure, but excited*) What? What's that? Epignomus, you said?

Pin. Your own spouse.

Gel. (*aside, resting*) And my salvation!

Pin. He has come, I say.

Pan. You saw him, saw him, your very own self?

Pin. With (*thoroughly mashing another*) pleasure. And the amount of gold and silver he has aboard!

Gel. (*aside*) Grand, grand! Indeed I will take the broom and sweep this place! Certainly! With pleasure! (*resumes his labours energetically*)

Pin. And quantities of wool and cloth of purple!

Gel. (*aside*) Aha! To wrap around my belly!

Pin. And couches, inlaid with ivory and gold!

Gel. (*aside*) For me to lie on like a king!

Pin. And then the Babylonian draperies and clipped carpeting and tapestry he has brought, all sorts of fine stuff!

Gel. (*aside*) Lord, Lord! Fine stuff indeed!

Pin. Yes, and to continue, he has brought along (*scanning the walls*) lyre girls and flute girls and harp girls, perfect beauties.

Gel. (*aside*) Glorious! After I've done some drinking, I'll do some dallying; then's when I'm my funniest.

Pin. Yes, and perfume galore of kinds galore!

Gel. (*aside*) My stories are not for sale! That auction's all off now! I've come into a fortune! Those spiteful auction-chasers can go chase themselves to Hades! I congratulate you, Hercules, on the increase in the tithes I vowed you.¹

¹ v. 387 : Now at last I have some hope of shaking loose that plaguy hunger from my inside.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Pin.* Poste autem advexit parasitos secum.
- Gel.* Ei, perii miser.
- Pin.* Ridiculissimos.
- Gel.* Revorram hercle hoc quod converri modo.
- Pan.* Vidistin virum sororis Pamphilum?
- Pin.* Non.
- Pan.* Non adest? 390
- Pin.* Immo venisse eum simitu aiebat ille: ego huc citus praecucurri, ut nuntiarem nuntium exoptabilem.
- Gel.* Venales logi sunt illi, quos negabam vendere.
ilicet, iam meo malost quod malevolentes gaudeant.
Hercules, qui deus sis, sane discessisti non bene.
- Pan.* I intro, Pinacium, iube famulos rem divinam mi
apparent.
bene vale.
- Gel.* Vin administrem?
- Pan.* Sat servorum habeo domi.
- Gel.* Enim vero, Gelasime, opinor provenisti futtile,
si neque ille adest neque hic, qui venit, quicquam
subvenit. •
•
•
ibo intro ad libros et discam de dictis melioribus; 400
nam ni illos homines expello, ego occidi planissume.

STICHUS

Pin. (*guilelessly*) Yes, and besides, he has brought along some parasites.

Gel. (*aside*) Oh damnation! That's a blow!

Pin. And the wittiest ones alive!

Gel. My God! All this sweeping I have done I'll now unsweep!

Pan. Did you see my sister's husband, Pamphilus?

Pin. No.

Pan. He's not arrived?

Pin. Yes, he came at the same time, so master said. But I rushed on ahead here to announce this gladsome news.

Gel. (*very low*) Those stories I refused to sell are now on sale. It is all over. That spiteful crowd now have their chance to crow at my disaster. Hercules, you have plainly botched this business for yourself—and you a god!

Pan. Go in, Pinacium, and tell the servants to get things ready for me for a sacrifice.

[EXIT *Pinacium*, JEERING AT *Gelasimus*.
(to *Gelasimus*) And a very good day to you, sir.]

Gel. Don't you want me to supervise?

Pan. I have plenty of help at home, thanks.

[EXIT *Panegyris*.]

Gel. Upon my soul, *Gelasimus*, the outcome of this looks rank for you, if one of 'em isn't here and the one who has come doesn't come to your assistance. I'll hie me home to my books and prime myself with some of the best bons mots; for unless I fight off those fellows of his, my goose is cooked and no mistake.

[EXIT.]

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS III

- Epig.* Quom bene re gesta salvos convortor domum
Neptuno grates habeo et Tempestatibus;
simul Mercurio, qui me in mercimoniis
iuvit lucrisque quadruplicavit rem meam.
olim quos abiens adfeci aegrimonia,
eos nunc laetantis faciam adventu meo.
nam iam Antiphonem conveni adfinem meum
cumque eo reveni ex inimicitia in gratiam.
videte, quaeso, quid potest pecunia : 410
quoniam bene gesta re rediisse me videt
magnasque adportavisse divitias domum,
sine advocatis ibidem in cercuro in stega
in amicitiam atque in gratiam convortimus.
et is hodie apud me cenat et frater meus;
nam heri ambo in uno portu fuimus, sed mea
hodie solutast navis aliquanto prius.
age abduce hasce intro, quas mecum adduxi, Stiche.
- Stich.* Ere, si ego taceam seu loquar, scio scire te 420
quam multas tecum miserias mulcaverim.
nunc hunc diem unum ex illis multis miseriis
volo me eleutheria capere advenientem domum.
- Epig.* Et ius et aequom postulas : sumas, Stiche.
in hunc diem te nil moror; abi quo lubet:
cadum tibi veteris vini propino.

¹ The Eleutheria celebrated in honour of the victory at Plataea.

STICHUS

ACT III

ENTER *Epignomus* AND *Stichus*, FOLLOWED BY MUSIC
GIRLS AND PORTERS.

Epig. (*devoutly*) Thanks be to Neptune and the weather-goddesses for returning me safe home again, my venture a success! And thanks to Mercury as well, who helped me in my mercantile affairs and quadrupled my fortune with the profits. (*surveying his house*) Ah, those that I once grieved by my going I'll now make glad by getting back. (*chuckling*) As for father-in-law Antipho, I've fallen in with him already, and also fallen out of his disfavour into his esteem once more. Here's an illustration for you of what money means. Because he sees I've been successful and here I am at home with plenty of the wherewithal aboard, he meets me right on my vessel's pont, and without mediating parties we're reconciled and friends again. And now he's to dine with me to-day, he and my brother too. For we both lay in the same harbour yesterday, but my ship got under way a bit earlier this morning. (*going toward his door*) Come, Stichus, bring in these girls that I've brought back with me.

Stich. (*ingratiatingly*) Master, whether I speak of it or not, I know you know how often I've helped you give hard times hard treatment. Now, sir, after all those hard times, I wish I could have this one day off, this day of my arrival home, for the Feast of Freedom.¹

Epig. (*smiling*) A fair and reasonable request. Granted, Stichus. The day is yours, I shan't bother you. Be off where you like. And I'll contribute a cask of good old wine.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stich.

Papae,

ducam hodie amicam.

Epig.

Vel decem, dum de tuo.

Stich.

Quid? hoc etiam unum?

Epig.

Quid id autem unumst? expedi.

Stich.

Ad cenam ibone?

Epig.

Si vocatu's, censeo.

Stich.

Sic hoc placet; rogatu necne, nil moror.

Epig.

Vbi cenas hodie?

Stich.

Sic hanc rationem institi:

430

amicam ego habeo Stephanium hinc ex proxumo,
tui fratris ancillam: eo condixi in symbolam
ad cenam, ad eius conservom Sangarinum Syrum.
eademst amica ambobus, rivales sumus.

Epig.

Age abduce hasce intro. hunc tibi dedo diem.

Stich.

Meam culpam habeto, nisi probe excruciavero.
iam hercle ego per hortum ad amicam transibo
meam

mi hanc occupatum noctem; eadem symbolam
dabo et iubebo ad Sangarinum cenam coqui.
aut egomet ibo atque opsonabo opsonium.

440

Sangarinus scio iam hic aderit cum domino suo.
servos homo qui nisi temperi ad cenam meat,
advorsitores pol cum verberibus decet
dari, uti eum verberabundi adducant domum.
parata res faciam ut sit. egomet me moror.
atque id ne vos miremini, hominis servolos
potare, amare atque ad cenam condicere;
licet haec Athenis nobis. sed quom cogito,
potius quam invidiam inveniam, est etiam hic
ostium

aliud posticum nostrarum harunc aedium: ¹

450

¹ Leo brackets following v., 450*:
posticam partem magis utuntur aedium.

STICHUS

Stich. Ah-h-h! Girl friend for me to-day!

Epig. Or ten—at your expense, though.

Stich. But, sir? This one thing more?

Epig. Well, what is the one thing? Explain.

Stich. Can I dine out, sir?

Epig. No doubt you can, if you're invited.

Stich. Oh, sir, this is grand! Asked or not, I don't care.

Epig. And where's your dinner to be?

Stich. This is my plan, sir. I have a sweetheart, sir, Stephanium, that lives next door here, your brother's maidservant, sir. I've got her booked for a dinner party there at her fellow slave's, Sangarinus the Syrian's, expenses shared. She's his sweetheart, too, sir; we're rivals.

Epig. Get busy, then, and bring these girls inside. I put this day at your disposal.

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

Stich. (*calling after him*) And lay the blame on me, sir, if I don't raise hell with it in fine style. (*to himself*) Ho, hum! Now I'll go through the garden to my sweetheart and take possession for to-night. And I'll pay my share at the same time and order dinner to be cooked at Sangarinus'. Or else I'll go and provide the provisions myself. Sangarinus is sure to be here soon with his master. If a slave doesn't get to a dinner party in time, he ought to be given a cortège with whipcords, by gad, to escord him home. Well, I must see that everything's prepared. I'm delaying myself. (*to audience*) Yes, and you people needn't be surprised that we slavelings have our liquor and love affairs and dinner engagements: all that's permitted us in Athens. (*pauses*) On second thoughts, though, rather than incur ill will, this house of ours has still another door in the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ea ibo opsonatum, eadem referam opsonium :
 per hortum utroque commeatus continet.
 ite hac secundum vos me. ego hunc lacero diem.

III. 2.

Gel. Libros inspexi; tam confido quam potis,
 me meum optenturum regem ridiculis meis.
 nunc interviso, iamne a portu advenerit,
 ut eum advenientem meis dictis deleniam.

Epig. Hic quidem Gelasimus est parasitus, qui venit.

Gel. Auspicio hodie optumo exivi foras :
 mustela murem abstulit praeter pedes ; 460
 cum strena obscaevavit; spectatum hoc mihi ist.
 nam ut illa vitam repperit hodie sibi,
 item me spero facturum : augurium hac facit.
 Epignomus hic quidemst qui astat. ibo atque
 adloquar.

o Epignome, ut ego nunc te conspicio libens,
 ut prae laetitia lacrimae prosiliunt mihi.
 valuistin usque?

Epig. Sustentatumst sedulo.

Gel. Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus.

Epig. Bene atque amice dicis. di dent quae velis.

Gel. Cenem illi apud te, quoniam salvos advenis. 470

¹ v. 450^a: They use the back part of the place more.

STICHUS

back: ¹ I'll go that way to get my supplies, and bring 'em back the same way. There's a passage through the garden connecting the two houses. (*to the girls and porters*) Come on, you, follow me. (*aside*) The shreds I make of this day!

[EXEUNT INTO *Epignomus*' HOUSE.]

Scene 2. ENTER *Gelasimus*, HIS SPIRITS MUCH IMPROVED.

Gel. I've consulted my books; I'm absolutely sure I can hold my patron, I'll be so comical. Now to see if he's arrived from the harbour yet, so as to perk him up with my pleasantries as soon as he gets here.

ENTER *Epignomus* INTO HIS DOORWAY.

Epig. (*looking down the street*) There's parasite *Gelasimus* coming, yes, it certainly is.

Gel. (*not seeing him*) I had the best of auspices when I came out to-day: a weasel popped off with a mouse right in front of my feet. Propitious omination, that, with a largess! Beyond a peradventure! Yes sir, just as that weasel found its sustenance to-day, I hope to find mine too. That's what the omen means. (*approaching Epignomus' house*) Why, that's *Epignomus* standing there! I'll up and greet him. (*rushing with outstretched hand*) Oh, *Epignomus*! How the sight of you does cheer my soul! How the happy tears come springing forth! (*solicitously*) You've kept well all this while?

Epig. (*seemingly casual*) Fared finely as possible.

Gel. Here's to your health with brimming—chops!

Epig. Very nice and friendly of you. God grant your every wish!

Gel. And that's to dine at your house there—in honour of your safe return.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Epig.* Locatast opera nunc quidem ; tam gratiast.
Gel. Promitte.
- Epig.* Certumst.
Gel. Sic face inquam.
- Epig.* Certa res.
Gel. Lubente me hercle facies.
- Epig.* Idem ego istuc scio.
 quando usus veniet, fiet.
- Gel.* Nunc ergo usus est.
Epig. Non edepol possum.
- Gel.* Quid gravare ? censeas.
 nescio quid vero habeo in mundo.
- Epig.* I modo,
 alium convivam quaerito tibi in hunc diem.
- Gel.* Quin tu promittis ?
Epig. Non graver, si possiem.
- Gel.* Vnum quidem hercle certo promitto tibi :
 libens accipiam certo, si promiseris. 480
- Epig.* Valeas.
Gel. Certumnest ?
- Epig.* Certum. cenabo domi.¹
Gel. Sed — quoniam nil processit hac, ego ivero
 apertiore magis via ; ita plane loquar :
 vin ad te ad cenam veniam ?
- Epig.* Si possim, velim ;
 verum hic apud me cenant alieni novem.
- Gel.* Hau postulo equidem me in lecto accumbere :
 scis tu me esse unisubsellii virum.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 483 :
Gel. Quando quidem tu ad me non vis promittere.

STICHUS

- Epig.* (*affecting to misunderstand the locus of the dinner*) Well, the fact is I'm already engaged, but thanks just as much.
- Gel.* (*insistently*) Do promise.
- Epig.* (*shaking his head*) It's all settled.
- Gel.* Oh, I say, do, do!
- Epig.* It's a settled thing.
- Gel.* You'll be doing me a favour, indeed you will.
- Epig.* Yes, I'm well aware of that. When the proper time comes I'll do it.
- Gel.* Well then, the proper time is now.
- Epig.* Upon my word, I can't.
- Gel.* Why demur? You should say yes. (*cryptic*) Really, I'm all ready—something choice.
- Epig.* (*less cryptic*) Go along now; it's another guest I'm inviting you to find yourself to-day.
- Gel.* Why won't you promise?
- Epig.* I'd not demur, if I could.
- Gel.* Well, I vow there's one thing I'm set on promising you: I'll gladly be at your disposal, if you do promise, and that's all set.
- Epig.* (*about to go inside*) Good day to you.
- Gel.* (*holding him*) So it's settled?
- Epig.* Settled. I shall dine at home.¹
- Gel.* But—seeing I get nowhere this way, I'll just try a more open road; now for some plain speech.
- (*formally*)
- Epig.* Do you wish me to come to your house for dinner?
I should, if I could, but I'm having some people in to dine, strangers, nine of them.
- Gel.* Of course I don't expect accommodation on a couch. You know me—I'm a valiant bencherman.

¹ v. 483: *Gel.* Well, seeing you won't promise to come to my house.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Epig.* At ei oratores sunt populi, summi viri; 490
 Ambracia veniunt huc legati publice.
- Gel.* Ergo oratores populi, summates viri,
 summi accubent, ego infimatis infimus.
- Epig.* Haud aequomst te inter oratores accipi.
- Gel.* Equidem hercle orator sum, sed procedit parum.
- Epig.* Cras de reliquiis nos volo. multum vale.
- Gel.* Perii hercle vero plane, nihil obnoxie.
 uno Gelasimo minus est quam dudum fuit.
 certumst mustelae posthac numquam credere,
 nam incertiozem nullam novi bestiam; 500.
 quaen eapse deciens in die mutat locum,
 ea ego auspicavi in re capitali mea?
 certumst amicos convocare, ut consulam
 qua lege nunc med essurire oporteat.

ACTVS -IV

- Ant.* Ita me di bene ament measque mihi¹ servassint
 filias,
 ut mihi volup est, Pamphilippe, quia vos in patriam
 domum
 rediisse video bene gesta re ambos, te et fratrem
 tuom.

¹ Leo brackets following *bene*.

STICHUS

Epig. Ah, but my guests are public spokesmen, men of high place, they come here from Ambracia as their people's envoys.

Gel. Well then, these public spokesmen, these high placed men of yours, should be placed high at table, and lowmost me low.

Epig. It's incongruous for you to be received among the spokesmen.

Gel. Good Lord! I am one, I'm a spokesman—but I seem to speak in vain.

Epig. (*cryptic himself, going in*) We must have some left-overs to attend to to-morrow. A very good day to you.

Gel. (*desperate*) Oh Lord, I'm dead, dead, beyond a doubt, without one human obligation! The world is smaller than before by one Gelasimus. I'll never trust a weasel after this, that's settled. Why, a more unsettled beast I never knew. A beast that shifts from place to place ten times a day—and I based my auspices on such a creature, I, with my life at stake? Well, one thing is settled—I'll summon my friends and consider the legal steps that I must take to starve to death.

[EXIT.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Antipho* AND *Pamphilippus*.

Ant. (*effusively*) Lord love me, bless me, and preserve my daughters for me, Pamphilippus, but I'm delighted to see you back in your own native land again, you and your brother, and both of you so prosperous!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pamph. Satis abs te accipiam, nisi videam mihi te amicum
esse, Antipho;
nunc quia te amicum mihi experior esse, credetur
tibi.

Ant. Vocem ego te ad me ad cenam, frater tuos ni dixisset
mihi,
te apud se cenaturum esse hodie, quom me ad se ad
cenam vocat.
et magis par fuerat me vobis dare cenam advenienti-
bus,
quam me ad illum promittere, nisi nollem ei
advorsarier.

nunc me gratiam abs te inire verbis nil desidero :
cras apud me eritis et tu et ille cum vestris uxoribus.

Pamph. At apud me perendie. nam ille heri me iam
vocaverat
in hunc diem. sed satin ego tecum pacificatus sum,
Antipho?

Ant. Quando ita rem gessistis ut vos velle amicosque
addecet,
pax commercisque est vobis mecum. nam hoc tu
facito ut cogites :
ut cuique homini res paratast, perinde amicis
utitur :

si res firma, item firmi amici sunt; sin res laxa
labat,

itidem amici conlabascunt : res amicos invenit.

Epig. Iam redeo. nimias voluptas, ubi diu afueris domo,
domum ubi redieris, si tibi nullast aegritudo animo
obviam.

nam ita me absente familiarem rem uxor curavit
meam,

omnium me exilem atque inanem fecit aegritudi-
num.

510

520

STICHUS

Pamph. (*with a rather frigid smile*) I should want security from you, Antipho, if you didn't seem to be a friend of mine; as it is, now that I find you friendly, I'll take your word for that delight of yours.

Ant. I'd invite you in to dinner, except for your dining to-day with your brother, as he told me when he gave me my own invitation. It really would have been more appropriate for me to dine you lads on your arrival than to accept his hospitality—only I didn't want to oppose him. It's not merely by words that I desire to gain your good will now: (*as if conferring millions*) to-morrow you and he, and your wives, shall come to my house.

Pamph. Then to mine the day after. He took occasion yesterday, you know, to invite me for to-day. Well, Antipho, so I've actually made my peace with you, eh?

Ant. (*primly*) Since your financial affairs have gone as it behooves you and your friends to wish, there is peace and fellowness between us three. For mind you consider this fact: on anyone's financial standing hangs his status with his friends: if he is in a sound financial state, his friends are sound; but once that state begins wavering wildly, his friends co-waver likewise. Friends are matters of finance.

ENTER *Epignomus* INTO HIS DOORWAY.

Epig. (*to those within*) I'll soon be back. (*soliloquizing*) Ah, it's a delight, when you've long been gone and get back home, if you fall foul of nothing to upset you. Why, the way my wife has managed my household affairs, in my absence, she has left me bare and destitute of everything—upsetting. (*seeing the others*) But there's my brother

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccum fratrem Pamphilippum, incedit cum
socero suo.

Pamph. Quid agitur, Epignome?

Epig. Quid tu? quam dudum in portum venis?

Pamph. Hau longissime.

Epig. Postilla iam iste est tranquillus tibi?

Ant. Magis quam mare quo ambo estis vecti.

Epig. Facis ut alias res soles. 530

hodiene exoneramus navem, frater?

Pamph. Clementer volo.

nos potius oneremus nosmet vicissatim voluptatibus.
quam mox coctast cena? inpransus ego sum.

Epig. Abi intro ad me et lava.

Pamph. Deos salutatum atque uxorem modo intro devortor
domum;

haec si ita ut volo conficio, continuo ad te transeo.

Epig. Apud nos eccillam festinat cum sorore uxor tua.

Pamph. Optumest, iam istoc morai minus erit. iam ego
apud te ero.

Ant. Prius quam abis, praesente ted huic apologum agere
unum volo.

Pamph. Maxume.

Ant. Fuit olim, quasi ego sum, senex; ei filiae
duae erant, quasi nunc meae sunt; eae erant
duobus nuptae fratribus, 540
quasi nunc meae sunt vobis.

Epig. Miror quo evasurust apologus.

Ant. Erant minori illi adulescenti fidicina et tibicina,

STICHUS

Pamphilippus strolling along with his father-in-law.

Pamph. (*as they approach*) How goes it, Epignomus?

Epig. And with you? How long since you got into port?

Pamph. No great time.

Epig. Yet in that time he (*indicating Antipho with a grin*) has calmed down for you, eh?

Ant. (*emphatically*) More than the sea you two lads sailed.

Epig. (*winking at Pamphilippus*) You show the same old ways, sir. Well, brother, shall we unload ship to-day?

Pamph. Ease off, my man, ease off! Let's load ourselves with good cheer for a change, instead. How soon'll dinner be served? I had no lunch.

Epig. Go on inside here and take a bath.

Pamph. I'll just stop in at my own house to do homage to gods and wife. After attending to that as I wish, I'll come over at once and join you. (*about to go*)

Epig. But look! Your wife's at our house, scurrying about with her sister.

Pamph. Splendid! So much the less delay. (*heading for his door*) I'll soon be with you.

Ant. (*stopping him*) Before you leave, I want to (*rather uneasily*) do a little monodrama for him (*indicating Epignomus*) while you're with us.

Pamph. (*glancing in wonderment at Epignomus*) By all means.

Ant. (*gathering courage*) Once upon a time there was an old man—the same as I am. He had two daughters—the same as I have now. They were married to two brothers—the same as mine are now to you.

Epig. (*aside to Pamphilippus*) I wonder what this monodrama will end in.

Ant. The younger brother had a lute-girl and a flute-

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

peregre advexerat, quasi nunc tu; sed ille erat
caeleps senex,
quasi ego nunc sum.

Epig. Perge porro. praesens hic quidem est apologus.
Ant. Deinde senex ille illi dixit, cuius erat tibicina,
quasi ego nunc tibi dico:

Epig. Ausculto atque animum advorto sedulo.
Ant. “Ego tibi meam filiam, bene quicum cubitares,
dedi:

nunc mihi reddi ego aequom esse abs te quicum
cubitem censeo.”

Epig. Quis istuc dicit? an ille quasi tu?
Ant.

Quasi ego nunc dico tibi.
“Immo duas dabo,” inquit ille adulescens “una si
parumst;

Epig. et si duarum paenitebit,” inquit “addentur duae.”
Ant. Quis istuc quaeso? an ille quasi ego?

Is ipse quasi tu. tum senex
ille quasi ego: “si vis,” inquit “quattuor sane
dato,

dum equidem hercle quod edint addas, meum ne
contruncent cibum.”

Epig. Videlicet parcum illum fuisse senem, qui illi istaec
dixerit,

Ant. quom ille, illi qui pollicetur, eum cibum poposcerit.
Videlicet non fuisse illum aequom adulescentem,
qui ilico

ubi ille poscit denegavit dare se granum tritici.
hercle qui aequom postulabat ille senex, quando
quidem

Epig. filiae illae dederat dotem, accipere pro tibicina.
Heracle ille quidem certo adulescens docte vorsutus
fuit,

qui seni illi concubinam dare dotatam noluit.

550

560

STICHUS

girl that he had brought from abroad—(to *Epignomus*) the same as you have now. But that old man was wifeless—the same as I am now.

Epig. Proceed, proceed! (to *Pamphilippus*) This monodrama certainly comes pat!

Ant. Then that old man said to the brother that owned the flute-girl—the same as I'm saying now to you—

Epig. Absorbing! I'm all attention!

Ant. —“ I gave you my daughter to pass your nights with pleasantly: and now I consider it a fair return for you to give me a girl to pass my nights with.”

Epig. Who says that? The one the same as you?

Ant. Yes—the same as I'm now saying it to you. “ Better still,” says that young man, “ I'll give you two, if one is not enough. And if the two don't satisfy,” says he, “ you shall have two more.”

Epig. Let's see—who says that? The one the same as I?

Ant. Exactly—the one the same as you. Then says the old man—the same as I: “ Yes, give me four, by all means, if you like, that is, in case you pay their board to boot, by gad, so they won't lancinate my larder.”

Epig. The idea of that old fellow being so close-fisted as to talk like that, and ask the chap who promised him the girls to furnish their food!

Ant. The idea of that young fellow being so unfair as to refuse as soon as he was asked, and say he'd not supply even one grain of wheat! My word! Why, that old man was making a fair request—having given his daughter a dowry, he should get one for his flute-girl.

Epig. My word! Well, that young fellow certainly displayed trained acumen in declining to give that old man an endowed concubine.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ant. Senex quidem voluit, si posset, indipisci de cibo ;
 quia nequit, qua lege licuit velle dixit fieri.
 “ fiat ” ille inquit adolescens. “ facis benigne ”
 inquit senex.
 “ habeon rem pactam ? ” inquit. “ faciam ita ”
 inquit “ ut fieri voles.”
 sed ego ibo intro et gratulabor vestrum adventum
 filiis.
 poste ibo lautum in pylum, ibi fovebo senectutem
 meam.

post ubi laverò, otiosus vos opperiar accubans.
Pamph. Graphicum mortalem Antiphonem, ut apologum
 fecit quam fabre.

570

Epig. Etiam nunc scelestus se esse ducit pro adolescentulo.
 dabitur homini amica, noctu quae in lecto occentet
 senem ;
 namque edepol aliud quidem illi quid amica opus sit
 nescio.

Pamph. Sed quid agit parasitus noster Gelasimus ? etiam
 valet ?

Epig. Vidi edepol hominem haud perdudum.

Pamph. Quid agit ?

Epig. Quod famelicus.

Pamph. Quin vocavisti hominem ad cenam ?

Epig. Ne quid adveniens perderem.
 atque eccum tibi lupum in sermone : praesens
 esuriens adest.

Pamph. Ludificemur hominem.

Epig. Capti consili memorem mones.

IV. 2.

Gel. Sed ita ut ocepi narrare vobis : quom hic non adfui,
 cum amicis deliberavi iam et cum cognatis meis.

580

STICHUS

Ant. Well, the old man wanted to gain his point about the food, if he could; failing that, he said he wanted to accept on any terms allowed. "Done," says that young man. "Thank you kindly," says the old one. "Can I call it a deal?" says he. "Count on me completely," says the other. (*turning toward Epignomus' house*) But I'll go in and congratulate my daughters on your arrival. Then I'll go take a bath in a *baignoire* and melt away my years there. Then after bathing I'll be on the dinner couch awaiting you at my ease.

[EXIT *Antipho* MERRILY.]

Pamph. Picturesque worthy, Antipho! That monodrama of his was a masterpiece.

Epig. Even now, the rascalion takes himself for a young blade. I'll give him a girl—to serenade the old codger at night in bed. For good Lord, I can't conceive what other use he has for one.

Pamph. But how goes it with our parasite Gelasimus? Still in good health?

Epig. Hm! I saw the fellow no longwhile ago.

Pamph. How's he getting on?

Epig. Hungrily.

Pamph. Why didn't you invite him to dinner?

Epig. For fear of coming home to go broke. (*glancing down the street*) Look! There you are—the wolf in the fable! Here in person, ravenous.

Pamph. Let's have some fun with him.

Epig. Suggestion superfluous—had it in mind myself. (*they stand back in the doorway*)

Scene 2.

ENTER *Gelasimus*.

Gel. (*to the audience*) But to continue what I was saying—since leaving here I have deliberated with my

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita mi auctores fuere, ut egomet me hodie iugularem
fame.

sed videone ego Pamphilippum cum fratre Epig-
nomo? atque is est.

adgrediar hominem. o sperate Pamphilippe, o spes
mea,

o mea vita, o mea voluptas, salve. salvom gaudeo
peregre te in patriam rediisse.

Pamph. Salvo salve, Gelasime.

Gel. Valuistin bene?

Pamph. Sustentatumst sedulo.

Gel. Edepol gaudeo.

edepol ne ego nunc mihi medimnum mille esse
argenti velim.

Epig. Quid eo tibi opust?

Gel. Hunc hercle ad cenam ut vocem, te non vocem.

Epig. Advorsum te fabulare.

Gel. Illud quidem, ambos ut vocem;
et equidem simitu hau maligne vos invitassem
domum

590

ad me, sed mihi ipsi domi meae nihil est. atque
hoc scitis vos.

Epig. Edepol te vocem lubenter, si superfiat locus.

Gel. Quin tum stans obstrusero aliquid strenue.

Epig. Immo unum hoc potest.

Gel. Quid?

Epig. Vbi convivae abierint, tum venias.

Gel. Vae aetati tuae.

Epig. Vasa lautum, non ad cenam dico.

Gel. Di te perduint.

quid ais, Pamphilippe?

STICHUS

friends and relatives, and it was their recommendation that I cut my throat to-day with a whetted appetite. But is that Pamphilippus I see with his brother Epignomus? Yes, it is. I'll up to him. (*rapturous*) Oh, Pamphilippus! So longed for! Oh, hope of my soul! Oh, breath of my life! Oh, joy of my being! (*seizes his hand*) Welcome! Ah, I'm glad you're home again from overseas, and well!

Pamph. And a well-wisher's welcome to you, Gelasimus.

Gel. You've been in first rate health?

Pamph. Fared finely as possible.

Gel. Jove, I'm glad! (*to Epignomus*) Jove, how I wish I had a thousand bushels of silver now!

Epig. What do you need it for?

Gel. So that I could invite him (*indicating Pamphilippus*) to dinner, by gad, and (*malevolently*) not you.

Epig. (*casually*) Such remarks don't help your case.

Gel. (*taking the hint*) Well, that is, so that I could invite you both. Really, I'm not mean, I'd have pressed you to come to my house together, but not one thing have I in that house of mine. And you know that yourselves.

Epig. Dear, dear, I'd invite you gladly, if there were only a place left.

Gel. Ah well, even standing, I do a fair job forcing a little something down.

Epig. No, but here's a possibility.

Gel. (*eagerly*) What?

Epig. When the guests are gone, then you come.

Gel. Curse you!

Epig. I don't mean to eat, but to wash the dishes.

Gel. Oh, go to hell! (*to Pamphilippus, wistfully*) Pamphilippus, what do you say?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Pamph.* Ad cenam hercle alio promisi foras.
- Gel.* Quid, foras?
- Pamph.* Foras hercle vero.
- Gel.* Qui malum tibi lasso libet
foris cenare?
- Pamph.* Vtrum tu censes?
- Gel.* Iuben domi cenam coqui
atque ad illum renuntiari?
- Pamph.* Solus cenabo domi?
- Gel.* Non enim solus: me vocato.
- Pamph.* At ille ne suscenseat, 600
mea qui causa sumptum fecit.
- Gel.* Facile excusari potest.
mihi modo ausculta, iube cenam domi coqui.
- Epig.* Non me quidem
faciet auctore, hodie ut illum decipiat.
- Gel.* Non tu hinc abis?
nisi me non perspicere censes quid agas. cave sis
tu tibi,
nam illic homo tuam hereditatem inhiat, quasi
esuriens lupo.
non tu scis, quam efflicentur homines noctu hic in
via?
- Pamph.* Tanto pluris qui defendant ire advorsum iussero.
- Epig.* Non it, non it, quia tanto opere suades ne ebitat.
- Gel.* Iube
domi mi tibiue tuaeque uxori celeriter cenam coqui.
si hercle faxis, non opinor dices deceptum fore. 610
- Pamph.* Per hanc tibi cenam incenato, Gelasime, esse hodie
licet.

STICHUS

- Pamph.* (*apparently dismayed*) Gad! I promised to take supper out.
- Gel.* What? Out?
- Pamph.* Gad, yes, really—out.
- Gel.* (*shocked*) How the deuce can a weary man like you want supper out?
- Pamph.* What do you suppose I'd better do?
- Gel.* Do? Have supper cooked at home and send your host regrets!
- Pamph.* Supper at home alone?
- Gel.* No, no, not alone. Invite me.
- Pamph.* But I fear he'd think such treatment insupportable, having gone to that expense on my account.
- Gel.* Oh, you can excuse yourself all right. Just you listen to me, have supper cooked at home.
- Epig.* (*firmly*) I certainly will not countenance his deceiving that man to-day.
- Gel.* (*to Epignomus*) Get out of this, will you! You can't suppose I don't see through your game. (*to Pamphilippus, earnestly*) Do, do look out for yourself. Why, that man is after your estate open-mouthed like a ravening wolf. Are you not aware how people are stricken down dead in the streets here at night?
- Pamph.* Ah, that being so, I must order more slaves to meet me and defend me.
- Epig.* (*seemingly alarmed for his brother, to Gelasimus*) He won't go, he won't go, not with you so urgent against his going!
- Gel.* Then hurry and have supper cooked at home for me and you and your wife. By gad, you do that, and I warrant you'll never say a word about deception.
- Pamph.* (*laughing*) If this is the only supper you count on, Gelasimus, you'll have to stay unsupped to-day.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Gel. Ibisne ad cenam foras?

Pamph. Apud fratrem ceno in proxumo.

Gel. Certumnest?

Pamph. Certum.

Gel. Edepol te hodie lapide percussum velim.

Pamph. Non metuo: per hortum transibo, non prodibo in publicum.

Epig. Quid ais, Gelasime?

Gel. Oratores tu accipis, habeas tibi.

Epig. Tua pol refert.

Gel. Enim, si quidem mea refert, opera utere.

Epig. Posse edepol tibi opinor etiam uni locum condi¹ ubi accubes.

Pamph. Sane faciundum censeo.

Gel. O lux oppidi.

Epig. Si arte poteris accubare.

Gel. Vel inter cuneos ferreos;
tantillum loculi, ubi catellus cubet, id mi satis est
loci.

Epig. Exorabo aliquo modo. veni.

Gel. Hucine?

Epig. Immo in carcerem;
nam hic quidem genium meliorem tuum non facies.
eamus, tu.

Pamph. Deos salutabo modo, poste ad te continuo transeo.

Gel. Quid igitur?

Epig. Dixi equidem, in carcerem ires.

Gel. Quin si iusseris,
eo quoque ibo.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *propemodum* Schoell.

STICHUS

- Gel.* You are going out to supper?
- Pamph.* Yes, with my brother next door.
- Gel.* That's settled?
- Pamph.* Settled.
- Gel.* By Jove, I only hope you get staved in with a stone this day!
- Pamph.* No fear, I'll cross over through the garden, and not appear in public.
- Epig.* (*encouragingly*) But I say, Gelasinus!
- Gel.* (*sour*) You have spokesmen guests—(*with a wave toward Pamphilippus*) keep 'em.
- Epig.* Ah, but this concerns you.
- Gel.* (*hopeful again*) Oh well, if it does concern me, accept my services.
- Epig.* The fact is, I believe room can still be made for one man like yourself to lie in.
- Pamph.* Yes, yes, I suppose it should be done.
- Gel.* Oh, you beacon of the commonwealth!
- Epig.* If you can lie compactly.
- Gel.* Between iron wedges, even! Just a wee wee bit of room, big enough to bed a puppy in—that's room enough for me.
- Epig.* I'll talk 'em into it somehow. Come along. (*leads Gelasinus down the street*)
- Gel.* (*as they pass Epignomus' door*) In here?
- Epig.* Oh no, to gaol. (*leaving him*) For you really won't increase your personal comfort in here. (*to Pamphilippus*) Come, let's go.
- Pamph.* (*entering his own house*) I'll just pay homage to the gods; then I'll come across at once and join you.
- [EXIT.]
- Gel.* (*pleadingly*) What now?
- Epig.* Good Lord, I told you—go on to gaol.
- Gel.* (*humbly*) Well, if you say the word, I'll go there, too.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Epig. Di immortales, hic quidem pol summam in crucem
cena aut prandio perducî potest.

Gel. Ita ingenium meumst :
quicumvis depugno multo facilius quam cum fame.

Epig. Dum parasitus mi atque fratri fuisti, rem con-
fregimus.

Gel. Non nego ista apud te.

Epig. Satis spectatast mihi iam tua felicitas ;
nunc ego nolo ex Gelasimo mihi fieri te Catagelasi-
mum.

630

Gel. Iamne abiisti? Gelasime, vide quid es capturus
consili.

egone? tune. mihine? tibine. viden ut an-
nonast gravis?

viden, benignitates hominum ut periere et prothy-
miae?

viden ridiculos nihili fieri, atque ipsos parasitarier?
numquam edepol me vivom quisquam in crastinum
inspiciet diem ;

nam mihi iam intus potionem iunceam onerabo gulam,
neque ego hoc committam, ut me esse homines
mortuom dicant fame.

640

ACTVS V

Stich. More hoc fit, atque stulte mea sententia :
si quem hominem expectant, eum solent provisere ;
qui hercle illa causa ocius nihilo venit.

STICHUS

- Epig.* Ye immortal gods! What a man! I do believe a dinner or lunch would induce him to take the highest place at a hanging.
- Gel.* This is how I'm constituted: there's nothing I find it nearly so damned hard to fight as hunger.
- Epig.* (*heartless*) When you were our parasite, my brother and I both went bankrupt.
- Gel.* (*penitent*) I don't deny it, sir.
- Epig.* I have already tested amply the sort of luck you bring. Now I want no Jollyassimus making a Sillyassimus out of me.

- Gel.* Gone already? (*in wry despair*) [EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE. Gelasimus, my friend, see what counsel you should take. I? You. For myself? For yourself. See you the heavy cost of food? See you how men's philanthropies and bonhomie have perished from the earth? See you how wits are held at naught and patrons themselves turn parasitical? Never, I vow, shall anyone behold me living on the morrow. For now within I'll load my gullet with a draught of hemp, and give no rise to allegations that I died of hunger.

[EXIT, HIS HEROISM DAMPED BY THE ODOURS
FROM *Epignomus*' KITCHEN.

ACT V

ENTER *Stichus* VERY SLIGHTLY UNSTEADY. HE LOOKS DOWN THE STREET, THEN MANAGES TO PUT A TABLE AND BENCH IN FRONT OF *Pamphilippus*' HOUSE.

- Stich.* (*looking down the street again*) It's all silly and . . . stupid, in my opinion, this habit folks have of being on the look-out for somebody they're waiting for. Lord! He doesn't come a bit quicker for that.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

idem ego nunc facio, qui proviso Sagarinum,
 qui nihilo citius veniet tamen hac gratia.
 iam hercle ego decumbam solus, si ille huc non venit.
 cadum modo hinc a me huc cum vino transferam,
 postidea accumbam. quasi nix tabescit dies.

V. 2.

Sang. Salvete, Athenae, quae nutrices Graeciae,
 sperata erilis patria, te video libens. 650
 sed amica mea et conserva quid agat Stephanium
 curaest, ut valeat. nam Sticho mandaveram,
 salutem ut nuntiaret atque ei ut diceret
 me hodie venturum, ut cenam coqueret temperi.
 sed Stichus est hic quidem.

Stich. Fecisti, ere, facetias,
 quom hoc donavisti dono tuom servom Stichum.
 pro di immortales, quot ego voluptates fero,
 quot risiones, quot iocos, quot savia,
 saltationes, blanditias, prothymias.

Sang. Stiche.

Stich. Hem.

Sang. Quid fit?

Stich. Euge Sangarine lepidissime. 660

fero convivam Dionysum mihique et tibi.
 namque edepol cena cocta est, locus liber datust

STICHUS

The very thing I'm doing now, on the look-out for Sagarinus, but he won't come a bit faster on that account. (*surveying his arrangements*) By Jupiter, I'll soon be . . . planting myself at table alone, if he doesn't come. That cask of wine—I'll just bring it over here from our house, and then I'll take my place. The day's oozing away like snow.

[EXIT.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Sagarinus* JAUNTILY.

Sang. Greetings, Athens, thou nurse of Greece! Longed-for land of my master, gladly do I view thee. (*eyeing Pamphilippus' house amorously*) But Stephanium's on my mind, what my sweetheart and slave-mate's doing, how she's feeling. Why, I commissioned Stichus to greet her for me and tell her I was arriving to-day, so that she would have dinner cooked in season. (*as Epignomus' door opens*) Ah, but here is Stichus, I see.

ENTER *Stichus* CARRYING A CASK AND JUG.

Stich. (*to himself*) You did a . . . jolly neat job, master, presenting your servant Stichus with this present. Ye immortal gods! The joys I bring, the . . . laughing, the jokes, the loving kisses, and dancing and bliss and bonhomie! (*drinks*)

Sang. (*calling*) Stichus!

Stich. (*startled*) Ha!

Sang. How goes it?

Stich. (*seeing him*) Grand, Sagarinus, you . . . nicest man alive! I'm bringing you and me a guest . . . Bacchus. Yes, damme, and dinner's all cooked, and you and I've been given the' run of your

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

mihi et tibi apud vos—nam apud nos est convivium,

ibi voster cenat cum uxore adeo et Antipho,
ibidem erus est noster—hoc mihi dono datumst.

Sang. Quis somniavit aurum?

Stich. Quid id ad te attinet?

proin tu lavare propera.

Sang. Lautus sum.

Stich. Optime.¹

volo eluamus hodie, peregrina omnia
relinque, Athenas nunc colamus. sequere me.

670

Sang. Sequor, et domum redeunti principium placet.
bona scaeva strenaque obviam occessit mihi.

V. 3.

Steph. Mirum videri nemini vestrum volo, spectatores,
quid ego hinc, quae illic habito, exeam: faciam vos
certiores.

domo dudum huc arcessita sum, nam quoniam
nuntiatum est

istarum venturos viros, ibi festinamus omnes;
lectis sternendis studuimus munditiisque apparan-
dis.

inter illud tamen negotium meis curavi amicis,
Sticho et conservo Sagarino meo, cena cocta ut
esset.

680

¹ Leo brackets following v., 668 :
sequere ergo hac me intro.

Sang. *Ego vero sequor.*

Stich.

STICHUS

house here—what with the party at our place, and your master and his wife dining there, along with Antipho and my master too—and here's a . . . gift I had given me. (*passes the jug to Sangarinus*)

Sang. (*doubtfully, after slaking a large thirst*) Who had a dream of gold?

Stich. What does it matter to you? So you clean up and be . . . quick about it.

Sang. (*with a rakish air*) I have cleaned up—always do.

Stich. Splendid! ¹ But to-day's our day to get cleaned . . . out. No more of all that foreign truck! Now let's be good Athenians. (*shifting the cask*) Come along.

[EXIT INTO *Pamphilippus'* HOUSE.
Sang. (*following*) I'm coming, and I approve of an arrival home that begins like this. (*smacking his lips*) The omen with a largess that came my way was capital.

[EXIT.

Scene 3. ENTER *Stephanium* FROM *Epignomus'* HOUSE.

Steph. Spectators, I don't want it to seem strange to any of you that I appear from here when I live there. (*indicating Pamphilippus' house*) So I'll enlighten you. I was summoned here from home a while ago, for after they had word of their husbands' coming, we've all been on the jump there. Covering couches, getting things tidied up—we've kept at it. But busy though I've been, I looked out for my boy friends, my Stichus and my slave-mate Sangarinus, and got their dinner cooked. Stichus did the

¹ v. 668 : Come on in with me, then.

Sang. Coming, yes indeed!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stichus obsonatust, ceterum ego operam do : is adlegavit.

nunc ibo hinc et amicos meos curabo hic advenientes.

V. 4.

Sang. Agite ite foras : ferte pompam. cado te praeficio,
Stiche.

omnibus modis temptare certumst nostrum hodie
convivium.

ita me di ament, lepide accipimur quom hoc recipi-
mur in loco.

quisquis praetereat, comissatum volo vocari.

Stich. Convenit,
dum quidem hercle quisque veniat, veniat cum vino
suo.

nam hinc quidem hodie polluctura praeter nos
dabitur nemini.¹

nosmet inter nos ministremus monotropi.

Sang. Hoc conviviumst
pro opibus nostris satis commodule nucibus, fabulis,
ficulis,

olea in tryblio,² lupillo, comminuto crustulo.

Stich. Sat est : servo homini modeste melius facere
sumptum quam ampliter.

suom quemque decet : quibus divitiae domi sunt,
scaphiis cantharis

batiocis bibunt, at nos nostro Samiolo poterio :

tamen bibimus nos, tamen efficimus pro opibus
nostra moenia.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *datur nemini* Lindsay.

² *olea in tryblio* Turnebus : *oleae interiplio* corrupt (Leo).

STICHUS

marketing, and I'm managing the rest : he assigned jobs. Now I'll leave here and go attend to my darling home-comers.

[EXIT INTO *Pamphilippus'* HOUSE.]

Scene 4. ENTER *Sangarinus* AND *Stichus*, LADEN WITH EDIBLES, *Sangarinus* ALSO NOW A BIT ELEVATED.

Sang. (as if to a staff of servants) Come on, lads, out with you! Bring along the . . . supply train. *Stichus*, I appoint you Director of the Cask. I've made up my mind to put this banquet of ours to-day through all sorts of paces. (*setting the table most punctiliously*) Lord love me, but ain't we being treated nicely, being entertained here! I want everyone that goes by called over to help us . . . celebrate.

Stich. I agree, yes sir, I . . . agree, so long as all comers come with their own wine. For I'm telling you, not a soul besides us gets a . . . delicatoothful of this (*tapping the cask*) to-day. Now let's just serve ourselves *tout seuls*. (*begins by serving another drink*)

Sang. (*appraising the viands happily*) Smart enough little banquet, I call it, considering our . . . means. Nuts, little beans, little figlets, olives *dans écuelle*, lillupines, pieces of . . . pastry!

Stich. (*virtuously*) Enough is right. A slave had better be a careful spender, not . . . overdo it. Each according to his purse. (*fondling the cask*) People with piles of money can drink out of . . . embossed beakers and tankards and fancygoblets, while we drink out of our . . . Lilsamian jug. But we drink just the same, we perform our . . . functions, just the same, as our means allow. (*they perform their functions again*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sang. Age dice uter utrubi accumbamus.

Stich. Abi tu sane superior.

atque adeo, ut tu scire possis, pacto ego hoc tecum
divido:

vide, utram tibi libet etiam nunc capere, cape
provinciam.

Sang. Quid istuc est provinciai?

Stich. Vtrum Fontine an Libero
imperium te inhibere mavis?

Sang. Nimio liquido Libero. 700

sed amica mea et tua dum cenat dumque se exornat,
nos volo
tamen ludere inter nos. strategum te facio huic
convivio.

Stich. Nimium lepide in mentem venit: potius quam in
subsellio

cynice hic accipimur quam in lectis.

Sang. Immo enim nimio hic dulcius.

sed interim, stratege noster, cur hic cessat can-
tharus?

vide, quot cyathos bibimus.

Stich. Tot quot digiti tibi sunt in manu.

cantio Graecast: ἡ πέντ' ἢ τρία πῖν' ἢ μὴ τέτταρα.

Sang. Tibi propino. decumam a fonte tibi tute inde, si
sapis.

STICHUS

- Sang.* Get at it! You say who's to lie where.
Stich. Go along, of course you take the top. And more than that, so you'll know, this is how I'll share with you. (*points to the table*) Look! You just take whichever . . . province you like to take now.
- Sang.* What d'ye mean . . . province?
Stich. (*with a wave toward the water and wine at opposite ends of the table*) Which do you prefer to exercise . . . authority over, Fons or Bacchus?
- Sang.* (*planting himself at the wine end*) Bacchus—clear choice! (*they fall upon the food heroically*) But while our . . . sweetie, yours and mine, is dining and dressing up, let you and me have some fun together, just the same. I elect you . . . Commandant of this banquet.
- Stich.* (*stretching*) Something awfully clever just occurred to me: our treatment here is (*snickering*) . . . Cynic-doggish—we're . . . benched, not couched.
- Sang.* (*contentedly*) No, no! This is lots pleasanter. But meanwhile, *mon* . . . Commandant, why's this tankard so slow? (*prepares to remedy the matter*) Say how many cups we have to a drink.
- Stich.* As many as the fingers on your hand. You know that . . . foreign ditty:

*Bois-en cinq ou . . . trois,
 Jamais quat' n'en bois.*

- Sang.* (*pouring and drinking*) Here's to your health! (*pouring again and passing it to Stichus*) Fill in a tenth from . . . old Fons there for yourself, if you know what's what. (*Stichus drinks to him; Sangarinus pours himself another; chants*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

bene vos, bene nos, bene te, bene me, bene nostram
etiam Stephanium.¹

Stich. Lepide hoc actum est. tibi propino cantharum.
vinum tu habes. 710

Sang. Nimis vellem aliquid pulpamenti.

Stich. Si horum, quae adsunt, paenitet,
nihil est. tene aquam.

Sang. Melius dicis; nil moror cuppedia.
bibe, tibicen. age si quid agis, bibendum hercle
hoc est, ne nega.

quid hic fastidis quod faciundum vides esse tibi?
quin bibis? ²

accipe inquam. non hoc tuo fit sumptu: inpendet
publicum.

haud tuom istuc est te vereri. cripe ex ore tibias.

Stich. Vbi illic biberit, vel servato meum modum vel tu
dato.³

nolo ego nos prosum hoc ebibere.⁴ nulli rei
erimus postea;

namque edepol quam vis desubito vel cadus verti
potest.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 710–711:

Stich. *Bibe si bibis.*

Sang. *Non mora erit apud me.*

Stich. *Edepol convivi sat est,
modo nostra huc amica accedat: id abest, aliud nil abest.*

² Leo brackets following *age si quid agis*.

³ *dato* Ital.: *dabo* corrupt (Leo).

⁴ *prosum hoc ebibere* Mueller: *prosumo bibere* corrupt (Leo).

STICHUS

Luck to thee and luck to me,
Luck to us and luck to you, (*with a wave
toward the audience*)

And luck to our little Stephanium, too! ¹

Stich. (*after taking his turn*) Ah, this is a . . . grand
success! Here's your tankard. You have the
wine. (*the banquet proceeds*)

Sang. (*eating with less gusto*) How I . . . do wish we had a
bit of tenderloin. (*pours*)

Stich. (*offended*) If you aren't . . . satisfied with what's
here, it's just too bad. Take some water.

Sang. (*accepts and drinks*) Right you are. I've got no use
for . . . dainties. (*pours again and jovially con-
veys it to stage musician*) Piper, have a drink.
(*the piper shakes his head*) Down it, if you're . . .
going to down it! By the Lord, you've got
to drink it, no . . . saying no. Why so
squeamish about doing what you . . . see you've
got to do? Why don't you drink? Take it, I tell
you. You don't pay: it's the . . . government.
It's not your way to be backward. Pull those
pipes out of your face.

Stich. (*gravely observing Sangarinus' ebullience*) When he's
had his drink, you . . . stick to my pace or set it
yourself. I don't want us to go straight ahead
drinking this all up. We won't be good for . . .
anything later on. Why, good Lord, it takes no
time at all for even a cask to get . . . bottom up.

¹ Vv. 710-711:

Stich. If you're drinking, drink.

Sang. I won't be behindhand.

Stich. By Jove, this party's complete, only let our sweetie
show up. That's all that's . . . lacking, nothing else is
lacking.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Sang.* Quid igitur? quamquam gravatus fuisti, non nocuit
tamen. 720
- age, tibicen, quando bibisti, refer ad labcas tibias,
suffla celeriter tibi buccas quasi proserpens bestia.
agedum, Stiche, uter dematassit, poculo multa-
bitur.
- Stich.* Bonum ius dicis. impetrare oportet qui aequom
postulat.
- Sang.* Age ergo observa. si peccassis, multam hic retinebo
ilico.
- Stich.* Optimum atque aequissimum oras. em tibi hoc
primum omnium :
haec facetiast, amare inter se rivalis duos,
uno cantharo potare, unum scortum ducere.
hoc memorabilest : ego tu sum, tu es ego, unianimi
sumus,
unam amicam amamus ambo, mecum ubi est, tecum
est tamen ; 730
- tecum ubi autem est, mecum ibi autemst : neuter
neutri invidet.
- Sang.* Ohe, iam satis, nolo obtaedescat ; alium ludum
nunc volo.
- Stich.* Vin amicam huc evocemus? ea saltabit.
- Sang.* Censeo.

STICHUS

- Sang.* *(as the piper finally succumbs)* Well now? Even if you did . . . boggle at it, it didn't hurt you. Come, piper, you've had your wine, so . . . pipes to your lips again. Quick! Swell out your . . . chops like a snake. *(the piper plays with animation; Sangarinus tries a few dance steps, then turns defiantly to Stichus)* Come on, now, Stichus, whichever of us makes a slip *(pirouetting)* forfeits a drink.
- Stich.* Good fair . . . proposition. A reasonable request ought to be granted.
- Sang.* Come, then, just you . . . watch. *(dances till exhausted, then staggers to the bench)* If you . . . botch things, I'll take the forfeit here at once.
- Stich.* *(rising)* Perfectly right and reasonable. Look! Here's my first . . . number! *(dances and sings)*
 Jolly fine it is to . . . have your rival for
 your pal,
 Sharing both one . . . loving cup, and both
 one loving . . . gal.
 I am you and you are I; we're . . . soul-
 mates rare, we two:
 When our sweetheart is with me, why,
 she is still with . . . you.
 And still with you, she's still with me;
 We therefore feel no . . . jealousy.
(Sangarinus likes it, joins in; they give themselves several encores)
- Sang.* *(flopping down on the bench)* Ho, hum! That'll do!
(Stichus flops beside him) Don't want . . . tediousness.
 Let's play something else. *(pours drinks)*
- Stich.* What d'ye say to calling . . . sweetheart out?
 She'll dance.
- Sang.* I'm in favour.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stich. Mea suavis, amabilis, amoena Stephanium, ad
amores tuos
foras egredere, satis mihi pulchra es.

Sang. At enim pulcherrima.

Stich. Fac nos hilares hilariores opera atque adventu tuo.

Sang. Peregre advenientes te expetimus, Stephaniscidium,
mel meum,
si amabilitas tibi nostra placet, si tibi ambo accepti
sumus.

V. 5.

Steph. Morem vobis geram, meae deliciae. nam ita me
Venus amoena amet,
ut ego huc iam dudum simitu exissem vobiscum
foras,

nisi me vobis exornarem. nam ita est ingenium
muliebre :

bene cum lauta est, tersa ornata ficta est, infecta est
tamen ;

nimioque sibi mulier meretrix repperit odium ocius
sua immunditia, quam in perpétuom ut placeat mun-
ditia sua.

Stich. Nimium lepide fabulata est.

Sang. Veneris mera est oratio,

Stich. Sangarine.

Sang. Quid est ?

Stich. Totus dolco.

Sang. Totus ? tanto miserior.

STICHUS

- Stich.* (*shouting, as they help each other toward the door*) My own dear, sweet, adorable . . . delectable Stephanium, come on out to your . . . darlings! You're beautiful enough for me.
- Sang.* (*going closer*) He means beautiful . . . beyond compare.
- Stich.* (*closer still*) Make us frisky boys still . . . friskier by coming out and taking part.
- Sang.* (*sticking his head inside*) Here we are back from . . . abroad and pining for you, Stephanettikins, my honey dear, if you like our . . . winsome little ways and we're both welcome.

Scene 5. ENTER *Stephanium*, PUTTING THE LAST TOUCHES ON HER TOILET.

- Steph.* (*as they escort her, amorously, to the table*) I'll do anything for you, you precious things. Why, so may lovely Venus love me, I'd have come out here long ago just when you did, except for wanting to look my nicest for you. This is the way a woman is, you know—after all her bathing and polishing and bedecking and beautifying, she still feels like a failure. It's a great deal easier for a girl with lovers to lose them by being dowdy than to hold them forever by being dainty.
- Stich.* Ah, it's wonderful the way she . . . puts things.
(*sits down still fondling her*)
- Sang.* (*doing likewise*) Her words come . . . straight from Venus——
- Stich.* (*wriggling ecstatically*) Sangarinus!
- Sang.* What is it?
- Stich.* (*ogling her*) I just ache all over.
- Sang.* All over? That's just too bad.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Steph. Vtrubi accumbo?

Sang. Vtrubis tu vis?

Steph. Cum ambobus volo, nam ambos amo.

Stich. Vapulat peculium, actum est.

Sang. Fugit hoc libertas caput.

Steph. Date mihi locum, ubi accumbam, amabo, siquidem placeo.

Stich. Tun mihi?

Steph. Cupio cum utroque.

Stich. Ei mihi, bene ego dispereo. quid ais?

Sang. Quid est? 750

Stich. Ita me di ament, numquam enim fiet hodie, haec quin saltet tamen.

age, mulsa mea suavitudo, salta: saltabo ego simul.

Sang. Numquam edepol med istoc vinces, quin ego ibidem pruriam.

Steph. Siquidem mihi saltandum est, tum vos date bibat tibicini.

Stich. Et quidem nobis.

Sang. Tene, tibicen, primum; postidea loci si hoc eduxeris, proinde ut consuetu's antehac, celeriter.

lepidam et suavem cantionem aliquam occupito cinaedicam,

ubi perpruriscamus usque ex unguiculis. inde huc aquam.

STICHUS

- Steph.* (*standing over them, smiling*) Which side shall I lie?
- Sang.* (*leering*) Which side do you want?
- Steph.* (*petting them impartially*) Beside you both, for I love you both!
- Stich.* (*overcome*) Bang go my . . . savings! I'm a ruin!
- Sang.* (*equally perturbed*) Freedom says . . . good bye to poor me!
- Steph.* Come, my dears, make room for me to lie down, that is, if you like me.
- Stich.* (*fervently*) I like *you*?
- Steph.* I'm longing to be with you both. (*they make thoroughly sure she is*)
- Stich.* (*emerging*) Oh, dear me! I'm in a . . . shocking bad way! (*to Sangarinus*) I say.
- Sang.* (*also in a bad way*) What is it?
- Stich.* Lord love me, but we can't ever get along to-day without her . . . dancing, though. (*to Stephanium*) Come, do, sweetness, my dear . . . honey girl, do dance. And I'll dance with you. (*does so, with abandon*)
- Sang.* (*enviously*) By Jupiter, you shan't ever get the . . . better of me that way. I'll do that too and get all . . . tingling. (*lurches toward her*)
- Steph.* Well then, if I must dance, you boys must give the piper a drink.
- Stich.* Yes, and us. (*the cask suffers severely*)
- Sang.* (*pouring again*) Take this, piper, first of all! And then, quick, after you've . . . downed it, in that same old . . . familiar way of yours, strike up some nice sweet . . . lecherous little tune that'll . . . titillate us down to our very fingertips. (*holds out the jug to Stichus*) Put in some water. (*Stichus obliges*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. 6.

tene tu hoc, educe. dudum placuit potio :
nunc minus gravate iam accipit. tene tu.
interim,

760

meus oculus, da mihi savium, dum illic bibit.

Stich. Prostibilest tandem? stantem stanti savium
dare amicum amicae? euge euge, sic furi
datur.

Sang. Age, iam infla buccas, nunciam aliquid suaviter.
redde cantionem veteri pro vino novam.

V. 7.

qui Ionicus aut cinaedicust, qui hoc tale facere
possiet?

Stich. Si istoc me versu viceris, alio me provocato.

Sang. Fac tu hoc modo.

Stich. At tu hoc modo.

Sang. Babae.

Stich. Tatae.

Sang. Papae.

Stich. Pax.

STICHUS

Scene 6.

Here you! (*carrying it to the piper*) Take this!
Down with it! (*the piper reaches for it eagerly*)
He liked his last nip. This time he doesn't . . .
boggle so at having one. Here, take it. (*returns to*
Stephanium) Now then, light of my . . . life, give
me a nice long . . . kiss while he's drinking.
(*tries to get it*)

Stich. (*intervening*) Hey, you! Think she's an . . . alley
strumpet? The idea of a man giving his girl a
. . . nice long kiss, and both . . . standing up!
(*upsets them on the bench together*) Hurray! Hurray!
Serves a thief right! (*hilarious riot ensues*)

Sang. (*all aquiver, to the piper*) Come on now, puff out your
. . . cheeks, and give us something . . . luscious
now! Let's have a new . . . tune for old wine.
(*the piper is inspired; Sangarinus and Stephanium*
dance, Sangarinus finally bursting into a solo of capers
and undulations, the others applauding wildly)

Scene 7.

Who's the Ionian . . . artiste or . . . bawdy
dancer could do this sort of . . . thing? (*ends with*
an amazing specialty; Stichus leaps into action,
competes well till he falls)

Stich. (*getting up, feverish*) If you beat me that round,
dare me to . . . another!

Sang. (*rampant*) Then do . . . this one! (*excels himself,*
the music still more orgiastic)

Stich. (*frenzied*) Well, you . . . do this one!

Sang. (*as his rival clearly breaks all records*) Whoopsie!

Stich. Doopsie!

Sang. Boopsie!

Stich. Pouf!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Sang.* Nunc pariter ambo. omnis voco cinaedos contra.
satis esse nobis non magis potis quam fungo imber. 770
- Stich.* Intro hinc abeamus nunciam: saltatum satis pro
vinost.
vos, spectatores, plaudite atque ite ad vos comis-
satum.

STICHUS

Sang. (*insatiable*) Now both of us . . . together! Bring on all your . . . bawdy dancers! (*pandemonium*) We can't get . . . enough of this, any . . . more than a . . . mushroom rain!

Stich. (*finally exhausted*) Now let's . . . go inside! We've danced . . . enough for our . . . wine. Spectators, give us your . . . applause, then home and have a party of your . . . own!

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

TRINVMVS
OR
THREE BOB DAY

VOL. V.

H

ARGVMENTVM

Thensaurum abstrusum abiens peregre Charmides,
Remque omnem amico Callicli mandat suo.
Istoc absente male rem perdit filius;
Nam et aedis vendit: has mercatur Callicles.
Virgo indotata soror istius poscitur;
Minus quo cum invidia ei det dotem Callicles,
Mandat qui dicat aurum ferre se a patre.
Vt venit ad aedis, hunc deludit Charmides
Senex, ut rediit; quous nubunt liberi.

PERSONAE

LVXVRIA CUM INOPIA PROLOGUS
MEGARONIDES SENEX
CALLICLES SENEX
LYSITELES ADULESCENS
PHILTO SENEX
LEBONICVS ADULESCENS
STASIMVS SERVVS
CHARMIDES SENEX
SYCOPHANTA

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

On going abroad, Charmides leaves his friend Callicles in charge of a hidden treasure and all his affairs. During his absence his son runs through the property; he even sells their house—which is bought by Callicles. The young fellow's sister, though an undowered girl, is asked in marriage. Callicles, wishing to give her a dowry, without causing unpleasant comment, engages a man to say that he brings the money from her father. When this man arrives at the house, old Charmides is back and has some sport with him. The children marry.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LUXURY (*with WANT*), *the Prologue.*

MEGARONIDES, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

CALLICLES, *his friend.*

LYSITELES, *a young Athenian.*

PHILTO, *his father.*

LESBONICUS, *a friend of Lysiteles.*

STASIMUS, *slave of Lesbonicus and Charmides.*

CHARMIDES, *father of Lesbonicus.*

A SWINDLER.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

PROLOGVS

LVXVRIA CUM INOPIA

Lux. Sequere, hac me, gnata, ut munus fungaris tuom.

Inop. Sequor, sed finem fore quem dicam nescio.

Lux. Adest. em illae sunt aedes, i intro nunciam.

nunc, ne quis erret vostrum, paucis in viam

deducam, si quidem operam dare promittitis.

nunc igitur primum quae ego sim et quae illaec siet,

huc quae abiit intro, dicam, si animum advortitis.

primum mihi Plautus nomen Luxuriae indidit;

tum hanc mihi gnatam esse voluit Inopiam.

sed ea huc quid introierit impulsu meo

accipite et date vocivas aures dum eloquor.

adulescens quidam est, qui in hisce habitat aedibus;

is rem paternam me adiutrice perdidit.

quoniam ei, qui me aleret, nil video esse relicui,

THREE BOB DAY

Scene:—Athens. A street in which are the houses of Charmides and Megaronides, Philto's house is near. Between the houses is a lane from which one may enter a little annex back of Charmides' house: since selling his father's house to Callicles, Lesbonicus has lived in this annex, Callicles in the house itself.

PROLOGUE

ENTER *Luxury*, RICHLY DRESSED. BEHIND HER
COMES *Want*, IN RAGS.

Luxury Follow me, this way, daughter mine, to perform your functions.

Want Follow I do, ignorant though I am of our destination.

Luxury (*halts, points to the residence of Lesbonicus*) It is reached. Look! That is the house. In with you, straightway.

[EXIT *Want*.

(*to the audience*) Now, that none of you may go astray, I shall put you on the right road with a few directions—(*waits for their noise to subside*) provided you agree to listen. Now then, who I am, and who she is, that went within here, this I shall first inform you (*waits again*) if you will accord me your attention. First, myself; Plautus has named me *Luxury*; as for her, 'twas his wish that she be my daughter, *Want*. But why she entered here at my insistence, this you must learn, so give vacant ear to what I tell you.

A certain youth there is who dwells in this abode. He, with me to help him, has squandered his father's substance. Seeing that naught is left him with

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dedi ei meam gnatam, quicum aetatem exigat.
sed de argumento ne expectetis fabulae :
senes qui huc venient, ei rem vobis aperient.
huic Graece nomen est Thensauro fabulae :
Philemo scripsit, Plautus vertit barbare,
nomen Trinummo fecit, nunc hoc vos rogat
ut liceat possidere hanc nomen fabulam.
tantum est. valete, adeste cum silentio.

20

ACTVS I

Meg. Amicum castigare ob meritam noxiam
immoene est facinus, verum in aetate utile
et conducibile. nam ego amicum hodie meum
concastigabo pro commerita noxia,
invitus, ni id me invitet ut faciam fides.
nam hic nimium morbus mores invasit bonos ;
ita plerique omnes iam sunt intermortui.
sed dum illi aegrotant, interim mores mali
quasi herba inrigua succrevēre uberrime :
eorum licet iam metere messem maxumam,
neque quicquam hic nunc est vile nisi mores mali.
nimioque hic pluris pauciorum gratiam
faciunt pars hominum quam id quod prosint pluribus.
ita vincunt illud conducibile gratiae,
quae in rebus multis opstant odiosaeque sunt
remoramque faciunt rei privatae et publicae.

30

THREE BOB DAY

which to provide for me, I have given him my daughter that he may pass his days with her.

But expect not to hear the plot of our play from me. The old men soon to appear will unfold it for you. The Greek name of this play is THENSAURUS: Philemon wrote it; Plautus translated it into a foreign tongue, naming it THREE BOB DAY, and now asks you that it be allowed to keep this name. (*about to leave*) No more! Fare ye well, and hear us through in silence.

[EXIT.]

ACT I

ENTER *Megaronides*, PERPLEXED AND MOODY.

Meg. Castigating a friend even when his offence deserves it, is a thankless job, but at times it's useful and expedient. Now here am I—with a friend (*glancing at Charmides' house*) I mean to castigate thoroughly, as his offence thoroughly deserves. It's a hard task, but this sense of loyalty I'm driven by is a hard taskmaster. Why, a regular murrain has attacked this city's moral standards; and now nearly all of 'em are moribund. But while they languish, meantime moral laxity has been springing up and flourishing like watered weeds. Men are making that their major crop at present. The only cheap thing about here nowadays is moral laxity. We have a crowd here that gives lots more consideration to currying favour with a certain clique than to our general welfare. So expedience is sacrificed to this favour-currying that's almost incessantly obstructive and odious and inimical to the common interest, private and public.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

I. 2.

Call. Larem corona nostrum decorari volo.
 uxor, venerare ut nobis haec habitatio
 bona fausta felix fortunataque evenat—
 teque ut quam primum possim videam emortuam. 40

Meg. Hic ille est, senecta aetate qui factus puer,
 qui admisit in se culpam castigabilem.
 adgrediar hominem.

Call. Quonia hic vox prope me sonat?

Meg. Tui benevolentis, si ita es ut ego te volo,
 sin aliter es, inimici atque irati tibi.

Call. O amice, salve, atque aequalis. ut vales,
 Megaronides?

Meg. Et tu edepol salve, Callicles.

Call. Valen? valuistin?

Meg. Valeo, et valui rectius. 50

Call. Quid tua agit uxor? ut valet?

Meg. Plus quam ego volo.

Call. Bene hercle est illam tibi valere et vivere.

Meg. Credo hercle te gaudere, si quid mihi mali est.

Call. Omnibus amicis quod mihi est cupio esse idem.

Meg. Eho tu, tua uxor quid agit?

Call. Immortalis est,
 vivit victuraque est.

Meg. Bene hercle nuntias,
 deosque oro ut vitae tuae superstes suppetat.

THREE BOB DAY

Scene 2. ENTER *Callicles* INTO HIS DOORWAY.

Call. (*to his wife within*) Our Household God must be honoured with a chaplet. Beseech him to bless this dwelling and make it propitious, pleasant and prosperous for us, my dear—(*aside, as he closes the door*) also to speed the day when I see you dead and buried.

Meg. (*observing him*) Ah, there's the man that's turned juvenile in his old age and been such a castigatable young scamp. (*approaching*) I'll at him.

Call. (*not seeing him at first*) Whose voice is that I hear near by?

Meg. A well-wisher's, if you're the sort I wish you to be; but if you're otherwise, an enemy's, and an angry one.

Call. (*genially, thinking he jokes*) Oho! Good morning, my dear old compeer! How are you feeling, Megaronides?

Meg. (*stiffly*) And good morning to you, Callicles, Lord, yes!

Call. (*noticing his manner*) Feeling well? Been well, have you?

Meg. I feel well, and have been well enough.

Call. How's your wife? Is she well?

Meg. (*dryly*) Better than I like.

Call. (*smiling*) By Jove, it's grand for you, having her alive and feeling fit.

Meg. (*forgetting his ire*) And by Jove, I do believe you take pleasure in my misfortunes.

Call. I long for all my friends to have what I have.

Meg. Ha, you rascal! And how's your own wife?

Call. Immortal. Alive, and always will be.

Meg. By Jove, that is grand news! I pray Heaven for her success in being your survivor.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Call.* Dum quidem hercle tecum nupta sit, sane velim.
Meg. Vin commutemus, tuam ego ducam et tu meam?
faxy haud tantillum dederis verborum mihi. 60
- Call.* Namque enim tu, credo, me imprudentem obrep-
seris.
- Meg.* Ne tu hercle faxo haud nescias quam rem egeris.
Call. Habeas ut nactus: nota mala res optumast.
nam ego nunc si ignotam capiam, quid agam
nesciam.
- Meg.* Edepol proinde ut diu vivitur, bene vivitur.
sed hoc animum advorte atque aufer ridicularia;
nam ego dedita opera huc ad te advenio.
- Call.* Quid venis?
Meg. Malis te ut verbis multis multum obiurigem.
Call. Men?
Meg. Numquis est hic alius praeter me atque te?
Call. Nemost.
- Meg.* 70
Quid tu igitur rogitas, tene obiurigem?
nisi tu me mihimet censes dicturum male.
nam si in te aegrotant artes antiquae tuae,¹
omnibus amicis morbum tu incuties gravem,
ut te videre audireque aegroti sient.
- Call.* Qui in mentem venit tibi istaec dicta dicere?
Meg. Quia omnis bonos bonasque adcurare addecet,
suspicionem et culpam ut ab se segregent.
- Call.* Non potest utrumque fieri.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 72^a-74:
sin immutare vis ingenium moribus
aut si demutant mores ingenium tuum
neque eos antiquos servas, ast captas novos.

¹ Vv. 72^a-74: But if you wish to conform your character to modern ways, or if modern ways transform that character of yours, and it's off with the old and on with the new.

THREE BOB DAY

Call. Just what I'd like, by Jove—if only she were your wife.

Meg. Want to swap, give me yours and take mine? You wouldn't be cheating me, I promise you, not so much. (*illustrating*)

Call. (*ironically*) Ah, indeed! No doubt I'd be the one caught napping and surprised by you.

Meg. You'd soon notice what you had done, I'll guarantee that, by Jove.

Call. Findings keepings! "The ill that's known is the ill that's best." Why, with an unknown one on my hands now, I'd have no notion what to do.

Meg. Yes, you're right. "By living long we learn to live." (*suddenly stern*) But away with pleasantries now and accord me your attention; for I have a purpose in coming here to see you.

Call. What is it?

Meg. To rate you roundly in good round terms, and in good measure.

Call. Me?

Meg. Is anyone else here besides myself and you?

Call. (*looking, innocently*) Not a soul.

Meg. Then why ask if it's you I'm rating? Unless you suppose I mean to use those round terms on myself. (*hotly*) See here, if your old-time canons of conduct grow so sickly inside you,¹ you'll infect all your friends with a painful malady, too—the sight and sound of you will sicken 'em.

Call. (*calmly*) What put it into your head to talk to me like this?

Meg. Because it behooves all decent men and women to be careful to stay absolutely free from suspicion and guilt.

Call. It can't be done, not from both.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Meg. Quapropter?
Call. Rogas? 80

ne admittam culpam, ego meo sum promus pectori:
 suspicio est in pectore alieno sita.

nam nunc ego si te surrupuisse suspicer
 Iovi coronam de capite ex Capitolio,
 qui in columine astat summo: si id non feceris
 atque id tamen mihi lubeat suspicarier,
 qui tu id prohibere me potes ne suspicer?
 sed istuc negoti cupio scire quid siet.

Meg. Haben tu amicum aut familiarem quempiam,
 quoi pectus sapiat?

Call. Edepol haud dicam dolo: 90

sunt quos scio esse amicos, sunt quos suspicor,
 sunt quorum ingenia atque animos nequeo noscere,
 ad amici partem an ad inimici perveniant;
 sed tu ex amicis mi es certis certissimus.

si quid scis me fecisse inscite aut improbe,
¹ si id me non accusas, tute ipse obiurgandus es.

Meg. Scio;
 et, si alia huc causa ad te adveni, aequom postulas.

Call. Expecto si quid dicas.

Meg. Primumdum omnium,
 male dictitatur tibi volgo in sermonibus:
 turpilucricupidum te vocant cives tui; 100

tum autem sunt alii, qui te volturium vocant:
 hostisne an civis comedis, parvi pendere.

haec cum audio in te dici, discrucior miser.

Cal. Est atque non est mi in manu, Megaronides:
 quin dicant, non est; merito ut ne dicant, id est.

Meg. Fuitne hic tibi amicus Charmides?

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *si id non me accusas, tute obiurgandu's*
 Reiz, Bothe.

THREE BOB DAY

Meg. How is that?

Call. You ask? I keep the key to my own thoughts and can close them to guilt: suspicion is stored in the thoughts of others. Why, I may suspect you this minute of having stolen the crown from the head of Jove's Capitoline statue that stands on top of the temple: you might be innocent, yet if I still chose to suspect you of it, how can you stop my suspicions? But I'm eager to hear what's troubling you.

Meg. Have you a friend, or someone you know well, a man possessed of common sense?

Call. Gad, to be quite candid—there are some I know to be friends, some I suspect of it, and some whose natures and feelings I can't see into well enough to say whether they're more inclined to be friends or foes. But of all my sure friends the very surest is yourself. So if you're aware of my having acted unwisely or unworthily, and don't bring me to book, you're the man that ought to get the rating.

Meg. I know it; and if I've come to you for any other reason, you have cause for complaint.

Call. I'm awaiting what you have to say.

Meg. Well, in the first place, ugly things are being said about you, it's the common talk: your own fellow citizens are calling you Old Boodlegrabitinski. Yes, and others are calling you The Cormorant: foreigners or fellow citizens, you don't give a damn, but gobble 'em all. When I hear such things said of you it hurts, hurts like the devil.

Call. This is a matter I can, and can't, control, Megaronides: what they say I can't; the justice of what they say, I can.

Meg. Charmides here (*pointing to his house*) was a friend of yours?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Call.* Est et fuit.
id ita esse ut credas, rem tibi auctorem dabo.
nam postquam hic eius rem confregit filius
videtque ipse ad paupertatem protractum esse se
suamque filiam esse adultam virginem, 110
simul eius matrem suamque uxorem mortuam,
quoniam hinc iturust ipsus in Seleuciam,
mihi commendavit virginem gnatam suam
et rem suam omnem et illum corruptum filium.
haec, si mihi inimicus esset, credo haud crederet.
- Meg* Quid tu, adolescentem, quem esse corruptum
vides,
qui tuac mandatus est fide et fiduciae,
quin eum restituis, quin ad frugem conrigis?
ei rei operam dare te fuerat aliquanto aequius,
si qui probiorem facere posses, non uti 120
in eandem tute accederes infamiam
malumque ut eius cum tuo misceres malo.
- Call.* Quid feci?
- Meg.* Quod homo nequam.
- Call.* Non istuc meumst.
- Meg.* Emistin de adolescente has aedes—quid taces?
ubi nunc tute habitas?
- Call.* Emi atque argentum dedi,
minas quadraginta, adolescenti ipsi in manum.
- Meg.* Dedistin argentum?
- Call.* Factum, neque facti piget.
- Meg.* Edepol fide adolescentem mandatum malae.
dedistine hoc facto ei gladium, qui se occideret?
quid secus est aut quid interest dare te in manus 130
argentum amanti homini adolescenti, animi impoti,
qui exaedificaret suam incohatam ignaviam?
- Call.* Non ego illi argentum redderem?

THREE BOB DAY

Call. Was, and is. And to convince you, here's a fact to prove it. After his son had wrecked his estate for him and he saw himself being dragged down to poverty, his wife dead and their motherless daughter a grown up girl still unmarried—well, since he himself was going to Seleucia, he entrusted to me his daughter, all his affairs, and that young rake of a son. If we weren't friends, I hardly believe he'd have believed in me to this extent.

Meg. Yes, and you—this lad you saw was a young rake, a lad trusted to your loyal care and keeping, why didn't you reform him, why didn't you make a man of him? That was your job and you'd have done a bit better to devote your energies to it and see if you couldn't improve him somehow, instead of joining him in disrepute and adding rotten conduct of your own to his.

Call. What have I done?

Meg. What a scoundrel would.

Call. (*still mild*) That's no habit of mine.

Meg. You bought this house of the lad—why so silent?—this house you now occupy yourself?

Call. Yes, bought it and gave the money for it—two hundred pounds—to the lad himself.

Meg. You gave him the money, eh?

Call. I did, and I don't regret it.

Meg. Upon my word, the perfidious hands that lad was put in! So you did that! gave him a sword to kill himself with? What else is it, what's the difference—when you gave the money to a girl-crazed, ungoverned young scapegrace so that he could finish that edifice of evil that he has begun?

Call. So I shouldn't have paid him the money?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Meg.* Non redderes,
neque de illo quicquam neque emereres neque ven-
deres,
nec qui deterior esset faceres copiam.
inconciliasti eum qui mandatust tibi,
ille qui mandavit, eum exturbasti ex aedibus?
edepol mandatum pulchre et curatum probe;
crede huic tutelam: suam melius rem gesserit.
- Call.* Subigis maledictis me tuis, Megaronides, 140
novo modo adeo, ut quod meae concreditumst
taciturnitati clam, fide et fiduciae,
ne enuntiarem quoquam neu facerem palam,
ut mihi necesse sit iam id tibi concedere.
- Meg.* Mihi quod credideris sumes ubi posiveris.
- Call.* Circumspicedum te, ne quis adsit arbiter
nobis, et quaeso identidem circumspice.
- Meg.* Ausculto si quid dicas.
- Call.* Si taceas, loquar.
quoniam hinc est profecturus peregre Charmides,
thensaurum demonstravit mihi in hisce aedibus, 150
hic in conclavi quodam—sed circumspice.
- Meg.* Nemost.
- Call.* Nummorum Philippeum ad tria milia.
id solus solum per amicitiam et per fidem
flens me obsecravit suo ne gnato crederem
neu quoquam unde ad eum id posset permanascere.
nunc si ille huc salvos revenit, reddam suam sibi;
si quid eo fuerit, certe illius filiae,
quae mihi mandatast, habeo dotem unde dem,

THREE BOB DAY

Meg. You should not; you should have bought nothing of him, sold nothing to him, supplied him with nothing to make him worse. You victimized a youth that was put in your keeping, and the man that put him there you bundled out of his own home. Didn't you? By the Lord! Pretty keeping he was put in! Wonderful care! Here's a guardian to trust—to feather his own nest!

Call. (*after a moment's meditation*) Megaronides, this onslaught of yours is so overpowering and unexpected that something entrusted to my discretion, to my good faith and fidelity, a secret I was to reveal to no one or allow to get out, I am now forced to entrust to you.

Meg. (*earnestly*) Anything you do trust to me you'll find intact where you left it.

Call. (*in a low tone*) Look about, then, and make sure no one's overhearing us, and please look again from time to time.

Meg. (*follows instructions ; eagerly, coming closer*) All right, all right, what is it?

Call. Quiet, and I'll tell you. (*comes still closer*) When Charmides was about to go abroad he showed me a (*glancing round again*) treasure hidden in this house, in a certain room here—but look about!

Meg. (*obeying*) There's no one.

Call. Some three thousand pounds in gold, it was. And there alone together, he wept as he implored me in the name of friendship and loyalty not to trust this secret to his son or to anyone from whom it might leak out to him. So now if he comes back here safe, I will give him back his money. If anything happens to him, I at least have the means of giving a dowry to his daughter who was put in

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut eam in se dignam condicionem conlocem.

Meg. Pro di immortales, verbis paucis quam cito
160
alium fecisti me, alius ad te veneram.

sed ut occepisti, perge porro proloqui.

Call. Quid tibi ego dicam, qui illius sapientiam
et meam fidelitatem et celata omnia
paene ille ignavos funditus pessum dedit?

Meg. Quidum?

Call. Quia, ruri dum sum ego unos sex dies,
me apsepte atque insciente, inconsultu meo,
aedis venalis hasce inscripsit litteris.

Meg. Adesurivit magis et inhiavit acrius
lupus, observavit dum dormitarent canes:
gregem universum voluit totum avortere.

Call. Fecisset edepol, ni haec praesensisset canes.
170

sed nunc rogare ego vicissim te volo:
quid fuit officium meum me facere? face sciam;
utrum indicare me ei thensaurum aequom fuit,
adversum quam eius me opsecravisset pater,
an ego alium dominum paterer fieri hisce aedibus?
qui emisset, eius essetne ea pecunia?

emi egomet potius aedis, argentum dedi
thensauri causa, ut salvom amico traderem.
180

neque adeo hasce emi mihi nec usurae meae:

illi redemi rusum, a me argentum dedi.

haec sunt: si recte seu pervorse facta sunt,
ego me fecisse confiteor, Megaronides.

THREE BOB DAY

my keeping, and I can arrange a suitable sort of match for her.

Meg. (*overjoyed*) Ye immortal gods! How quickly those few words have made a different man of me, so different from the one that came to you! But as you were saying—come, come, continue!

Call. Why tell you how my friend's good sense, my own loyalty and the whole hidden hoard were almost sent to everlasting smash by that young rip?

Meg. Eh? How so?

Call. Well, while I was in the country for a mere six days, he—with me absent, not informed, non-consulted—put up a notice offering this house for sale.

Meg. (*agog*) Our wolf was all a-ravening now, maw wider still and hotter; he watched till the dogs were napping; wanted to make a clean sweep of the whole flock.

Call. And by heaven, he'd have done it, if this old (*grimly*) dog hadn't scented things first. (*with a hint of asperity*) But now I'd like to question you for a change. What was it my duty to do? Do instruct me. Was I called upon to apprise him of the treasure contrastanding the entreaties of his father? Or was I to let this house fall into other hands? Should that gold there belong to the man who bought it? (*pauses*) Instead, I bought it myself, paid the money to keep the treasure, so as to return it to my friend untouched. This house is no house I bought for myself or my own enjoyment: I bought it back again for him, and paid for it from my own pocket. These are the facts: whether I did rightly or wrongly, I admit doing it, Megaronides. There you are!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

em mea malefacta, em meam avaritiam tibi;
hascine propter res maledicas famas ferunt.

Meg. Παῦσαι, vicisti castigatorem tuum:
occlusti linguam, nihil est quod respondeam.

Call. Nunc ego te quaeso ut me opera et consilio iuves
communicesque hanc mecum meam provinciam.

190

Meg. Polliceor operam.

Call. Ergo ubi eris paulo post?

Meg. Dom.

Call. Numquid vis?

Meg. Cures tuam fidem.

Call. Fiet sedulo.

Meg. Sed quid ais?

Call. Quid vis?

Meg. Vbi nunc adulescens habet?

Call. Posticulum hoc recepit, quom aedis vendidit.

Meg. Istuc volebam scire. i sane nunciam.

sed quid ais? quid nunc virgo? nempe apud te
est?

Call. Itast,
iuxtaque eam curo cum mea.

Meg. Recte facis.

Call. Numquid, prius quam abeoꝝ me rogaturu's?

Meg. Vale.

nihil est profecto stultius neque stolidius
neque mendaciloquius neque argutum magis,
neque confidentiloquius neque peiurius,
quam urbani assidui cives, quos scurras vocant.
atque egomet me adeo cum illis una ibidem traho,
qui illorum verbis falsis acceptor fui,

200

THREE BOB DAY

- There are my foul deeds, there is my rapacity!
This is the basis of the scurrilous tales they spread!
- Meg.* (*seizing his hand*) *Arrête !* Your castigator's beaten!
You've stopped my tongue, I have no words to
answer with!
- Call.* Now I must ask for your aid and advice, and help
in running this province of mine.
- Meg.* (*fervently*) My help's yours, I promise you.
- Call.* Then where will you be a little later?
- Meg.* At home.
- Call.* (*about to go*) There's nothing else?
- Meg.* (*with an apologetic smile*) Yes, take care you're
trustworthy.
- Call.* (*lightly*) I'll do my best. (*going*)
- Meg.* (*calling, still flurried by it all*) But I say!
- Call.* What is it?
- Meg.* Where's the young fellow living now?
- Call.* He reserved this annex (*pointing*) when he sold the
house.
- Meg.* That's what I wanted to know. All right, go along
now at once. (*calling again*) But I say! How
about the girl now? With you, I suppose?
- Call.* Yes indeed, she's receiving the same care as my
own daughter.
- Meg.* Quite right.
- Call.* (*quizzically*) Any other questions before I leave?
- [EXIT.]
- Meg.* Good bye! (*thinks things over, then disgustedly*)
There's certainly nothing more silly and stupid,
more subdolous and voluble, more brassymouthed
and perjured than these city busybodies called
men about town. Yes, and I put myself in the
very same category with 'em, swallowing as I did
the falsehoods of fellows that affect to know every-

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui omnia se simulant scire neque quicquam sciunt.
quod quisque in animo habet aut habiturust sciunt,
sciunt id quod in aurem rex reginae dixerit,
sciunt quod Iuno fabulatast cum Iove;
quae neque futura neque sunt, tamen illi sciunt.
falsos an vero laudent, culpent quem velint, 210
non flocci faciunt, dum illud quod lubeat sciant.
omnes mortales hunc aiebant Calliclem
indignum civitate hac esse et vivere,
bonis qui hunc adulescentem evortisset suis.
ego de eorum verbis famigeratorum insciens
prosilui amicum castigatum innoxium.
quod si exquiratur usque ab stirpe auctoritas,
unde quidquid auditum dicant, nisi id appareat,
famigeratori res sit cum damno et malo,
hoc ita si fiat, publico fiat bono, 220
pauci sint faxim qui sciant quod nesciunt,
occlusioremque habeant stultiloquentiam.

ACTVS II

Lys. Multas res simitu in meo corde vorso,
multum in cogitando dolorem indipiscor:
egomet me coquo et macero et defetigo,
magister mihi exercitor animus nunc est.
sed hoc non liquet neque satis cogitatumst,

THREE BOB DAY

thing and don't know anything. Why, what each man has in mind, or will have, they know; know what the king whispers to the queen; know what Juno chats about with Jove. Things that don't exist and never will—still they know 'em all. Not a straw do they care whether their praise or blame, scattered where they please, is fair or unfair, so long as they know what they like to know. Why, everyone round was saying that this Callicles was a disgrace to the city, being here and being alive, after doing that lad out of his own property. And I listen to those tittletattlers and go plunging right into that castigation of an innocent friend! Ah, if we only went to the root of everything they hear and tell about, and demanded their authority, and then fined and punished our tittletattlers if they didn't produce it—if we did this, we'd be doing a public service, and I warrant there'd be few people knowing what they don't know, and quite a lull in their blitherblather.

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

ACT II

ENTER *Lysiteles* HURRIEDLY. HE IS RESTLESS,
DISTRAIT, ALMOST HYSTERICAL.

Lys. The jumble of things that go round and round in my head! And the damnable state I get in from this thinking! I chafe and stew and exhaust myself; this mind of mine is a trainer that certainly works me hard. But even yet it's not clear, not thought out, which of these ways of living I'd

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

utram potius harum mihi artem expetessam,
 utram aetati agundae arbitrer firmiorem :
 amorin med an rei opsequi potius par sit, 230
 utra in parte plus sit voluptatis vitae
 ad aetatem agundam.

de hac re mihi satis hau liquet ; nisi hoc sic faciam,
 opinor,
 ut utramque rem simul exputem, iudex sim reusque
 ad eam rem.

ita faciam, ita placet ; omnium primum
 Amoris artis eloquar quem ad modum expediant.
 numquam Amor quemquam nisi cupidum
 hominem

postulat se in plagas conicere :
 eos cupit, eos consecatur ;
 subdole ¹ ab re consulit,
 blandiloquentulus, harpago, mendax,
 cuppes, avarus, elegans, despoliator,
 latebricolarum hominum corruptor,² 240^a
 inops celatum indagator.

nam qui amat quod amat quom extemplo
 saviis sagittatis percussus,
 ilico res foras labitur, liquitur.
 “ da mihi hoc, mel meum, si me amas, si
 audes.”

ibi ille cuculus : “ ocellé mi, fiat :
 et istuc et si amplius vis dari, dabitur.”
 ibi illa pendentem ferit : iam amplius orat ;
 non satis id est mali, ni amplius etiam,
 quod ecbibit, quod comest, quod facit sumpti.
 nox datur : ducitur familia tota, 250
 vestiplica, unctor, auri custos, flabelliferae, sandali-
 gerulae,

¹ Leo brackets following *blanditur*.

THREE BOB DAY

rather follow, which I'm to believe gives you firmer footing as you pass your days? Should I go in for love affairs or attend to business? Which should I find the better basis for enjoying existence through the years?

(*pacing back and forth*) No, the answer's not quite clear to me. (*halting*) The only thing to do, it seems, is examine 'em both together and serve as judge and advocate in the case. That's what I'll do, that's a good idea. I'll begin by exposing the arts of Love and their procedure.

(*as to a jury*) Love never hopes to have anyone come dashing into his nets except men of loose desires: it is those that he himself desires, those he dogs. He gives them sly, disastrous counsel, he is wheedle-tongued and predacious, lying, deliciating, grasping, luxurious; he is a despoiler, a corrupter of men into bawdyhousehaunters, and when out of funds he sniffs out secrets. The moment your lover is pierced by those barbed and blissful kisses of the one he loves, his property begins to slip and drip away. (*in tender tones*) "Do give me this, honey dear, if you love me, please do." "Of course, my precious pet," says our booby then, "you shall have it, and have more too, if you like." Then she gets him all strung up for flogging and lays it on: now she asks for more; and that's too little damage, without more still to drink, to eat, to spend. She grants him a night: moves in on him with her whole household—her wardrobe woman, masseur, cashier, her fan-bearettes and slipperbearettes, her songstresses and

• • * Leo brackets following *blandus*.

THREE BOB DAY

cofferesses, her errand boys and errand-back-boys, all preying on his bread and board. And in his hospitality to them our lover's funds run out.

When I think this over and recall what poor repute a poor man's in—avaunt, Love, I like you not! I have no use for you! Eating and drinking may bring a bit of pleasure, but it's a bitter pain you get from Love, and plagues galore. The lover flees the forum, flies from his own kin, puts himself to flight from his own self-scrutiny, and men dislike to have him called their friend. No, Love, you must be shunned by every means, offheld and offstood afar, for the man that has fallen headlong into love comes to greater grief than if he cast himself off a cliff. Avaunt, Love; take back your dowry, Love, and never be friend of mine! You still have some poor devils to persecute, men that you've got your grip on.

(with considerable assurance) It's settled, settled. I devote myself to things worth while, even if it does involve a lot of effort.

It's wealth and confidence and esteem, fame and public favour that good men seek for: these are the prizes probity brings. So it's such men, men of probity, I'd much rather live with than smooth-spoken reprobates.

Scene 2. ENTER *Pholto* WITH PONDEROUS DIGNITY.

Phil. *(not seeing Lysiteles)* I wonder where that lad betook himself when he came out.

Lys. *(stepping forward, now strong in virtue)* Here I am, father, command me as you please. I won't keep you waiting, I won't be hiding in some hole and corner out of your sight.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phil. Feceris par tuis ceteris factis, 280
patrem tuum si percoles per pietatem.

 nolo ego cum improbis te viris, gnate mi,
neque in via, neque in foro nec ullum sermonem
 exsequi.

 novi ego hoc saeculum moribus quibus siet :
malus bonum malum esse volt, ut sit sui similis ;
turbant, miscent mores mali : rapax avarus invidus
sacrum profanum, publicum privatum habent, hiulca
 gens.

 haec ego doleo, haec sunt quae me excruciant,
 haec dies

 noctesque tibi canto ut caveas.
quod manu non queunt tangere tantum fas habent
 quo manus abstineant, 290

 cetera : rape trahe, fuge late—lacrumas

 haec mihi quom video eliciunt,

 quia ego ad hoc genus hominum duravi.

 quin prius me ad plures penetravi ?

nam hi mores maiorum laudant, eosdem lutitant quos
 conlaudant.

hisce ego de artibus gratiam facio, ne colas neve
 imbuas ingenium.

 meo modo et moribus vivito antiquis,

 quae ego tibi praecipio, ea facito.

nihil ego istos moror facceos mores, turbidos,
 quibus boni dedecorant se.

haec tibi si mea imperia capesses, multa bona in
 pectore consident. 300

Lys. Semper ego usque ad hanc aetatem ab ineunte
 adulescentia

tuis servivi servitutem imperiis¹ praeceptis, pater.
pro ingenio ego me liberum esse ratus sum, pro
 imperio tuo

THREE BOB DAY

Phil. (*starchy and self-righteous*) You will be living up to your life of the past, if you have respect and filial affection for your father. My boy, I wish you to hold no converse with reprobates, in the streets or in the forum, none whatever. I know this age and what its moral standards are: a bad man wants a good man to be bad, and so be like himself. These bad men muddle our standards, mix them up; that wide-maw tribe, the grasping, the mean, the envious, regard things sacred as profane, public as private. It gripes me, it torments me, it is what I harp on day and night that you are to guard against. The only thing they think it wrong to lay their hands on is something that is out of reach. As for the rest—nab it and bag it, clear out and lie low! Ugh! When I see all this it brings tears to my eyes that I have lasted till such a race was born. Why not have hied me hence before to join the great majority? Why, these men praise the standards of our sires, and then be-sully what they so bepraise. My boy, I can dispense with your adopting such practices and letting them contaminate your character. Live as I live, by the good old standards, and carry out the precepts that you get from me. I cannot stand those filthy, chaotic standards that disgrace good citizens. Take these injunctions of mine to heart, and many a blessing will you have within you.

Lys. (*very patient and dutiful*) Father, all along from early youth to my present age I have subjected myself to your injunctions and your precepts. I felt that, though I was free by birth, the filial bond made it

¹ Leo brackets following *et.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

meum animum tibi servitutem servire aequom
censui.

Phil. Qui homo cum animo inde ab ineunte aetate
depugnat suo,
utrum itane esse mavelit ut eum animus aequom
censeat,
an ita potius ut parentes eum esse et cognati
velint:
si animus hominem pepulit, actumst: animo servit
non sibi;
si ipse animum pepulit, dum vivit victor victorum
cluet.
tu si animum vicisti potius quam animus te, est
quod gaudeas.

310

nimio satiust, ut opust te ita esse, quam ut animo
lubet:
qui animum vincunt, quam quos animus, semper
probiores cluent.

Lys. Istaec ego mi semper habui aetati integumentum
meae;
ne penetrarem me usquam ubi esset damni con-
ciliabulum
neu noctu irem obambulatum neu suom adimerem
alteri
neu tibi aegritudinem, pater, parerem, parsi sedulo:
sarta tecta tua praecepta usque habui mea modestia.

Phil. Quid exprobras? bene quod fecisti tibi fecisti, non
mihi;
mihi quidem aetas actast ferme: tua istuc refert
maxime.

is probus est quem paenitet quam probus sit et frugi
bonae;
quis ipse sibi satis placet, nec probus est nec frugi
bonae: ¹

320

THREE BOB DAY

proper for me to subject my inclinations to your wishes.

Phil. (*rising to greater heights*) The man that fights it out with his inclinations from early youth, in settling whether he is to be the sort his inclinations sanction, or rather the sort that pleases his parents and his kin—if inclinations have mastered the man, it is all over. He serves his inclinations, not himself. But if the man has mastered his inclinations, then for life will he be called conqueror of conquerors. If you, my boy, have conquered your inclinations, rather than they you, you should rejoice: 'tis far better to be the man you ought to be than the man you are inclined to be. Those who conquer their inclinations, rather than they them, are always known as men of probity indeed.

Lys. (*with unction*) I have always made your tenets an encasement for my youth. Such things as betaking myself to any dissolute resort, or roving about at night, or depriving anyone of what was his, or being a source of grief to you, father, I have resolutely refrained from. I have constantly kept your precepts in good repair by my self-control.

Phil. (*seeing another opportunity*) Why fuss about it? Your good behaviour has been good for you, not me. My own poor day is almost done: it is yourself your conduct most affects. The really upright man feels himself too little upright and deserving; he who is well satisfied with himself is neither upright nor deserving.¹ Well-doing must

¹ v. 322: The man that disapproves of himself gives promise of performance.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 322:
qui ipse se contemnit, in eost indoles industriae.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

bene facta bene factis aliis pertegito, ne perplu-
ant.

Lys. Ob eam rem haec, pater, autumavi, quia res quae-
damst quam volo
ego me abs te exorare.

Phil. Quid id est? dare iam veniam gestio.

Lys. Adulescenti hinc genere summo, amico atque
aequali meo,
minus qui caute et cogitate suam rem tractavit,
pater,
bene volo ego illi facere, si ut non nevis.

Phil. Nempe de tuo?

Lys. De meo: nam quod tuomst meumst, omne meumst
autem tuom.

Phil. Quid is? egetne?

Lys. Eget.

Phil. Habuitne rem?

Lys. Habuit.

Phil. Qui eam perdidit? 330

publicisne adfinis fuit an maritumis negotiis?
mercaturan, an venales habuit ubi rem perdidit?

Lys. Nihil istorum.

Phil. Quid igitur?

Lys. Per comitatem edepol, pater;
praeterea aliquantum animi causa in deliciis disper-
didit.

Phil. Edepol hominem praemandatum ferme familiariter,
qui quidem nusquam per virtutem rem confregit,
atque eget;
nil moror eum tibi esse amicum cum eius modi
virtutibus.

Lys. Quia sine omni malitias, tolerare eius egestatem
volo.

THREE BOB DAY

be roofed with more well-doing to keep the rain out.

Lys. (*less exalted*) My reason for stating this, father, is the fact that there's something I want you to agree to.

Phil. What is it? I am already eager to oblige you.

Lys. There's a young fellow here (*with a nod toward the city in general*) that comes of fine family, a friend of mine about my age, (*awkwardly*) and, father, he has managed his affairs incautiously and imprudently, and I want to do him a good turn, if you don't object.

Phil. (*mildly ironic*) From your own funds, I presume?

Lys. (*smiling faintly*) My own, yes: for what's yours is mine, and of course all mine is yours.

Phil. What about him? Badly off?

Lys. He is, sir.

Phil. And he once had money?

Lys. Once, sir.

Phil. (*brisk and suspicious*) How did he lose it? Tied up with state contracts, was he, or maritime ventures? Did he lose it in trade, or slave-dealing?

Lys. None of those ways, sir.

Phil. Then how?

Lys. (*after a pause*) I assure you, father, it was his—kind-heartedness. Besides, he—did waste some of it indulging his—inclinations.

Phil. (*sarcastic*) Bless my soul! How cordially the man is commended by that introduction! He wrecked his estate in no reputable way, and now he is poor, eh! I dislike seeing a man of such character on friendly terms with you.

Lys. He doesn't mean badly at all, father, so I want to relieve him in his poverty.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phil. De mendico male meretur qui ei dat quod edit aut
bibat;
nam et illud quod dat perdit et illi prodit vitam ad
miseriam. 340

non eo haec dico, quin quae tu vis ego velim et
faciam lubens:

sed ego hoc verbum quom illi quoidam dico, prae-
monstro tibi,

ut ita te aliorum miserescat, ne tis alios misereat.

Lys. Deserere illum et deiuvare in rebus advorsis pudet.

Phil. Pol pudere quam pigere praestat, totidem litteris..

Lys. Edepol, deum virtute dicam, pater, et maiorum et
tua

multa bona bene parta habemus, bene si amico
feceris

ne pigeat fecisse, ut potius pudeat si non feceris.

Phil. De magnis divitiis si quid demas, plus fit an minus?

Lys. Minus, pater; sed civi immuni scin quid cantari
solet? 350

“ quod habes ne habeas et illuc quod non habes
habeas, malum,

quandoquidem nec tibi bene esse pote pati neque
alteri.”

Phil. Scio equidem istuc ita solere fieri; verum, gnate mi,
is est immunis, cui nihil est qui munus fungatur
suom.

Lys. Deum virtute habemus et qui nosmet utamur, pater,
et aliis qui comitati simus benevolentibus.

Phil. Non edepol tibi pernegare possum quicquam quod
velis.

cui egestatem tolerari vis? eloquere audacter patri.

THREE BOB DAY

Phil. You do a beggar bad service by giving him food and drink; you lose what you give and prolong his life for more misery. I say this not because I am unwilling to do what you wish and do it gladly: but when I apply these words to that somebody of yours, I forewarn you to pity others in such a way as not to let others pity you.

Lys. But I should feel disgraced to desert him in misfortune and be a helpgrudger.

Phil. Gad! Better feel disgraced than disgusted, despite their being words of equal length.

Lys. (*pleadingly*) Ah, but see here, father, thanks to heaven and our forbears and yourself, we're well supplied with well-earned means, and if you do well by a friend, you shouldn't be disgusted at doing so, but rather disgraced if you don't.

Phil. Does subtracting something from a handsome fortune make it greater or less?

Lys. Less, father—but you know that song they often sing at part-with-nothings?

Lose what you've got, get what you've not,
You mean old cuss!
You let it do no good to you,
Nor yet to us.

Phil. Yes indeed, I know that often happens; but, my dear boy, the real part-with-nothing is the man that has nothing with which to do his part.

Lys. Thanks be to heaven, we have plenty for our own use, father, and enough to be generous to others that are friendly to us.

Phil. Well, well, I cannot keep refusing you anything you wish. Whose poverty do you want to relieve? Speak out freely to your father.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Lesbonico huic adulescenti, Charmidai filio,
qui illic habitat.
- Phil.* Quin comedit quod fuit, quod non fuit? 360
- Lys.* Ne opprobra, pater; multa eveniunt homini quae
volt, quae nevolt.
- Phil.* Mentire edepol, gnate, atque id nunc facis haud
consuetudine.
nam sapiens quidem pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi:
eo non multa quae nevolt eveniunt, nisi fictor
malust.
- Lys.* Multa illi opera opust ficturae, qui se fictorem
probum
vitae agundae esse expetit: sed hic admodum adu-
lescentulust.
- Phil.* Non aetate, verum ingenio apiscitur sapientia;
sapienti aetas condimentum, sapiens aetati cibust.
agedum eloquere, quid dare illi nunc vis?
- Lys.* Nil quicquam, pater;
tu modo ne me prohibeas accipere, si quid det mihi. 370
- Phil.* An eo egestatem ei tolerabis, si quid ab illo ac-
ceperis?
- Lys.* Eo, pater.
- Phil.* Pol ego istam volo me rationem edoceas.
- Lys.* Licet.
scin tu illum quo genere ratus sit?
- Phil.* Scio, adprime probo.
- Lys.* Soror illi est adulta virgo grandis: eam cupio, pater,
ducere uxorem sine dote.
- Phil.* Sine dote uxorem?
- Lys.* Ita;
tua re salva hoc pacto ab illo summam inibis
gratiam,
neque commodius ullo pacto ei poteris auxiliarier.
- Phil.* Egone indotatam te uxorem ut patiar?

THREE BOB DAY

- Lys.* It's this young Lesbonicus, Charmides' son, who lives there. (*pointing*)
- Phil.* (*again indignant*) That waster who devoured all he had, and more too?
- Lys.* Don't be harsh, father; much happens to a man whether he wants it or not.
- Phil.* Hold on, my son! That's a lie, and lying is no habit of yours. For I tell you, a man, a wise man, moulds his own destiny: so not much happens to him that he does not want, unless he be a poor moulder.
- Lys.* He must be a moulder of much experience, father, if he aspires to mould a whole life well: but this young fellow is still very young.
- Phil.* 'Tis not by age, but character, that wisdom is acquired. Age merely spices wisdom; wisdom is the very sustenance of age. But come on, speak out. What do you wish to give him now?
- Lys.* Nothing at all, father; only don't you prevent my accepting, if he gives me something.
- Phil.* And you will relieve his poverty by doing that, by letting him give you something?
- Lys.* By doing that, father.
- Phil.* Gad! I should like instruction in your method.
- Lys.* Very well. You know what his family is?
- Phil.* I do, highly desirable.
- Lys.* He has a sister, grown-up, marriageable. Father, I'm eager to have her for my wife—without a dowry.
- Phil.* (*shocked*) A wife without a dowry?
- Lys.* Yes, sir. This way you'll earn his very warmest esteem, and there's no more fitting way for you to help him—and it costs you nothing.
- Phil.* (*weakening*) I to let you marry an undowered wife?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Patiundumst, pater ;
et eo pacto addideris nostrae lepidam famam
familiae.
- Phil.* Multa ego possum docta dicta et quamvis facunde
loqui, 380
historiam veterem atque antiquam haec mea
senectus sustinet ;
verum ego quando te et amicitiam et gratiam in
nostram domum
video adlicere, etsi adversatus tibi fui, istac iudico :
tibi permitto ; posce, duce.
- Lys.* Di te servassint mihi.
sed adde ad istam gratiam unum.
- Phil.* Quid id est autem unum
- Lys.* Eloquar.
tute ad eum adeas, tute concilies, tute poscas.
- Phil.* Eccere.
- Lys.* Nimio citius transiges : firmum omne erit quod tu
egeris.
gravius tuom erit unum verbum ad eam rem quam
centum mea.
- Phil.* Ecce autem in benignitate hoc repperi, negotium.
dabitur opera.
- Lys.* Lepidus vivis. haec sunt aedes, hic habet ; 390
Lesbonico est nomen. age, rem cura. ego te
opperiar domi.

II. 3.

- Phil.* Non optuma haec sunt neque ut ego aequom
censeo ;
verum meliora sunt quam quae deterruma.
sed hoc me unum consolatur atque animum
meum,
quia qui nihil aliud nisi quod sibi soli placet

THREE BOB DAY

Lys. (*more urgent*) You must let me, father. And this way, too, you'll bring new credit to our family name.

Phil. (*after deliberation*) I could speak wise words a-plenty, aye, and very eloquently; this old head of mine holds many an ancient instance of long ago. But since I see you are winning friendship and esteem for all of us, although I have opposed you, I decide as you wish; you have my consent—ask for her, marry her.

Lys. (*happily*) Heaven keep you for me, father! But just one more favour, sir.

Phil. Ah, and what is that one?

Lys. This, sir. You go to him, you bring him round to it, you ask for her, yourself, sir.

Phil. (*in seeming consternation*) Now look at that!

Lys. You'll put it through so much more quickly, father: what you do will all be final. Why, in this matter one word of yours will have more weight than a hundred of mine.

Phil. Just look at what I get for my kindness—a job! (*with genial resignation*) I will help you out.

Lys. That's splendid of you! (*pointing*) This is the house, here's where he lives; his name's Lesbonicus. All right, now see to it, sir. I'll be waiting for you at home.

[EXIT.]

Scene 3.

Phil. (*going slowly toward Lesbonicus' door*) Hm! Not the best possible situation, this, and not one I should choose. But it is superior to the worst possible. I do have one consoling thought, however—a man that consults his son's welfare, in a way that is satisfactory to himself only, acts like a

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

consulit advorsum filium, nugas agit :
 miser ex animo fit, factius nihilo facit.
 suae senectuti is acriorem hiemem parat,
 quom illam importunam tempestatem conciet.
 sed aperiuntur aedes quo ibam : commodum 400
 ipse exit Lesbonicus cum servo foras.

II. 4.

Lesb. Minus quindecim dies sunt, quom pro hisce
 aedibus

minas quadraginta accepisti a Callicle.
 estne hoc quod dico, Stasime ?

Stas. Quom considero,
 meminisse videor fieri.

Lesb. Quid factumst eo ?

Stas. Comessum, expotum ; exussum : elotum in
 balineis,

piscator, pistor apstulit, lanii, coqui,
 holitores, myropolae, aucupes : confit cito ;
 non hercle minus divorce distrahitur cito,
 quam si tu obicias formicis papaverem. 410

Lesb. Minus hercle in istis rebus sumptumst sex
 minis.

Stas. Quid quod dedisti scortis ?

Lesb. Ibidem una traho.

Stas. Quid quod ego defrudavi ?

Lesb. Æm, istaec ratio maxumast.

Stas. Non tibi illud apparere, si sumas, potest ;
 nisi tu immortale rere esse argentum tibi.

Phil. Sero atque stulte, prius quod cautum oportuit,
 postquam comedit rem, post rationem putat.

THREE BOB DAY

fool: he is embittered and things are entirely unbettered. He invites a harder winter for his own age by stirring up rough weather of that kind. (*stopping*) But there goes the door I was headed for! This is timely! Here comes Lesbonicus himself with his servant. (*draws back round the corner*)

Scene 4. ENTER *Lesbonicus* AND *Stasimus* INTO THEIR DOORWAY.

Lesb. (*sombrely*) It's hardly two weeks since you received two hundred pounds from Callicles for this house. Isn't that true, Stasimus?

Stas. (*flippantly*) On consideration, I seem to remember the incident.

Lesb. What's become of it?

Stas. Eaten up, drunk up; devoured by flames; drained down the baths, made away with by the fish man, the baker, butchers, cooks, greengrocers, perfumers, poultrymen. It was finished fast. Why, good Lord, it disappeared in all directions as fast as poppy seeds you throw to the ants.

Lesb. Good Lord! Why, less than thirty pounds was spent that way.

Stas. How about what you gave to harlots?

Lesb. I'm including that.

Stas. (*smirking*) How about what I filched?

Lesb. Aha! That's the biggest account.

Stas. Well, you can't see where money goes, if all you do is spend it; unless you fancy yours is the kind that lasts for ever.

Phil. (*aside, outraged*) A belated and brainless thing—a thing to be thought of earlier—to figure his accounts now after squandering his assets!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<p><i>Lesb.</i> <i>Stas.</i></p>	<p>Nequaquam argenti ratio comparet tamen. Ratio quidem hercle apparet: argentum <i>οἷχεται</i>. minas quadraginta accepisti a Callicle, et ille aedis mancipio abs te accepit?</p>	<p>420</p>
<p><i>Lesb.</i> <i>Phil.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Admodum.</p> <p>Pol opino adfinis noster aedis vendidit; pater quom peregre veniet, in portast locus, nisi forte in ventrem filio conrepserit.</p>	
<p><i>Stas.</i></p>	<p>Trapezitae mille drachumarum Olympico, quas de ratione dehibuisti, redditae?</p>	
<p><i>Lesb.</i> <i>Stas.</i></p>	<p>Nempe quas spopondi. Immo "quas dependi" inquito¹ pro illo adulescente, quem tu esse aibas divitem.</p>	
<p><i>Lesb.</i> <i>Stas.</i> <i>Lesb.</i></p>	<p>Factum. Vt quidem illud perierit. Factum id quoque est. nam nunc eum vidi miserum et me eius miseri- tumst.</p>	<p>430</p>
<p><i>Stas.</i> <i>Phil.</i> <i>Lesb.</i></p>	<p>Miseret te aliorum, tui nec miseret nec pudet. Tempust adeundi. Estne hic Philto qui advenit? is herclest ipsus.</p>	
<p><i>Stas.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Edepol ne ego istum velim meum fieri servom cum suo peculio.</p>	
<p><i>Phil.</i></p>	<p>Erum atque servom plurumum Philto iubet salvere, Lesbonicum et Stasimum.</p>	
<p><i>Lesb.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Di duint</p> <p>tibi, Philto, quaequomque optes. quid agit filius?</p>	

¹ Leo notes corruption and brackets following v., 427^a:
qua sponsione pronuper tu exactus es.

¹ v. 427^a: Security that you just recently got dunned for.

THREE BOB DAY

Lesb. Still, I don't see through this cash account by any means.

Stas. Lord! You see the account all right: it's the cash that's *délogé*. You got two hundred pounds from Callicles, and he got legal title to the house from you?

Lesb. Exactly.

Phil. (*aside*) Well! It seems our new connection has sold his house. When his father gets back from abroad he can put up at Beggars' Arch, unless he manages to steal into his son's belly.

Stas. Banker Olympicus was paid fifty pounds you owed him according to his books.

Lesb. Fifty pounds I went security for, yes.

Stas. Huh! "Went into your pocket for," you mean,¹ to rescue that young fellow you used to say was rich.

Lesb. That's so.

Stas. So that the money's gone to pot.

Lesb. That's so, too. Why, seeing the pitiful state he'd come to, I did pity him.

Stas. You pity others, but have no pity for yourself, or shame either.

Phil. (*aside, stepping forward*) Time to approach him.

Lesb. (*seeing him*) Isn't that Philto coming toward us? Yes, that's who it is.

Stas. (*aside to Lesbonicus*) Jove! Wouldn't I like to have that chap for a slave of mine with the nest-egg he's got!

Phil. (*imposingly affable*) Lesbonicus, Stasimus, a very good morning to you both, master and slave, from Philto.

Lesb. (*formally, surprised*) God grant your every prayer, Philto. How is your son?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Phil.* Bene volt tibi.
- Lesb.* Edepol mutuom mecum facit.
- Stas.* Nequam illud verbumst “bene volt,” nisi qui bene facit.
ego quoque volo esse liber : nequiquam volo ; 440
hic postulet frugi esse : nugas postulet.
- Phil.* Meus gnatus med ad te misit, inter te atque nos
adfinitatem ut conciliarem et gratiam.
tuam volt sororem ducere uxorem ; et mihi
sententia eademst et volo.
- Lesb.* Hau nosco tuom :
bonis tuis rebus meas res inrides malas.
- Phil.* Homo ego sum, homo tu es : ita me amabit
Iuppiter,
neque te derisum advenio neque dignum
puto.
verum hoc quod dixi : meus me oravit filius,
ut tuam sororem poscerem uxorem sibi. 450
- Lesb.* Mearum me rerum novisse aequomst ordinem.
cum vostra nostra non est aequa factio.
adfinitatem vobis aliam quaerite.
- Stas.* Satin tu es sanus mentis aut animi tui,
qui condicionem hanc repudies ? nam illum
tibi
ferentarium esse amicum inventum intellego.
Abin hinc diirecte ?
- Lesb.* Si hercle ire occipiam, votes.
- Stas.* Nisi quid me aliud vis, Philto, respondi tibi.
- Lesb.* Benigniore, Lesbonice, te mihi,
- Phil.* quam nunc experior esse, confido fore ; 460
nam et stulte facere et stulte fabularier,
utrumque, Lesbonice, in aetate hau bonumst.
- Stas.* Verum hercle hic dicit.

THREE BOB DAY

- Phil.* Full of good wishes for you.
Lesb. I certainly reciprocate them.
Stas. (*muttering*) "Good wishes"! That's a useless phrase without good actions. I've got wishes myself to be free: it's no use wishing. He (*nodding toward his master*) might want to be a decent sort: he'd want in vain.
- Phil.* My son sent me to you for the purpose of uniting our families in the bonds of relationship and esteem. He wishes to marry your sister; and my feelings are the same, I wish it, too.
- Lesb.* (*hurt*) This is unlike you, sir—fortunate yourself, to make fun of my misfortunes.
- Phil.* (*still a bit pompous*) We are simply two men, you and I. I am not here to make fun of you, God bless my soul, no; I should think it quite unfitting. But the facts are as I said: my son has begged me to ask that your sister may be his wife.
- Lesb.* (*stiffly*) It becomes me to recognize the position in which I am. Our standing is not equal to yours. Your family must seek some other connection.
- Stas.* (*aside to Lesbonicus*) Lost your wits, lost your mind, have you, rejecting such a match? Why, as I see it, you've found a friend, a friend in the supporting forces.
- Lesb.* (*aside to him, savagely*) Get to the devil out of here!
Stas. Gad! If I did try to go, you'd stop me.
Lesb. (*to Philto, with finality*) If that is all, Philto, you have my answer. (*about to leave*)
- Phil.* I trust, Lesbonicus, that you will regard me with more favour than I find you do at present. Foolish tactics and foolish talk, both, are small help in this life of ours, Lesbonicus.
- Stas.* (*to his master*) By gad, and that's the truth!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lesb.* Oculum ego ecfodiam tibi,
si verbum addideris.
- Stas.* Hercle qui dicam tamen;
nam si sic non licebit, luscus dixerò.
- Phil.* Ita tu nunc dicis, non esse aequiperabiles
vostras cum nostris factiones atque opes?
- Lesb.* Dico.
- Phil.* Quid? nunc si in aedem ad cenam veneris
atque ibi opulentus tibi par forte obvenerit—
adposita cena sit, popularem quam vocant— 470
si illi congestae sint epulae a cluentibus:
si quid tibi placeat quod illi congestum siet,
edisne an incenatus cum opulento accubes?
Lesb. Edim, nisi si ille votet.
- Stas.* At pol ego etsi votet
edim, atque ambabus malis expletis vorem,
et quod illi placeat praeripiam potissimum,
neque illi concedam quicquam de vita mea.
verecundari neminem apud mensam decet,
nam ibi de divinis atque humanis cernitur.
- Phil.* Rem fabulare.
- Stas.* Non tibi dicam dolo: 480
decedam ego illi de via, de semita,
de honore populi; verum quod ad ventrem
attinet,
non hercle hoc longe, nisi me pugnīs vicerit.
cena hac annona est sine sacris hereditas.
- Phil.* Semper tu hoc facito, Lesbonice, cogites,
id optimum esse, tute uti sis optumus;
si id nequeas, saltem ut optumis sis proxu-
mus.
nunc condicionem hanc, quam ego fero et quam
abs te peto,

THREE BOB DAY

Lesb. You add another word, and I'll gouge an eye out for you!

Stas. By gad, I'll have my say, anyhow. If I can't with two eyes, I'll have it with one!

Phil. (*to Lesbonicus*) So you allege that the standing and means of your family are not equiparable to our own?

Lesb. I do.

Phil. Listen! Supposing you went to a temple dinner, where what they call a public banquet is served, and the place beside you happened to be taken by some plutocrat whose clients heaped up delicacies in front of him—if you fancied anything in that heap of his, would you eat it or stay dinnerless beside that plutocrat?

Lesb. I'd eat it, unless he forbade.

Stas. (*vehemently*) But I'd eat it, even if he did forbid, by Jupiter! I'd stuff both cheeks and gorge, and anything he fancied would be the first thing I fastened on! I wouldn't concede him an ounce of what my vitals need. Nobody has a right to hold back at table, for that's where the most important things in life are disposed of.

Phil. (*with a stately smile*) Quite to the point.

Stas. I'll tell you the honest truth: I'd make way for that plutocrat on the street, or the sidewalk, or in public office; but when it comes to belly-matters, I won't make way so much, (*illustrates*) by gad, not unless he's got better fists. With prices what they are, a dinner's a legacy without encumbrances.

Phil. Always bear this in mind, Lesbonicus: the best thing is to be a person of the best sort yourself; failing that, at least to keep as close to the best sort as you can. Now this match which I propose

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dare atque accipere, Lesbonice, te volo.

di divites sunt, deos decent opulentiae

490

et factiones, verum nos homunculi,

satillum animai qui quom extemplo emisimus,

aequo mendicus atque ille opulentissimus

censetur censu ad Acheruntem mortuos.

Stas.

Mirum quin tu illo tecum divitias feras.

ubi mortuos sis, ita sis ut nomen cluet.

Phil.

Nunc ut scias hic factiones atque opes

non esse neque nos tuam neglegere gratiam,

sine dote posco tuam sororem filio.

quae res bene vortat—habeon pactam? quid
taces?

500

Stas.

Pro di immortales, condicionem quocius modi.

Phil.

Quin fabulare “ di bene vortant, spondeo ”?

Stas.

Eheu ubi usus nil erat dicto, spondeo

dicebat; nunc hic, quom opus est, non quit
dicere.

Lesb.

Quom adfinitate vostra me arbitramini

dignum, habeo vobis, Philto, magnam gratiam.

sed si haec res graviter cecidit stultitia mea,

Philto, est ager sub urbe hic nobis: eum

dabo

dotem sorori; nam is de divitiis meis

solus superfit praeter vitam relicuos.

510

Phil.

Profecto dotem nil moror.

Lesb.

Certumst dare.

Stas.

Nostramne, ere, vis nutricem, quae nos educat,

THREE BOB DAY

and seek from you, Lesbonicus, I wish you to accept and consent to. The gods are really rich, real abundance and real standing are the right of gods, but we poor mannikins, once we have breathed out our little triflet of existence, are rated with an equal rating—beggar and lofty plutocrat alike—when we go dead to Acheron.

Stas. (*aside, uncharitably*) It's a wonder you wouldn't take your money there with you. When you're dead I hope you'll do credit to your condition.

Phil. Now to show you that family standing and means have no place in this matter, and that your regard is nothing we undervalue, I request you to give my son your sister without a dowry. (*thinking this magnificence clinches it*) And heaven bless the match. (*noticing Lesbonicus' strange expression*) You betroth her, I take it? Why silent?

Stas. (*jubilant*) Ye immortal gods, what an offer!

Phil. (*as Lesbonicus broods*) Why not come out with a "God's blessing on it! Agreed"?

Stas. (*aside, Lesbonicus still brooding*) Oh damn! He said "Agreed" plenty of times when he shouldn't; and now he should, he can't!

Lesb. (*with mixed emotions*) I am very grateful to all of you, Philto, for considering me worthy of being connected with your family. Now despite the awful wreck my folly has made of things, we still have a farm near the city: that shall be my sister's dowry. For of all I had, that alone is left me, that and (*grimly*) life.

Phil. I certainly want no dowry.

Lesb. (*firmly*) I insist that she have one.

Stas. (*aside to Lesbonicus, appalled*) Hey, master, d'ye want to alienate the very foster-mother that

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

abalienare a nobis? cave sis feceris.

quid edemus nosmet postea?

Lesb. Etiam tu taces?

tibi ego rationem reddam?

Stas. Plane periimus,

nisi quid ego comminiscor. Philto, te volo.

Phil. Si quid vis, Stasime.

Stas. Huc concede aliquantum.

Phil. Licet.

Stas. Arcano tibi ego hoc dico, ne ille ex te sciat
neve alius quisquam.

Phil. Crede audacter quidlubet.

Stas. Per deos atque homines dico, ne tu illunc agrum 520
tuom siris umquam fieri neque gnati tui.
ei rei argumenta dicam.

Phil. Audire edepol lubet.

Stas. Primum omnium olim terra cum proscinditur,
in quinto quoque sulco moriuntur boves.

Phil. Apage, Acheruntis ostium in vtrost agro.

Stas. Tum vinum prius quam coctumst pendet
putidum.

Lesb. Consuadet homini, credo. etsi scelestus est,
at mi infidelis non est.

Stas. Audi cetera.

post id, frumenti quom alibi messis maximast,
tribus tantis illi minus reddit quam opseveris. 530

Phil. Em istie oportet opseri mores malos,
si in opserendo possint interfieri.

THREE BOB DAY

nurtures us? Just watch your step! Then how shall we get nourished?

Lesb. (*angrily*) Hold your tongue! Am I accountable to you? (*again lost in meditation*)

Stas. (*aside*) We're gone for good, unless I think up something. (*twitching at Philto's arm*) Philto, sir, I want you.

Phil. (*turning*) Well, what is it, Stasimus?

Stas. (*drawing him aside*) This way a bit, sir.

Phil. By all means.

Stas. (*with awful intensity*) What I'm telling you is most confidential, sir; do keep it dark from him (*indicating Lesbonicus*) and everyone else.

Phil. Trust me freely with anything.

Stas. By all that's holy, sir, never let that farm come into your hands or your son's. And I'll tell you my reasons for saying so.

Phil. (*seemingly impressed*) Bless my soul! I must hear them.

Stas. (*thinking fast*) Well, to begin with, sir, whenever that land's first ploughed, why, in every fifth furrow the oxen drop dead.

Phil. Lord love us! Your farm must be the site of the mouth of hell!

Stas. And then the grapes, sir—they hang there and rot before they're ripe.

Lesb. (*aside, momentarily aroused by his slave's earnestness*) He's pressing Philto hard, apparently. Rascal though he is, he's a loyal one to me.

Stas. And hear the rest, sir. Moreover, sir, when every one else has a whopping harvest, that farm yields three times less than you sow.

Phil. Aha! Precisely the sort of place to sow wild oats, if they can be killed in the sowing.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Stas.* Neque umquam quisquamst, quouis ille ager
fuit,
quin pessume ei res vorterit: quoium fuit,
alii exulatum abierunt, alii emortui,
alii se suspendere. em nunc hic quouis est,
ut ad incitas redactust.
- Phil.* Apage a me istum agrum.
Stas. Magis apage dicas, si omnia ex me audiveris.
nam fulguritae sunt alternae arbores;
sues moriuntur angina acerrume; 540
oves scabrae sunt, tam glabrae, em, quam haec
est manus.
tum autem Surorum, genus quod patientis-
sumumst
hominum, nemo extat qui ibi sex menses
vixerit:
ita cuncti solstitiali morbo decidunt.
- Phil.* Credo ego istuc, Stasime, ita esse; sed Campans
genus
multo Surorum iam antidit patientia.
sed istest ager profecto, ut te audivi loqui,
malos in quem omnes publice mitti decet,
sicut fortunatorum memorant insulas,
quo cuncti qui aetatem egerint caste suam 550
conveniant; contra istoc detrudi maleficos
aequom videtur, qui quidem istius sit modi.
- Stas.* Hospitium est calamitatis: quid verbis opust?
quamvis malam rem quaeras, illic reperias.
- Phil.* At tu hercle et illi et alibi.

¹ Sunstroke, fever, or malaria.

THREE BOB DAY

Stas. Why, sir, never a soul owned that farm without things turning out perfectly awful for him: some of its owners went into exile, others died off, others—hanged themselves. And just look at its present owner—swept right off the board!

Phil. Preserve me from a farm like that!

Stas. You'd say "preserve me" all the more, sir, if you heard the whole story. Yes sir, every other tree is struck by lightning; the swine all sicken and die from awful attacks of—quinsy; the sheep get mangy, they've no more wool on 'em than—look!—than this hand here. And besides that, the slaves—Syrians, the most enduring breed there is—not one of 'em that stayed there six months is alive to-day: that's how they're all carried off by the—midsummer complaint.¹

Phil. (*gravely*) That is no doubt true, Stasimus; by now, however, the Campanian² breed far excels the Syrians in endurance. But from your description, that farm would obviously be an ideal public concentration-camp for evil-doers, something like those Isles of the Blest they tell of, where men whose lives on earth were pure all congregate. Conversely, it would seem fitting for malefactors to be packed off to that farm, it being, of course, the sort you say.

Stas. It's Calamity Headquarters, sir. Why say more? If it's trouble you look for—any kind—there's where to find it.

Phil. (*turning away*) Hm! Well, for yourself it might be there or elsewhere.

² Campanians had been sold as slaves by the Romans during the war with Hannibal, since many of them had sided with him.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Stas.* Cave sis dixeris
me tibi dixisse hoc.
- Phil.* Dixisti arcano satis.
- Stas.* Quin hic quidem cupit illum ab se abalienarier,
si quem reperire possit cui os sublinat.
- Phil.* Meus quidem hercle numquam fiet.
- Stas.* Si sapias quidem.
lepide hercle de agro ego hunc senem deterrui; 560
nam qui vivamus nihil est, si illum amiserit.
- Phil.* Redeo ad te, Lesbonice.
- Lesb.* Dic sodes mihi,
quid hic est locutus tecum?
- Phil.* Quid censes? homost:
volt fieri liber, verum quod det non habet.
- Lesb.* Et ego esse locuples, verum nequiquam volo.
- Stas.* Licitumst, si velles; nunc, quom nihil est, non
licet.
- Lesb.* Quid tecum, Stasime?
- Stas.* De istoc quod dixti modo;
si ante voluisses, esses; nunc sero cupis.
- Phil.* De dote mecum convenire nil potest:
quid tibi lubet tute agito cum nato meo. 570
nunc tuam sororem filiũ posco meo.
quae res bene vortat. quid nunc? etiam con-
sulis?
- Lesb.* Quid istic? quando ita vis: di bene vortant.
spondeo.
- Stas.* Numquam edepol quoiquam tam expectatus
filius
natus quam illuc est spondeo natum mihi.
di fortunabunt vostra consilia.

THREE BOB DAY

Stas. (*deciding no insult is intended*) Please, sir, don't tell I told you this.

Phil. Oh, yours is a confidential tale, quite.

Stas. Indeed, sir, he's simply crazy to get rid of it, if he can only find someone to make a chump of.

Phil. It shall never belong to me, no indeed.

Stas. No indeed, sir, if you've got sense. (*aside, as Philto returns to Lesbonicus*) There! I frightened the old boy off the farm in grand style. Lord! We've nothing to live on, if he lets that go.

Phil. Here I am again, Lesbonicus.

Lesb. (*coming out of his reverie*) May I ask you to tell me what he had to say to you?

Phil. (*lightly*) What do you suppose? Being human, he wants to be a free man, but lacks the wherewithal.

Lesb. (*drearily*) And I want to be a rich man, but want in vain.

Stas. (*in a low tone*) Could have been, if you had wanted; now nothing's left, you can't be.

Lesb. What's that soliloquy, Stasimus?

Stas. About what you just said: if you'd wanted it before, you would be; now your desire's too late.

Phil. (*to Lesbonicus, silent and morose*) Nothing can be settled with me about the dowry: handle the matter yourself as you like with my boy. (*formally, disregarding Lesbonicus' impatient gesture*) I now request that you give your sister to my son. And heaven bless the match! (*Lesbonicus remains silent*) What now? Still deliberating?

Lesb. (*finally and tempestuously*) Have your way! Since that is your wish—God's blessing on it! Agreed!

Stas. Oh, Lord! No one ever waited and yearned for a son to be born as I have for the birth of that "Agreed." Heaven prosper your designs, sirs!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Phil.</i>		Ita volo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Sed, Stasime, abi huc ad meam sororem ad Calliclem, dic hoc negoti quo modo actumst.	
<i>Stas.</i>		Ibitur.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Et gratulator meae sorori.	
<i>Stas.</i>		Scilicet.	
<i>Phil.</i>		I hac, Lesbonice, mecum, ut coram nuptiis dies constituatur; eadem haec confirmabi- mus. ¹	580
<i>Lesb.</i>		Dic Callicli, me ut convenat.	
<i>Stas.</i>		Quin tu i modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		De dote ut videat quid opus sit facto.	
<i>Stas.</i>		I modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Nam certumst sine dote haud dare.	
<i>Stas.</i>		Quin tu i modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Neque enim illi damno umquam esse patiar—	
<i>Stas.</i>		Abi modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Meam negligentiam.	
<i>Stas.</i>		I modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Nullo modo	
		aequom videtur quin quod peccarim—	
<i>Stas.</i>		I modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		Potissimum mi id obsit.	
<i>Stas.</i>		I modo.	
<i>Lesb.</i>		O pater,	
		enumquam aspiciam te?	
<i>Stas.</i>		I modo, i modo, i modo.	590
		tandem impetravi abiret. di vestram fidem, edepol re gesta pessume gestam probe, si quidem ager nobis salvos est; etsi admodum	

¹ Leo brackets following v., 582 :
Tu istuc cura quod iussi. ego iam hic ero.

THREE BOB DAY

Phil. I hope so.

Lesb. But, Stasimus, go and see my sister there at Callicles', and tell her how we've arranged things.

Stas. Go I will!

Lesb. And congratulate my sister.

Stas. Of course.

Phil. Lesbonicus, come along with me, so that all of us together may fix the wedding day. At the same time we will confirm this agreement.¹

[EXIT.

Lesb. (to Stasimus; still more tempestuous) Tell Callicles to meet me.

Stas. Yes, yes, only you go now.

Lesb. So as to see what must be done about the dowry.

Stas. Only do go!

Lesb. For no dowry, no marriage, and that's final.

Stas. (in great distress) Yes, yes, only you go now!

Lesb. No indeed, I'll never let her lose by—

Stas. Only do be gone!

Lesb. —my own heedlessness.

Stas. Only do go!

Lesb. The only thing that seems fair is for my offences—

Stas. Only do go!

Lesb. —to fall hardest on my own head.

Stas. Only do go!

Lesb. (almost breaking down) Oh, father, shall I never see your face again?

Stas. Only do go! Only do go! Only do go!

[EXIT *Lesbonicus*.

(with weary satisfaction) At last I've got him to be gone! Lord love us! Ah, here's a happy ending to a bad beginning, that is, if the farm's saved for us!

¹ v. 582 : *Lesb.* (to Stasimus) See you do what I ordered. I shall soon be back here.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

in ambiguo est etiam nunc quid ea re fuat.
 sed id si alienatur, actumst de collo meo,
 gestandust peregre clupeus, galea, sarcina :
 effugiet ex urbe, ubi erunt factae nuptiae,
 ibit istac, aliquo, in maximam malam crucem,
 latrocinatum, aut in Asiam aut in Ciliciam.
 ibo huc quo mi imperatumst, etsi odi hanc
 domum,
 postquam exturbavit hic nos ex nostris aedibus.

600

ACTVS III

Call. Quo modo tu istuc, Stasime, dixti ?

Stas. Nostrum erilem filium
 Lesbonicum suam sororem despondisse. em hoc
 modo.

Call. Cui homini despondit ?

Stas. Lysiteli Philtonis filio,
 sine dote.

Call. Sine dote ille illam in tantas divitias dabit ?
 non credible dicis.

Stas. At tu edepol nullus creduas.
 sic hoc non credis, ego credidero—

Call. Quid ?

Stas. Me nihili pendere.

Call. Quam dudum istuc aut ubi actumst ?

Stas. Ilico hic ante ostium,
 tam modo, inquit Praenestinus.

Call. Tanton in re perdita,
 quam in re salva Lesbonicus factus est frugalior ?

610

THREE BOB DAY

Yet that's something there's considerable uncertainty about still. (*pauses, then disgustedly*) If it is given away, though, I'll get things in the neck, sure enough—as his shield, helm and pack bearer in foreign service. He'll flee the city once the wedding's over, and be off yonder somewhere, (*with a random gesture*) bound for particular blazes, soldiering in Asia or Cilicia. (*after some unpleasant thoughts*) Well, I'll go here where I was told, even though I've loathed the place ever since Callicles bundled us out of it, our own home.

[EXIT.]

ACT III

ENTER *Callicles* AND *Stasimus*.

- Call.* (*flustered*) How's that? What did you say, Stasimus?
Stas. (*impertinent*) That our young master Lesbonicus has betrothed his sister. There you are! That's how.
Call. Betrothed her to whom?
Stas. Lysiteles, Philto's son—without a dowry.
Call. He marry her into all that money without a dowry? Incredible!
Stas. Huh! Gad! Credit's not to be expected from you. But if you don't credit this, I'll (*darkly*) be crediting——
Call. (*sharply*) What!
Stas. (*changing his intentions*)—myself with not giving a damn.
Call. How long ago was it done? Or where?
Stas. Right in front of this door, “a little back,” as Praenestines say.
Call. (*ironically*) So Lesbonicus ruined has turned much thriftier than Lesbonicus rich, eh?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stas. Atque equidem ipse ultro venit Philto oratum filio.
Call. Flagitium quidem hercle fiet, nisi dos dabitur
 virgini.

postremo edepol ego istam rem ad me attinere
 intellego.

ibo ad meum castigatorem atque ab eo consilium
 petam.

Stas. Propemodum quid illic festinet sentio et subolet
 mihi;

ut agro evortat Lesbonicum, quando evortit
 acedibus.

o ere Charmides, quam apsentis hic tua res distrahi-
 tur tibi!

utinam te rediisse salvom videam, ut inimicos tuos
 ulciscare, ut mihi, ut erga te fui et sum, referas
 gratiam.

nimum difficilest reperiri amicum ita ut nomen
 cluet,

quod tuam quom rem credideris, sine omni cura
 dormias.

sed generum nostrum ire eccillum video cum
 adfini suo.

nescio quid non satis inter eos convenit: celeri gradu
 eunt uterque, ille reprehendit hunc priorem pallio.

haud ineuscheme astiterunt. huc aliquantum
 apscersero:

est lubido orationem audire duorum adfinium.

620

III. 2.

Lys. Sta ilico, noli avorsari neque te occultassis mihi.

Lesb. Potin ut me ire quo profectus sum sinas?

Lys. Si in rem tuam,

Lesbonice, esse videatur, gloriae aut famae, sinam.

THREE BOB DAY

Stas. And what's more, Philto came himself, of his own accord, to beg her for his son.

Call. (*half to himself*) Bless my soul! Not to give the girl a dowry will be perfectly scandalous. (*aside*) Heavens, yes! In short, I see I must take a hand in this. I'll go to that castigator of mine and call on him for advice.

[EXIT HURRIEDLY INTO *Megaronides'* HOUSE.]

Stas. (*glowering after him*) I've got a pretty good idea, a pretty good inkling of why he's gone tearing off—so as to do Lesbonicus out of the farm, now he's done him out of the house. Ah, poor master Charmides, the way your estate's being scrambled here in your absence! Oh, to see you safely back, so as to revenge yourself on your enemies, and (*smugly*) also to give my past and present loyalty its due reward! How hard it is to find a friend that lives up to the name, a man you can trust your interests to, then go to sleep without a single care. (*looking down the street*) Aha, though! Here comes our son-in-law with his new relative. Things aren't going too well between them somehow—both walking fast, master in front and Lysiteles clutching his cloak. Ha! They've stopped! That's not so un—*au fait*! I'll just step a bit aside here. (*retires*) I should love to hear the speechifying of these two relatives.

Scene 2. ENTER *Lesbonicus*, *Lysiteles* CLINGING TO HIM.

Lys. Come, come, stand still! Don't turn away and hide your face from me.

Lesb. (*distraught*) Can't you let me go my way?

Lys. If your way seemed profitable to you, Lesbonicus, if it led to honour or repute, I'd let you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lesb.* Quod est facillumum, facis.
Lys. Quid id est?
Lesb. Amico iniuriam. 630
Lys. Neque meumst neque facere didici.
Lesb. Indoctus quam docte facis.
 quid faceres, si quis docuisset te, ut sic odio esses
 mihi? ¹
 bene cum simulas facere mihi te, male facis, male
 consulis.
Lys. Egone?
Lesb. Tune.
Lys. Quid male facio?
Lesb. Quod ego nolo, id cum facis.
Lys. Tuae rei bene consulere cupio.
Lesb. Tu ² es melior quam egomet mihi?
 sat sapio, satis in rem quae sint meam ego conspicio
 mihi.
Lys. An id est sapere, ut qui beneficium a benevolente
 repudies?
Lesb. Nullum beneficium esse duco id quod quoi facias
 non placet.
 scio ego et sentio ipse quid agam, neque mens
 officio migrat,
 nec tuis depellar dictis quin rumori serviam. 640
Lys. Quid ais? nam retineri nequeo quin dicam ea quae
 promeres:
 itan tandem hanc maiores famam tradiderunt tibi
 tui,
 ut virtute eorum anteparta per flagitium perderes?
 atque honori posterorum tuorum ut vindex fieres,
 tibi paterque avosque facilem fecit et planam
 viam
 ad quaerundum honorem: tu fecisti ut difficilis
 foret,

THREE BOB DAY

Lesb. You're doing the easiest thing there is to do.

Lys. What is that?

Lesb. An injury to a friend.

Lys. (*calmly*) It's not my nature to do that, and I wasn't taught how.

Lesb. Then you do trained work without training. What would you do, if you had been trained to bother me so? Pretending to do me a good turn, you do me a bad one and give me bad counsel.

Lys. I?

Lesb. Yes, you.

Lys. I do you a bad turn? How?

Lesb. By doing what I object to.

Lys. It's your own best interests I'm keen to consult.

Lesb. Are you better to me than I am to myself? I have some sense, I have some conception of what's to my own interest.

Lys. So this is sense—to reject a favour from a friend?

Lesb. I don't call a thing a favour, unless it pleases the man you do it for. My duty's clear and I'm competent to see it; my mind's still on its job, and words of yours won't divert me from respecting public opinion.

Lys. (*with kindly vigour*) So? Now look here, I can't refrain from speaking out as you deserve. Was it for this, I wonder, your forbears handed down to you that fine name of yours, that you might lose in atrocious living all their worth had won? Yes, and your father and grandfather enabled you to carry on and be an honour to your own descendants by making the road to honourable distinction plain

¹ Leo brackets following *qui*.

² Leo brackets following *mihi*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

culpa maxume et desidia tuisque stultis moribus.
praeoptavisti, amorem tuum uti virtuti praeponeres.
nunc te hoc pacto credis posse optegere errata?

aha, non itast :

cape sis virtutem animo et corde expelle desidiam
tuo :

650

in foro operam amicis da, ne in lecto amicae, ut
solitus es.

atque ego istum agrum tibi relinqui ob eam rem
enixe expeto,

ut tibi sit qui te corrigere possis, ne omnino inopiam
cives obiectare possint tibi, quos tu inimicos habes.

Lesb. Omnia ego istaec quae tu dixisti scio, vel exsignavero,
ut rem patriam et gloriam maiorum foedarim
meum :

scibam ut esse me deceret, facere non quibam
miser ;

ita vi Veneris vinctus, otio captus in fraudem incidi.
et tibi nunc, proinde ut merere, summas habeo
gratias.

Lys. At operam perire meam sic et te haec dicta corde
spernere ¹

660

perpeti nequeo, simul me piget parum pudere te ;
et postremo, nisi mi auscultas atque hoc ut dico
facis,

tute pone te latebis facile, ne inveniat te Honor,
in occulto iacebis cum te maxume clarum voles.

pernovi equidem, Lesbonice, ingenium tuum in-
genuum admodum ;

scio te sponte non tuapte errasse, sed amorem tibi
pectus opscurasse ; atque ipse Amoris teneo omnis
vias.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *corde* deleted (Camerarius).

THREE BOB DAY

and easy for you. It's you yourself have made it hard with all your weakness and idling and asinine behaviour. You preferred to put your love affairs ahead of things worth while. And now you fancy you can cover up your tracks by this present proposal? Ah no, that won't do! Open your mind to these worth-while things, I beg you, and shake off that idling spirit: serve your men friends in the forum, not a woman friend in bed, as usual. Regarding that farm—the reason I implore you so insistently to keep it is that it'll give you a chance to recover without being subjected, as an absolute pauper, to the sneers of fellow citizens who dislike you.

Lesb. (*so dejected as to seem composed*) I'm aware of everything you've said, I'll even set my seal to it—yes, I've made a mess of my father's estate and the good name of my family. I know what sort I ought to be, but I couldn't be it, poor fool. Getting in Venus' grip, growing enslaved to ease, I've fallen on evil days. (*turning to go*) And as for you now, I am very grateful indeed, as you deserve.

Lys. (*heading him off*) But I can't stand your making my efforts so ineffective and feeling such contempt for my advice; along with that, I'm sorry you don't show more shame. And finally, unless you listen to me and do as I say, your better self can easily be sunk out of honour's reach, and you'll linger in obscurity when you most crave eminence. As a matter of fact, Lesbonicus, I'm quite familiar with your real nobility of nature; I know your mistakes weren't made willfully, but you let love cloud your reason; and I myself well understand Love's methods. Here's Love for you—a bolt from a

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita est amor, ballista ut iacitur: nihil sic celere est
neque volat;

atque is mores hominum moros et morosos efficit:
minus placet magis quod suadetur, quod dissuadetur
placet;

670

quom inopiast, cupias, quando eius copias, tum non
velis;¹

insanum² malumst in hospitium devorti ad Cupidi-
nem.

sed te moneo hoc etiam atque etiam, ut reputes quid
facere expetas.

si istuc, ut conare, facis incendio³ incendes genus;
tum igitur tibi aquae erit cupido, genus qui restin-
guas tuom,

atque si eris nactus, proinde ut corde amantes sunt
cati—

ne scintillam quidem relinques, genus qui congliscat
tuom.

Lesb. Facilest inventu; datur ignis, tametsi ab inimico
petas.

sed tu obiurgans me a peccatis rapis deteriore in
viam.

680

meam⁴ sororem tibi dem suades sine dote. aha,
non convenit

me, qui abusus sum tantam rem patriam, porro in
ditiis

esse agrumque habere, egere illam autem, ut me
merito oderit.

numquam erit alienis gravis qui suis se concinnat
levem.

sicut dixi, faciam; nolo te iactari diutius.

Lys. Tanto meliust te sororis causa egestatem exsequi

¹ Leo brackets following v., 672:
ille qui aspellit is compellit, ille qui consuadet vetat.

THREE BOB DAY

siege gun: nothing's so headlong or rapid in flight. And he changes men's ways, saps away their wits and makes 'em wayward: the more a thing's approved, the less they like it, they like what's disapproved; when something's scarce you want it, when plentiful you don't.¹ It's mighty poor business, putting up at Amor Inn. But I warn you again and again, consider what you're bent on doing. If you carry through that plan of yours, you'll make one big bonfire of your family; and then you'll be (*with emphasis*) yammering for water to extinguish that family. And if you do get hold of some—(*sarcastically*) displaying the canniness common in lovers—you won't leave so much as a spark to illumify the family name.

Lesb. (*hysterically*) That's easily found: you can get fire even from an enemy. (*more calmly*) But you and your reproofs drive me from wrong-doing into a course still worse. You urge me to let you marry my sister without a dowry. Oh yes! Highly proper of me, after I've squandered all that estate of ours, to go on living in affluence and have a farm, while she's left destitute! She'd hate me and have a right to do so. A man contemptible at home will never be esteemed outside. (*making off again*) I will do as I've said: pray don't trouble yourself further.

Lys. (*grabbing his cloak*) Is it so much better for you to live in destitution for your sister's sake, while I

¹ v. 672: Try to drive 'em off and you egg 'em on; try to induce and you deter.

² Leo brackets following *et*.

³ *incendio* Nitzsch: *indicium tuom* corrupt (Leo).

⁴ Leo brackets following *vis*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque eum agrum me habere, quam te, tua qui
toleres moenia?

Lesb. Nolo ego mihi te tam prospicere, qui meam
egestatem leves,
sed ut inops infamis ne sim, ne mi hanc famam
differant,

me germanam meam sororem in concubinatum tibi, 690
si sine dote dem, dedisse magis quam in matrimo-
nium.

quis me improbior perhibeatur esse? haec fami-
geratio

te honestet, me conlutulentet, si sine dote duxeris:
tibi sit emolumentum honoris, mihi quod obiectent
siet.

Lys. Quid? te dictatorem censes fore, si aps te agrum
acceperim?

Lesb. Neque volo neque postulo neque censeo, verum
tamen
is est honos homini pudico, meminisse officium
suom.

Lys. Scio equidem te animatus ut sis; video, subolet,
sentio:

id agis, ut, ubi adfinitatem inter nos nostram
adstrinxeris

atque eum agrum dederis nec quicquam hic tibi sit
qui vitam colas, 700

effugias ex urbe inanis; profugus patriam deseres,
cognatos, adfinitatem, amicos factis nuptiis:

mea opera hinc proterritum te meaque avaritia autu-
ment.

id me commissurum ut patiar fieri, ne animum
induxeris.

Stas. Non enim possum quin exclamem euge. euge,
Lysiteles, πάλιν.

THREE BOB DAY

take the farm, than for you to keep this means of meeting your civic obligations?

Lesb. I wish you wouldn't give so much thought to relieving my destitution, as to my not being a byword as well as beggared, with people passing word around how I gave you my own sister for a concubine, more than wife, in case I did give her to you without a dowry. Whose name would be put above mine as a rotter? And in case you did take her without a dowry, all this spread-the-word would glorify you and muddify me: you'd get the honour and glory, I'd get something for them to throw at me.

Lys. So? You assume you'd get the dictatorship, if I accepted the farm from you?

Lesb. I neither wish nor ask nor assume that; nevertheless, a (*emphatically*) shamefaced man finds some honour in remembering his duty.

Lys. I believe I know what's in your mind. I see it, I've an inkling, I understand: this is your object—after you've got our families tied together and you have given up this farm and nothing's left you here to keep going on, you'll flee the city penniless; you'll turn fugitive, once the wedding's over, and desert your country, relatives, kindred, friends. Then they'd all allege it was my doing, my avarice, that scared you off. Don't you imagine I'll act in such a way as to let a thing like this happen.

Stas. (*bursting in*) There now! I can't keep from yelling "Bravo"! Bravo, Lysiteles! Encore! You take

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

facile palmam habes: hic victust, vicit tua
comoedia.

hic agit magis ex argumento et versus melioris facit.
etiam ob stultitiam tuam ted auri¹ multabo mina.

Lesb. Quid tibi interpellatio aut in consilium huc accessio
est?

Stas. Eodem pacto, quo huc accessi, apscessero.

Lesb. I hac mecum domum, 710

Lysiteles, ibi de istis rebus plura fabulabimur.

Lys. Nil ego in occulto agere soleo. meus ut animust,
eloquar:

si mihi tua soror, ut ego aequom censeo, ita nuptum
datur,

sine dote, neque tu hinc abituru's, quod meum erit
id erit tuom;

sin aliter animatus es, bene quod agas eveniat tibi,
ego amicus numquam tibi ero alio pacto. sic sen-
tentia est.

Stas. Abiit² ille quidem. ecquid audis, Lysiteles? ego te
volo.

hic quoque hinc abiit. Stasime, restas solus. quid
ego nunc agam,

nisi uti sarcinam constringam et clupeum ad dorsum
accommodem,

fulmentas iubeam suppingi soccis? non sisti potest. 720

video caculam militarem me futurum haud longius:
ad aliquem regem in saginam erus sese coniciet
meus;

credo ad summós bellatores acrem fugitorem fore
et capturum spolia ibi illum qui³ ero adversus
venerit.

¹ *ted auri* Niemeyer: *te curis* corrupt (Leo).

² Leo brackets following *hercle*.

³ Leo brackets following *meo*.

THREE BOB DAY

the prize, easy! He got the worst of it, your play wins. (*to Lesbonicus patronizingly*) He puts more intelligence into his part and gives his lines better tempo. So I'll just fine you five sovereigns for your stupidity.

Lesb. (*threateningly*) What do you mean by interrupting? What brought you into this discussion?

Stas. 'This (*indicating his feet*) is what—they brought me in, (*withdrawing hastily as Lesbonicus advances on him*) and they'll bring me out.

Lesb. Come along home with , Lysiteles, and we'll continue this argument there.

Lys. It's not my way to do things under cover. I'll tell you frankly how I feel: if your sister's given to me in marriage under conditions I think proper—without a dowry—and you don't go away from here, what's mine is yours; but if you're otherwise inclined—I wish you luck in all you do, but I'll never be your friend on any other terms. There! That's my position.

[EXIT *Lesbonicus* ABRUPTLY.]

Stas. (*looking after him*) If he hasn't gone! (*turns to find Lysiteles down the street*) I say, Lysiteles! I want you!

[EXIT *Lysiteles*.]

Now he's gone too! Well, Stasimus, you're all that's left. What shall I do now? I might as well strap up the pack, sling the shield on the rear of me and have my sandals heeltapped. It can't be stopped. I'm doomed to be an army henchman, I see that, and precious soon. My master'll go plumping himself on some king's pay-roll; and compared with all the greatest warriors known, he'll be the fiercest—fighter. And the spoils the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

egomet autem quom extemplo arcum¹ et pharetram
 et sagittas sumpsero,
 cassidem in caput, dormibo placide in tabernaculo.
 ad forum ibo: nudius sextus quoi talentum
 mutuom
 dedi, reposcam, ut habeam, mecum quod feram,
 viaticum.

III. 3.

Meg.

Vt mihi rem narras, Callicles, nullo modo
 potest fieri prosus quin dos detur virgini.

730

Call.

Namque hercle honeste fieri ferme non potest,
 ut eam perpetiar ire in matrimonium
 sine dote, quom eius rem penes me habeam
 domi.

Meg.

Parata dos domist; nisi expectare vis,
 ut eam sine dote frater nuptum conlocet.
 post adeas tute Philtonem et dotem dare
 te ei dicas, facere id eius ob amicitiam patris.
 verum hoc ego vereor, ne istaec pollicitatio
 te in crimen populo ponat atque infamiam;
 non temere dicant te benignum virgini:
 datam tibi dotem, ei quam dares, eius a patre,
 ex ea largiri te illi, neque ita ut sit data
 columem te sistere illi, et detraxe autument.
 nunc si opperiri vis adventum Charmidi,
 perlongumst: huic ducendi interea abscesserit
 libido; atque ea condicio huic vel primaria est.

740

¹ Leo brackets following *mihi*.

THREE BOB DAY

man'll take there—the man that encounters master! But as for myself, the moment I have bow in hand, quiver and arrows ready, and helmet on my head, I'll be off to—my tent for a quiet snooze. Well, now for the forum. Six days ago I lent a fellow (*nonchalantly*) three hundred pounds; I'll ask it back, so as to have a little something with me for travelling expenses.

[EXIT.]

Scene 3. ENTER *Megaronides* AND *Callicles*.

Meg. From what you tell me, Callicles, it is absolutely imperative, quite, that the girl be given a dowry.

Call. Of course she must. I can hardly in common decency permit her to marry without one, when I have (*looking about warily*) that money of hers in my possession at home.

Meg. Yes, there's her dowry at home—unless you want to wait till her brother puts the marriage through without it. Then you might go to Philto yourself and say you're giving her a dowry, doing so out of friendship for her father. (*pausing*) Yet there's this point—I fear that any such promise would expose you to public incrimination, and discredit; they'd say you were generous to the girl for a reason. There'd be allegations that her father had given you a dowry to give her, that that was the source of your bounty, and that you hadn't handed the whole amount over to her, either, but abstracted some. (*pauses again*) Still, if you wish to wait for Charmides to arrive, it's too long: the young fellow may lose his desire to marry—and it's such an extraordinarily fine match for her.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Call.* Nam hercle omnia istaec veniunt in mentem
mihi.
vide si hoc utibile magis atque in rem deputas,
ut adeam Lesbonicum, edoceam ut res se habet.
sed ut ego nunc adulescenti thesaurum indicem 750
indomito, pleno amoris ac lasciviae?
minime, minime hercle vero. nam certo scio,
locum quoque illum omnem, ubi situst,
comederit;
quem fodere metuo, sonitum ne ille exaudiat
neu rem ipsam indaget, dotem dare si dixerim.
Meg. Quo pacto ergo igitur clam dos depromi potest?
Call. Dum occasio ei rei reperiat, interim
ab amico alicunde mutuom argentum rogem.
Meg. Potin est ab amico alicunde exorari?
Call. Potest.
Meg. Gerrae. ne tu illud verbum actutum inveneris: 760
"mihi quidem hercle non est quod dem
mutuom."
Call. Malim hercle ut verum dicas, quam ut des
mutuom.
Meg. Sed vide consilium, si placet.
Call. Quid consilist?
Meg. Scitum, ut ego opinor, consilium inveni.
Call. Quid est?
Meg. Homo conducatur aliquis iam, quantum potest,¹
ignota facie, quae hic non visitata sit;
mendacilocum aliquem²
falsidicum, confidentem.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 766 :
quasi sit peregrinus.

Call. *Quid is scit facere postea?*

² Leo brackets following :

Call. *Quid is scit facere postea?*

THREE BOB DAY

- Call.* All those facts come to my own mind. Indeed they do! (*perplexed*) See if you consider this more practical, more advisable—that I go to Lesbonicus, and inform him how things stand. (*pacing back and forth*) But the idea of my telling that young incorrigible about a treasure, when wenching and revelling are his sole concerns! Oh Lord, this can't be done, it can't! Why, I know for certain he'd devour the whole place it's buried in, even. I don't dare to dig there for fear he'll hear the noise and then scent out the secret, if I said I was giving a dowry.
- Meg.* Hm! Then how can a dowry be decanted out on the sly?
- Call.* I could wait for a good chance and ask some friend to lend me the money meanwhile.
- Meg.* Can some friend be induced to do so?
- Call.* Why, yes.
- Meg.* Bosh! Of course you'd promptly meet with the same old answer: "I? Gad, man, I've got nothing to lend."
- Call.* (*as if replying to the friend*) Gad, man, I'd rather hear you tell the truth than have the loan.
- Meg.* (*after meditation*) But see if this scheme pleases you.
- Call.* What scheme?
- Meg.* It seems to me I've hit on a clever one.
- Call.* What is it?
- Meg.* It calls for our hiring, just as soon as possible,¹ some one of strange appearance, unfamiliar here; some brazen rascal, full of bluff and flimflam.

¹ v. 766 : A foreign looking chap.
Call. What is he supposed to do then?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Call. Quid tum postea? 770

Meg. Is homo exornetur graphice in peregrinum modum;
quasi ad adolescentem a patre ex Seleucia veniat, salutem ei nuntiet verbis patris:
illum bene gerere rem et valere et vivere,
et eum rediturum actutum; ferat epistulas duas, eas nos consignemus, quasi sint a patre:
det alteram illi, alteram dicat tibi dare sese velle.

Call. Perge porro dicere.

Meg. Seque aurum ferre virgini dotem a patre dicat patremque id iussisse aurum tibi dare. tenes iam?

Call. Propemodo, atque ausculto perlubens. 780

Meg. Tum tu igitur demum adolescenti aurum dabis, ubi erit locata virgo in matrimonium.

Call. Scite hercle sane.

Meg. Hoc, ubi thensaurum effoderis, suspicionem ab adolescente amoveris:
censebit aurum esse a patre allatum tibi, tu de thensauro sumes.

Call. Satis scite et probe;
quamquam hoc me aetatis sycophantari pudet.
sed epistulas quando opsignatas adferet,¹
nonne arbitraris eum adolescentem anuli paterni signum novisse?

Meg. Etiam tu taces? 790

sescentae ad eam rem causae possunt conligi:

THREE BOB DAY

Call. And then what?

Meg. Get him fitted out realistically in foreign style; let him come to the young fellow as if from his father in Seleucia, with his father's greetings and a message to the effect that his business affairs are going well, that he's enjoying excellent health, and will be back shortly. And our man to bring two letters—which we'll compose and seal—as though from the father, and give one to him, and say he wants to give the other one to you. (*pauses*)

Call. (*eagerly*) Come on, continue!

Meg. He's to say he's bringing a sum of gold from the father for the girl's dowry and that the father ordered him to give this gold to you. Do you get the point now?

Call. Pretty much, and I'm mightily interested.

Meg. And then you'll finally give the gold to the young man after the girl is actually married.

Call. Well, that certainly is a clever scheme!

Meg. (*enjoying the praise*) This way, our lad won't have the least suspicion when you've dug up the treasure; he'll fancy the gold was brought you from his father, while you'll be taking it from there.

Call. Very clever! Capital—though I'm ashamed to turn to swindling at my time of life! But when he brings those letters all sealed,¹ don't you suppose the lad knows his father's signet ring?

Meg. (*now in command*) Oh, stop fussing? Hundreds of explanations can be evolved—he lost the one he

¹ v. 788^a: But after he has brought those sealed letters.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 788^a:
sed quom. consignatas attulerit epistulas

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

illum quem habuit perdidit, alium post fecit
novom.¹

iam si opsignatas non feret, dici hoc potest,
apud portitorem eas resignatas sibi
inspectasque esse. in huius modi negotio
diem sermone terere segnities merast :
quam vis sermones possunt longi texier.
abi ad thesaurum iam confestim clanculum,
servos ancillas amove. atque audin?

Call. Quid est?

Meg. Vxorem quoque eampse hanc rem uti celes
face,

800

nam pol tacere numquam quicquamst quod
queat.

quid nunc stas? quin tu hinc amoves et te
moves?

aperi, deprome inde auri ad hanc rem quod sat
est,

continuo operito denuo; sed clanculum,
sicut praecepi; cunctos exturba aedibus.

Ita faciam.

Call.
Meg. At enim nimis longo sermone utimur,

diem conficimus quod iam properatost opus.

nihil est de signo quod vereare; me vide:

lepida est illa causa, ut commemoravi, di-
cere

apud portitores esse inspectas. denique
diei tempus non vides? quid illum putas,
natura illa atque ingenio? iam dudum ebriust.
quidvis probare poterit; tum, quod maxu-
mumst,

810

adferre, non petere hinc se dicet.

Iam sat est.

Ego sycophantam iam conduco de foro

THREE BOB DAY

had and then got himself a new one. In fact, even if they aren't brought sealed, he can say they were unsealed and examined at the custom-house. With a job like this on hand, it's sheer dawdling to waste all day in talk: that can be spun out forever. Off to your treasure now, be quick and keep it quiet! Get your slaves out, male and female! And one thing more!

Call. What is it?

Meg. That wife of yours—mind you keep it dark from her, too. She can never hold her tongue about anything, heavens, no! (*as Callicles seems a bit dazed*) Why do you stand there? Why don't you get out of this and get going? Open it up, dip into it for gold enough to meet our needs, then cover it again fast as you can—but keep things quiet, as I directed. And clear the house of everyone.

Call. (*still lingering*) All right, I will.

Meg. But see here, we're going in for too much talk, we're killing time when we ought to be on the jump. There's nothing to fear regarding the seal; rely on me. That's a neat excuse I suggested—saying the letters were examined at the custom-house. Besides, don't you see what time of day it is? What shape is he in, do you suppose, a cub of his sort, his tastes? Drunk, long ago. Any explanation will be enough; moreover—and this clinches it—our man will say he's here to bring, not to get.

Call. (*leaving, convinced*) That'll do, that'll do.

Meg. Now I'll engage some swindler at the forum, and

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *alium post* deleted (Lindsay).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

epistulasque iam consignabo duas,
eumque huc ad adulescentem meditatū probe
mittam.

Call. Eo ego igitur intro ad officium meum.
tu istuc age.

Meg. Actum reddam nugacissime.

ACTVS IV

Charm. Salsipotenti et mulsipotenti Iovis fratri et Nerei
Neptuno

laetus lubens laudes ago et grates gratiasque habeo
et fluctibus salsis.

quos penes mei fuit saepe potestas, bonis meis quid
foret et meae vitae,

quom suis med ex locis in patriam suavisissimam
reducem faciunt.

atque ego, Neptune, tibi ante alios deos gratias ago
atque habeo summas ;

nam te omnes saevomque severumque atque avidis
moribus commemorant.

spurcificum, immanem, intolerandum, vesanum:
contra opera expertus,

nam pol placido te et clementi meo usque modo, ut
volui, usus sum in alto.

atque hanc tuam gloriam iam ante auribus acceperam, et nobilest apud homines.

pauperibus te parcere solitum, dites dammare atque domare.

abi, laudo, scis ordine, ut aequomst, tractare
homines; hoc dis dignumst.¹

¹ Leo brackets following v., 831 : *semper mendicis modesti sint.*

THREE BOB DAY

get the two letters ready, and send him here, well primed, to our young fellow.

Call. I'll go in, then, to my job. You manage that. [EXIT.

Meg. (*calling blithely, as Callicles disappears*) I'll show you management of the tricksyest kind.

[EXIT.

ACT IV

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Charmides*, IN HIGH SPIRITS.

Charm. (*rhapsodical*) Oh, Neptune, brother of Jove and Nereus, Lord of the saltful souseful main, heartily and happily I do thee homage and accord thee grateful gratitude—and the same to thy salty waves, in the power of which I was so often placed, those arbiters of my goods and of my life, since they have brought me back from their quarters safe to my own most gracious land. Aye, Neptune, to thee above all other gods do I offer and accord profoundest gratitude. Why, men declare that thou art savage and severe, rapacious in thy ways, affouling, abhorrent, unendurable, maniacal: quite otherwise thou wert to me, for on the deep I certainly found thee placid and benign, forever as I liked and wished. Aye, and long since had I heard how this was to thy glory—a creed much bruited among men—that thou wert wont to spare the poor, to ravage and reduce the rich. Not so! I give thee praise. Thou knowest how to treat men duly, as is just; this befits the gods.¹ I found

¹ v. 831: May they be ever merciful to beggars.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

fidus fuisti : infidum esse iterant ; nam apsq̃ue foret
te, sat scio in alto
distraxissent disque tulissent satellites tui me
miserum foede
bonaque omnia mea item una mecum passim
caeruleos per campos :
ita iam quasi canes, haud secus, circum stabant
navem turbines venti,
imbres fluctusque atque procellae infensae frangere
malum,
ruere antemnas, scindere vela, ni tua pax propitia
foret praesto.
apage a me sis, dehinc iam certumst otio dare me ;
satis partum habeo
quibus aerumnis deluctavi, filio dum divitias quaero.
sed quis hic est, qui in plateam ingreditur
cum novo ornatu specieque simul? 840
pol quamquam domi cupio, opperiar,
quam hic rem agat animum advortam.

IV. 2.

Syc. Huic ego die nomen Trinummo faciam : nam ego
operam meam
tribus nummis hodie locavi ad artis nugatorias.
advenio ex Seleucia, Macedonia, Asia atque Arabia,
quas ego neque oculis nec pedibus umquam
usurpavi meis.
viden egestas quid negoti dat homini misero mali,
quin ego nunc subigor trium nummum causa ut hasce
epistulas
dicam ab eo homine me accepisse, quem ego qui sit
homo nescio
neque novi, neque natus necne is fuerit, id solide
scio. 850

THREE BOB DAY

thee faithful: yet they repeat that thou art faithless. Ah yes, apart from thee, 'tis clear enough that on the deep thy satellites would have horribly dissundered and dispersed my wretched self, myself, and all I owned, as well, far and wide amid thy azure wastes. For now like dogs, no differently, the swirling winds were gathered round the ship, the rain and waves and angry gales all wild to snap the mast, pull down the yards, rend the sails, save for thy presence and propitious power. (*abandoning rhapsody*) But now no more, please! Henceforth repose is my ambition. I have enough laid by, thanks to this long hard struggle to gain my son a fortune. (*glancing down the street*) But who's this odd looking chap in that queer outfit coming down the street here just as I return? (*withdraws*) Gad! Eager for home though I am, I'll wait and watch what he's about.

Scene 2. ENTER *Swindler*, WITH A CONSEQUENTIAL AIR.
STOPS, OUT OF *Charmides'* HEARING.

Swindl. I'm going to call this Three Bob Day, three bob being what I get for my services to-day in the arts and crafts line. I'm arriving from Seleucia, Macedonia, Asia and Arabia—countries I never set eye or foot on. Will you look at the rotten jobs that poverty lets a poor wretch in for! Why, here am I, for a three bob fee, constrained to say I received these letters (*showing them*) from a man I neither know nor know about, and for all I do know out and out, may never have been born at all.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Charm. Pol hic quidem fungino generest: capite se totum tegit.

Syc. Hilurica facies videtur hominis, eo ornatu advenit. Ille qui me conduxit, ubi conduxit, abduxit domum, quae voluit mihi dixit, docuit et praemonstravit prius, quo modo quicque agerem; nunc adeo si quid ego addidero amplius, eo conductor melius de me nugas conciliaverit. ut ille me exornavit, ita sum ornatus; argentum hoc facit.

ipse ornamenta a chorago haec sumpsit suo periculo.

nunc ego si potero ornamentis hominem circumducere,

dabo operam, ut me esse ipsum plane sycophantam sentiat.

860

Charm. Quam magis specto, minus placet mi haec hominis facies. mira sunt, ni illic homost aut dormitator aut sector zonarius. loca contemplat, circumspectat sese atque aedis noscitat.

credo edepol, quo mox furatum veniat speculatur loca.

magis lubidost opservare, quid agat: ei rei operam dabo.

Syc. Has regiones demonstravit mi ille conductor meus; apud illas aedis sistendae mihi sunt sycophantiae. fores pultabo.

Charm. Ad nostras aedis hic quidem habet rectam viam. hercle opinor mi advenienti hac noctu agitandumst vigilias.

Syc. Aperite hoc, aperite. heus, ecquis his foribus tutelam gerit?

870

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. (*aside, observing his large hat*) Gad! He must belong to the *genus mushroomum*: he's all covered over with head. Seems to have an Illyrian look, appears in their get-up.

Swindl. After engaging me, my employer took me home with him, told me what he wanted, gave instructions, and acquainted me in advance with the way I was to handle everything; accordingly now, if I add any frills of my own, I'll be giving my employer all the better bargain in craft-work. He fitted me out in this outfit; that's what money does. Got the fittings at a costumer's, guaranteed their return, he did. So now if I can diddle the old chap out of 'em, it'll help me to convince him that I need no one's aid to be a thoroughly competent swindler.

Charm. (*aside*) The more I observe him, the less I like his looks. It's a wonder if the fellow isn't a sleep-nabber¹ or cutpurse. He's surveying the neighbourhood, peering about and scanning the houses. By gad, I do believe he's spotting the place so as to come and rob us later. It makes me all the keener to observe what he does: I'll keep an eye on him.

Swindl. This is the region which that employer of mine indicated; and that's the house (*pointing*) where I must set up my swindle-shop. I'll knock at the door. (*heads for it*)

Charm. (*aside*) If he isn't making straight for our house! Well, well! I shall have to stand watch the very night I arrive, it seems.

Swindl. (*knocking*) Open up here, open up! Hey! Anyone in charge of this door?

¹ *Dormitator* of doubtful meaning. A night-thief? A sleepy fool?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Charm. Quid, adulescens, quaeris? quid vis? quid istas pultas?

Syc. Heus senex,
census cum sum, iuratori recte rationem dedi.¹
Lesbonicum hic adulescentem quaero in his regionibus
ubi habitat, et item alterum ad istanc capitis albitudinem:

Calliclem aiebat vocari qui has dedit mi epistulas.

Charm. Meum gnatum hic quidem Lesbonicum quaerit et amicum meum,

cui ego liberosque bonaque commendavi, Calliclem.

Syc. Fac me, si scis, certiolem, hisce homines ubi habitent, pater.

Charm. Quid eos quaeris? aut quis es? aut unde es? aut unde advenis?

Syc. Multa simul rogitas, nescio quid expediam potissimum.

si unum quidquid singillatim et placide percontabere,

et meum nomen et mea facta et itinera ego faxo scias,

Charm. Faciam ita ut vis. agedum nomen tuom primum memora mihi.

Syc. Magnum facinus incipissis petere.

Charm. Quid ita?

Syc. Quia, pater,
si ante lucem ire occipias a meo primo nomine,
concubium sit noctis prius quam ad postremum perveneris.

Charm. Opus factost viatico ad tuom nomen, ut tu praedicas.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: suggests

Charm. responde, monstrare tibi quos quaeris si possim.

Syc. eloquar.

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. (*stepping up*) What are you after, young man? What do you want? What are you knocking there for?

Swindl. (*appraising him contemptuously*) See here, old boy, when my taxes were due, I made the collector a complete return. (*with hauteur*) I am looking for the residence hereabouts of a certain young Lesbonicus, and also for another fellow with the same sort of hoary pate as yours: the man that gave me these letters (*showing them*) said the fellow's name was Callicles.

Charm. (*aside*) It's certainly my son Lesbonicus he's looking for, and my friend Callicles whom I left in charge of my children and property.

Swindl. Inform me, if you know where these parties reside, (*patronizingly*) father.

Charm. (*sharply*) Why do you want them? Who are you? Where do you live? Where do you come from?

Swindl. You ask many questions at once; I do not know where you most need enlightenment. If you inquire about each point individually, and with composure, I shall inform you of my name, doings and peregrinations.

Charm. (*choking his wrath*) Very well, as you wish. Come then, your name, first tell me that.

Swindl. (*momentously*) That is a large order for you to begin with.

Charm. How so?

Swindl. Well, father, if you set forth before daylight from the first part of my name, it would take you till bed-time to reach the end of it.

Charm. From your description, one needs a travel-fund to tour that name of yours.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syc. Est minusculum alterum, quasi vixillum vinarium.

Charm. Quid est tibi nomen, adolescens?

Syc. Pax, id est nomen mihi.

hoc cotidianumst.

Charm. Edepol nomen nugatorium,
quasi dicas, si quid crediderim tibi, pax—periisse
ilico.

890

hic homo solide sycophantast. quid ais tu,
adolescens?

Syc. Quid est?

Charm. Eloquere, isti tibi quid homines debent, quos tu
quaeritas?

Syc. Pater istius adolescentis dedit has duas mi epistulas,
Lesbonici. is mi est amicus.

Charm. Teneo hunc manifestarium.
me sibi epistulas dedisse dicit. ludam hominem
probe.

Syc. Ita ut occepi, si animum advortas, dicam.

Charm. Dabo operam tibi.

Syc. Hanc me iussit Lesbonico suo gnato dare epistu-
lam,
et item hanc alteram suo amico Callicli iussit
dare.

Charm. Mihi quoque edepol, quom hic nugatur, contra
nugari lubet.¹

900

Ab ipson istas accepisti?

Syc. E manibus dedit mi ipse in manus.

Charm. Qua facie est homo?

Syc. Sesquipede quiddamst quam tu longior.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 901 :
ubi ipse erat?

Syc. Bene rem gerebat.

Charm. Ergo ubi?

Syc. In Seleucia.

THREE BOB DAY

Swindl. I have another one, more compact, like a wee-nipper¹ wine flask.

Charm. That name being what, young man?

Swindl. Phut. That is my name—my everyday one.

Charm. Well, well! What a cunning little name! It's like your saying "Phut!", if I entrust you with something. "Phut!" And instantly it disappears. (*aside*) The chap's a swindler pure and simple. (*aloud*) See here, young man.

Swindl. See what?

Charm. Tell me this, what's your business with those men you're looking for?

Swindl. The father of that young fellow, Lesbonicus, gave me these two letters. He is a friend of mine.

Charm. (*aside*) Now I've caught him in the act! Says he has letters I gave him! I'll trick him properly.

Swindl. (*loftily*) I will continue, if you will accord me your attention.

Charm. It is all yours.

Swindl. He bade me give this letter to his son Lesbonicus, and this other one here I was to give to his friend Callicles.

Charm. (*aside*) Yes, indeed, seeing he's a cheat, I think I'll take a hand at cheating too.² (*aloud*) So you received them from this friend himself?

Swindl. His own hand put them into mine.

Charm. What does your friend look like?

Swindl. Well, he is some foot and a half taller than you are.

¹ *Vixillum* of doubtful meaning. Diminutive of *vix*?

² v. 901: And where was your friend?

Swindler He was getting on well.

Charm. Ah, but where?

Swindler In Seleucia.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Charm. Haeret haec res, siquidem ego apsens sum quam
praesens longior.
novistin hominem?

Syc. Ridicule rogitas, quicum una cibum
capere soleo.

Charm. Quid est ei nomen?

Syc. Quod edepol homini probo.

Charm. Lubet audire.

Syc. Illi edepol—illi—illi—vae misero mihi.

Charm. Quid est negoti?

Syc. Devoravi nomen imprudens modo.

Charm. Non placet qui amicos intra dentes conclusos habet.

Syc. Atque etiam modo vorsabatur mi in labris primori-
bus.

910

Charm. Temperi huic hodie anteveni.

Syc. Teneor manifesto miser.

Charm. Iam recommentatu's nomen?

Syc. Deum hercle me atque hominum pudet.

Charm. Vide modo ut hominem noveris.

Syc. Tam quam me. fieri istuc solet,
quod in manu teneas atque oculis videas, id
desideres.

litteris recomminiscar. C est principium nomini.

Charm. Callias?

Syc. Non est.

Charm. Callippus?

Syc. Non est.

Charm. Callidemides?

Syc. Non est.

Charm. Callinicus?

Syc. Non est.

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. (*aside*) Very awkward, this, being taller when I'm absent than when I'm present. (*aloud*) You know the man?

Swindl. An absurd question, when we constantly take our meals together.

Charm. What is his name?

Swindl. It is—(*forgetting*) the name of a fine man, by gad.

Charm. I'd like to hear it.

Swindl. It is—by gad, it is—it is—(*choking*) oh, damnation!

Charm. What's the matter?

Swindl. (*with a wry smile*) I must have swallowed that name unawares just now.

Charm. (*severely*) It's a poor sort that keeps his friends shut up inside his teeth.

Swindl. And this very moment I was rolling it on the tip of my tongue.

Charm. (*aside*) I forestalled this chap to-day just in time.

Swindl. (*aside*) I'm fairly caught, blast it!

Charm. Have you referreted out that name yet?

Swindl. (*aside*) Heavens and earth, if I'm not mortified!

Charm. Just see how well you know the man!

Swindl. (*summoning his sang-froid*) As I do myself. That often happens—the thing you hold in your hand and have your eyes on is the thing that is missing. I can—referret it out by the letters. The name begins with a C.

Charm. Callias?

Swindl. No.

Charm. Callippus?

Swindl. No.

Charm. Callidemides?

Swindl. No.

Charm. Callinicus?

Swindl. No.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Charm.

Callimarchus?

Syc.

Nil agis.

neque adeo edepol flocci facio, quando egomet
memini mihi.

Charm. At enim multi Lesbonici sunt hic: nisi nomen patris
dices, non monstrare istos possum homines quos tu
quaeritas.

920

quod ad exemplum est? coniectura si reperire pos-
sumus.

Syc. Ad hoc exemplum est—

Charm. An Chares? an Charmides?

Syc. Enim Charmides.
em istic erit. qui istum di perdant. dixi ego iam
dudum tibi—¹

Charm. Te potius bene dicere aequomst homini amico,
quam male.

Syc. Satin inter labra atque dentes latuit vir minimi
preti?

Charm. Ne male loquere apsentī amico.

Syc. Quid ergo ille ignavissimus
mihi latitabat?

Charm. Si appellasses, respondisset, nomine.
sed ipse ubi est?

Syc. Pol illum reliqui ad Rhadamantem in Cecropia
insula.²

Charm. Quis homo est me insipientior, qui ipse, egomet ubi
sim, quaeritem?

sed nil disconducit huic rei. quid ais? quid hoc
quod te rogo?

930

quos locos adiisti?

Syc. Nimium mirimodis mirabiles.

Charm. Lubet audire, nisi molestumst.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: suggests *malus homo mihi uorsabatur in labris primoribus.*

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. Callimarchus?

Swindl. No use! (*nonchalantly*) After all, not a straw do I care, hang it, when my memory suffices for my own purposes, as it does.

Charm. Ah, but there are many Lesbonicuses here: unless you give his father's name, I can't direct you to those men you're looking for. What does it sound like? Maybe some guessing will help us hit on it.

Swindl. It sounds like—this—

Charm. Is it Chares? Is it Charmides?

Swindl. Right! Charmides! There! Charmides it is. And be damned to him! I told you a while ago—

Charm. (*gravely*) It would be in good taste for you to speak well of your friend, rather than ill.

Swindl. (*indignantly*) When he hid himself there between my lips and teeth, the worthless rascal?

Charm. Now, now! No ill words of an absent friend!

Swindl. Then why did the lazy beggar keep hiding from me?

Charm. He'd have answered, if you had called him by name. But where is the fellow?

Swindl. (*romancing readily*) I left him at the court of Rhadamas on Cecropian Isle.

Charm. (*aside*) Who's a sillier ass than I am—I myself inquiring into my own whereabouts? But nothing's disadapted to this affair. (*aloud*) I say. Answer me this question. What places have you been to?

Swindl. Perfectly amazing ones, no end amazing.

Charm. I'd like to hear, if you don't mind.

² Corrupt (Leo): *cecropio* B.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syc. Quin discupio dicere.
omnium primum in Pontum advecti ad Arabiam
terram sumus.

Charm. Eho an etiam Arabiast in Ponto?

Syc. Est: non illa ubi tus gignitur,
sed ubi apsinthium fit atque cunila gallinacea.

Charm. Nimium graphicum hunc nugatorem. sed ego sum
insipientior,
qui egomet unde redeam hunc rogitem, quae ego
sciam atque hic nesciat;
nisi quia lubet experiri, quo evasurust denique.
sed quid ais? quo inde isti porro?

Syc. Si animum advortes, eloquar.
ad caput amnis, quod de caelo exoritur sub solio
Iovis.

Charm. Sub solio Iovis?

Syc. Ita dico.

Charm. E caelo?

Syc. Atque e medio quidem.

Charm. Eho an etiam in caelum escendisti?

Syc. Immo horiola advecti sumus,
usque aqua advorsa per amnem.

Charm. Eho an tu etiam vidisti Iovem?

Syc. Alii di isse ad villam aiebant servis depromptum
cibum.

deinde porro—

Charm. Deinde porro nolo quicquam praedices.

Syc. Sed—

Charm. Abeo hercle, si es molestus. nam pudicum
neminem,
Pax, referre oportet, qui aps terra ad caelum
pervenerit.

Syc. Faciam ita ut te velle video. sed monstra hosce
homines mihi,

THREE BOB DAY

Swindl. (*condescendingly*) No indeed, I am all agog to tell you. To begin with, we voyaged to Pontus to the land of Arabia.

Charm. Dear me! So Arabia is really in Pontus, eh?

Swindl. It is: not the one where frankincense grows, but the one where they make wormwood and gallinaceous origanum.

Charm. (*aside*) What a superlative humbug he is! But I'm a still sillier ass to keep asking him about my own travels, things I know and he doesn't—only I'd enjoy finding out where he will end up. (*aloud*) But I say. Where did you go to then, after that?

Swindl. Accord me your attention, and I will tell you. (*magnificently*) To the head of the river that rises in heaven from under the throne of Jove.

Charm. Under the throne of Jove?

Swindl. My statement, sir.

Charm. From heaven?

Swindl. Yes, and from its very centre.

Charm. Dear me! So you really climbed into heaven, eh?

Swindl. Well, that is, we were carried there in a little fishing smack, struggling upstream all the way.

Charm. Dear me! So you yourself really saw Jove, eh?

Swindl. The other gods said he had gone to his country estate to ration his slaves. Then after that——

Charm. (*brusquely*) Then after that—I wish to hear no more of your yarns.

Swindl. But——

Charm. I'll leave, I tell you, if you annoy me. For really, Phut, one's trip from earth to heaven is the sort of thing no decent man mentions.

Swindl. I will do as I see you wish. But direct me to these

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quos ego quaero, quibus me oportet has deferre
epistulas.

Charm. Quid ais? tu nunc si forte eumpse Charmidem
conspexeris,
illum quem tibi istas dedisse commemoras epistulas,
norisne hominem?

950

Syc. Ne tu me edepol arbitrare beluam,
qui quidem non novisse possim quicum aetatem
exegerim.
an ille tam esset stultus, qui mihi mille nummum
crederet
Philippum, quod me aurum deferre iussit ad gnatum
suom
atque ad amicum Calliclem, quoi rem aibat man-
dasse hic suam?
mihi concrederet, nisi me ille et ego illum nossem
approbe?

Charm. Enim vero ego nunc sycophantae huic sycophantari
volo,
si hunc possum illo mille nummum Philippum cir-
cumducere,
quod sibi me dedisse dixit, quem ego qui sit homo
nescio

960

neque oculis ante hunc diem umquam vidi. eine
aurum crederem,
quoi, si capitis res sit, nummum numquam credam
plumbeum?
adgrediundust hic homo mi astu. heus, Pax, te
tribus verbis volo.

Syc. Vel trecentis.

Charm. Haben tu id aurum quod accepisti a Charmide?

Syc. Atque etiam Philippum, numeratum illius in mensa
manu,
mille nummum.

THREE BOB DAY

men I am looking for, the men I must deliver these letters to.

Charm. Look here. If you happened to catch sight now of this same Charmides, the fellow you refer to as having given you those letters, would you recognize him?

Swindl. Upon my soul, sir, you must take me for a mutton-head, to be unable to recognize a person I have spent my life with. Or could he have been such a dolt as to entrust to me a thousand pounds in gold, money he told me to deliver to his son and his friend Callicles, whom he said he had left in charge of his property here? Could I be so trusted by him, unless he had known me, and I him, to perfectionment?

Charm. (*aside*) Hanged if I haven't a mind to try some swindling on this swindler now, and see if I can relieve him of that thousand pounds in gold he said I'd given him—I, that don't know who the fellow is and never set eyes on him before to-day. Trust him with gold, when I'd never, for the life of me, trust him with a lead shilling? But I must be canny in approaching the chap. (*aloud, amicably*) Oh, I say, Phut, I want a few words with you.

Swindl. A few hundred, if you like.

Charm. You have this gold you got from Charmides?

Swindl. Yes, and good honest sovereigns, counted out at the banker's with his own hand, a thousand of them.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Charm.* Nempe ab ipso id accepisti Charmide?
- Syc.* Mirum quin ab avo eius aut proavo acciperem, qui sunt mortui.
- Charm.* Adulescens, cedo dum istuc aurum mi.
- Syc.* Quod ego aurum dem tibi?
- Charm.* Quod a me te accepisse fassu's.
- Syc.* Aps te accepisse?
- Charm.* Ita loquor.
- Syc.* Quis tu homo es?
- Charm.* Qui mille nummum tibi dedi ego sum Charmides. 970
- Syc.* Neque edepol tu is es neque hodie is umquam eris, auro huic quidem.
- abi sis, nugator: nugari nugatori postulas.
- Charm.* Charmides ego sum.
- Syc.* Nequiquam hercle es, nam nihil auri fero. nimis argute obrepsisti in eapse occasiuncula: postquam ego me aurum ferre dixi, post tu factu's Charmides;
- prius tu non eras, quam auri feci mentionem. nihil agis;
- proin tu te, itidem ut charmidatus es, rursum recharmida.
- Charm.* Quis ego sum igitur, siquidem is non sum qui sum?
- Syc.* Quid id ad me attinet?
- dum ille ne sis quem ego esse nolo, sis mea causa qui lubet.
- prius non is eras qui eras: nunc is factu's qui tum non eras. 980
- Charm.* Age si quid agis.
- Syc.* Quid ego agam?
- Charm.* Aurum redde.
- Syc.* Dormitas, senex.
- Charm.* Fassu's Charmidem dedisse aurum tibi.

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. I suppose you got it from Charmides himself?

Swindl. (*snorting*) Odd it was not from his grandfather or great-grandfather I got it, both being dead.

Charm. Come, young man, pass over that gold to me.

Swindl. (*startled*) I give gold to you? What gold?

Charm. That which you have admitted getting from me.

Swindl. Getting from you?

Charm. Yes, from me.

Swindl. And who are you?

Charm. The Charmides that gave you the thousand pounds.

Swindl. (*losing his aplomb*) By the Lord, you're not, and never will be, never, not where it concerns this gold, anyhow! You kindly get out, you liar! It's a liar you're trying your lies on.

Charm. (*with dignity*) I am Charmides.

Swindl. It does you no good to be, by gad, for I bring no gold! Precious sly, your drifting in exactly on the very dot! After I said that I was bringing gold, then you turned into Charmides; you were no such person before the gold was mentioned. It won't work. So the same way you got Charmidized, go get un-charmidized again.

Charm. Who am I, then, supposing I am not the man I am?

Swindl. How does that matter to me? So long as you're not a man I object to your being, be who you like, for all I care. Before, you weren't the man you were; now, you've turned into a man you weren't before.

Charm. (*sternly*) Come, if you mean to do it, do it.

Swindl. And what am I to do?

Charm. Give back the gold.

Swindl. You're asleep, old chap.

Charm. You admitted that Charmides gave you the gold.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syc. Scriptum quidem.

Charm. Properas an non properas ire actutum ab his regionibus, dormitator, prius quam ego hic te iubeo mulcari male?

Syc. Quam ob rem?

Charm. Quia illum quem ementitus es, ego sum ipse Charmides, quem tibi epistulas dedisse aiebas.

Syc. Eho, quaeso, an tu is es?

Charm. Is enim vero sum.

Syc. Ain tu tandem? is ipse es?

Charm. Aio.

Syc. Ipsus es?

Charm. Ipsus, inquam, Charmides sum.

Syc. Ergo ipse es?

Charm. Ipsissimus.

abin hinc ab oculis?

Syc. Enim vero serio, quoniam advenis—
vapulabis meo arbitratu et novorum aedilium.

990

Charm. At etiam maledicis?

Syc. Immo, salvos quandoquidem advenis—
di te perdant, si te flocci facio an periisses prius.
ego ob hanc operam argentum accepi, te macto infortunio:

ceterum qui sis, qui non sis, floccum non interduim.
ibo, ad illum renuntiabo qui mihi tris nummos dedit,

ut sciat se perdidisse. ego abeo. male vive et vale.

qui te di omnes advenientem peregre perdant,
Charmides.

Charm. Postquam illic hinc abiit, post loquendi libere

THREE BOB DAY

Swindl. (*grinning*) That is, on paper.

Charm. (*foiled, savagely*) Are you going to scuttle out of this neighbourhood at once, or not, you sleep-nabber, before I have you thoroughly trounced here?

Swindl. What for?

Charm. Because that man you have been romancing about—I am that very Charmides myself, who you said gave you letters.

Swindl. (*apparently perturbed*) Dear me! Can it be you're that man?

Charm. Indeed I am.

Swindl. You don't mean to say! You're that man yourself?

Charm. So I say.

Swindl. You yourself?

Charm. I myself am Charmides, I tell you.

Swindl. So then you are yourself?

Charm. My own selfissimo. Now get out of my sight!

Swindl. (*cordially*) Well, in sober earnest, we must honour your arrival with a—(*viciously*) flogging, at the pleasure of myself and the new police commissioners.

Charm. (*advancing on him*) Ha! Getting scurrilous, eh?

Swindl. (*backing off*) Oh no, your safe arrival leads me to say—God blast you, if it matters a straw to me whether you'd been blasted earlier. I have my money for this job, and you can have my curse. As to who you are, or aren't, that needn't trouble me a bit. I'll go and report to the chap that gave me the three bob, and let him know his money's wasted. I'm off. Hard luck and bad health to you! Seeing you're back from abroad, may you be blasted, Charmides, by all the powers above!

[EXIT.

Charm. Now that fellow's gone away, time and oppor-

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

videtur tempus venisse atque occasio.
 iam dudum meum ille pectus pungit aculeus, 1000
 quid illi negoti fuerit ante aedis meas.
 nam epistula illa mihi concenturiat metum
 in corde et illud mille nummum quam rem agat.
 numquam edepol temere tinnit tintinnabulum:
 nisi qui illud tractat aut movet, mutumst, tacet.
 sed quis hic est, qui huc in plateam cursuram
 incipit?
 lubet observare quid agat: huc concessero.

IV. 3.

Stas. Stasime, fac te propere celerem, recipe te ad
 dominum domum,
 ne subito metus exoriatur scapulis stultitia tua.
 adde gradum, adproperea. iam dudum factumst,
 cum abiisti domo. 1010
 cave sis tibi, ne bubuli in te cottabi crebri crepent,
 si aberis ab eri quaestione. ne destiteris currere.
 ecce hominem te, Stasime, nihili: satin in thermi-
 polio
 condalium es oblitus, postquam thermopotasti
 gutturem?
 recipe te et recurre peteré re recenti.

Charm. Huic, quisquis est,
 gurgulios exercitor: is hunc hominem cursuram
 docet.

Stas. Quid, homo nihili, non pudet te? tribusne te
 poteriis
 memoriam esse oblitum? an vero, quia eum frugi
 hominibus
 ibi bibisti, qui ab aëno facile cohiberent manus?

THREE BOB DAY

tunity to speak freely seem to have arrived. I've been on pins and needles this long time, wondering what business he had in front of my house. Why, that letter lines up whole regiments of fears inside me, and that thousand pounds, what that means. I tell you what, when a bell rings, it's not for nothing, never: if no one pulls it or moves it, it makes no sound, it's noiseless. (*glancing in the direction of the forum*) But who's this breaking into a run down the street here? I'd like to watch what he's up to: I'll step back here a bit. (*withdraws*)

Scene 3. ENTER *Stasimus* AT AN UNSTEADY JOG.

Stas. Quick now, Stasimus, hurry up, hie yourself home to . . . master, so as not to have your shoulder-blades suddenly . . . endangered by your own stupidity. Double time, make a dash for it! It's a long while now, since you left . . . home. If you're away when master wants you, just you take care they don't play long games of . . . tinklepot with rawhides on your resounding . . . rear. Don't stop running. (*blinks at his hand, halts*) Well, if you aren't a . . . good for nothing, Stasimus! So you went and left your . . . slave-ring in the grogshop after you'd . . . hotgrogged your gullet! (*turning round*) Back you go, back you run to get it back before it's too late.

Charm. (*aside*) Whoever he is, he's in training—under his oesophagus: it's making quite a runner of him.

Stas. The idea! You good for . . . nothing, aren't you ashamed? Forgetting your memory after just three . . . *rasades*! (*ironically*) I suppose it was because you were drinking there with such honest chaps, that could easily keep hands off . . . other

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Truthus fuit, Cerconicus, Crinnus, Cercobulus,
Collabus,*

1020

oculicrepidae cruricrepidae, ferriteri mastigiaie :
inter eosne homines condalium te redipisci postulas ?
quorum eorum unus surrupuit currenti cursori solum.

Charm. Ita me di ament, graphicum furem.

Stas. Quid ego quod periit petam ?
nisi etiam laborem ad damnum apponam epithecā
insuper.

quin tu quod periit periisse ducis ? cape vorsoriam,
recipe te ad erum.

Charm. Non fugitivost hic homo, commemorat domi.

Stas. Vtinam veteres hominum mores, veteres parsimoniae
potius in maiore honore hic essent quam mores mali.

Charm. Di immortales, basilica hic quidem facinora inceptat 1030
loqui.

vetera quaerit, vetera amare hunc more maiorum
scias.

Stas. Nam nunc mores nihili faciunt quod licet, nisi quod
lubet :

ambitio iam more sanctast, liberast a legibus ;
scuta iacere fugereque hostis more habent licentiam :
petere honorem pro flagitio more fit.

Charm. Morem improbum.

Stas. Strenuiore praeterire more fit.

Charm. Nequam quidem.

THREE BOB DAY

folks' property? There was . . . Fowlstein and Stickerbottom and Snitchbitz and Sternicker and . . . Suchacakeski, scoundrels so fetter-wornny that they're nothing but . . . clankeyed clanklegs. And you expect to resecure your slave-ring from such a . . . gang? Why, any one of 'em can steal the . . . sole off a runner's shoe while he's running.

Charm. (aside) Lord love me! A paragon of thieves!

Stas. What's the use of my trying to get what's . . . gone? I'd just be piling work on top of loss as an added . . . bonus. Why don't you take what's gone for gone? 'Bout ship! (*turns again*) Back you go to master!

Charm. (aside) No fugitive slave, this; he bethinks himself of home.

Stas. How I wish the old-time . . . moral standards, the old-time thrift, were held in greater . . . honour here instead of this cursed . . . "custom" of ours!

Charm. (aside) Ye immortal gods! He's actually beginning to pronounce on national problems. He wants the old-time ways, you can tell he loves 'em, just as his fine old forbears did.

Stas. Why, nowadays the "custom" is to disregard what's . . . proper and do what's . . . pleasing. And corruption is sanctioned now by "custom" and legal . . . loopholes. And "custom" now permits your dropping . . . shield and fleeing foe. It's become the "custom" to be a rotter and then . . . stand for office.

Charm. (aside) A villainous custom!

Stas. It's become the "custom" to pass over men of . . . action.

Charm. (aside) Indeed outrageous!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stas. Mores leges perduxerunt iam in potestatem suam,
magisque is sunt obnoxiosae quam parentes liberis.
eae miserae etiam ad parietem sunt fixae clavis
ferreis,
ubi malos mores adfigi nimio fuerat aequius. 1040

Charm. Lubet adire atque appellare hunc; verum ausculto
perlubens

Stas. et metuo, si compellabo, ne aliam rem occipiat loqui.
Neque istis quicquam lege sanctumst: leges mori
serviunt,
mores autem rapere properant qua sacrum qua
publicum.

Charm. Hercle istis malam rem magnam moribus dignumst
dari.

Stas. Nonne hoc publice animum advorti? nam id genus
hominum omnibus
univorsis est advorsum atque omni populo male facit:
male fidem servando illis quoque abrogant etiam
fidem,
qui nil meriti; quippe eorum ex ingenio ingenium
horum probant.
hoc qui in mentem venerit mihi? re ipsa modo
commonitus sum. 1050
si quoi mutuom quid dederis, fit pro proprio perditum:
quom repetas, inimicum amicum beneficio invenias
tuo.

si mage exigere occupias, duarum rerum exoritur
optio:
vel illud quod credideris perdas, vel illum amicum
amiseris.

Charm. Meus est hic quidem Stasimus servos.

Stas. Nam ego talentum mutuom
quoi dederam, talento inimicum mi emi, amicum
vendidi.

THREE BOB DAY

Stas. Why, "custom's" gained control over our very laws and has 'em under its . . . thumb more than children have their . . . parents. The poor old laws are even hung on walls and . . . nailed there, where our cursed "custom" should far more fittingly be spiked.

Charm. (*aside*) I'd like to go up and hail him; but I like it better to listen, and fear he'll begin on something else, if I break in.

Stas. The sanctity of law guards nothing from it: laws are slaves of . . . "custom," yes, and "custom" makes short work of sweeping everything away, sacred and . . . civic.

Charm. (*aside*) My word! That custom should come in for a good stiff sentence.

Stas. And things like this not to be . . . punished by the state? Why, men of that sort are public enemies and damage our whole . . . social structure: by their own dishonesty they . . . impair confidence in the honesty of even upright men; for men judge their character by the character of those others. And how does this thought come to me? Just . . . impressed upon me by my own experience. If you lend anyone anything, it's no longer lent, it's lost: when you ask it back you find your . . . kindness has made your friend your enemy. If you grow more . . . pressing, you get your pick of two things—bidding that property of yours . . . good bye, or that friend farewell. (*comes within Charmides' sight*)

Charm. (*aside*) Well, well! It's my own slave Stasimus!

Stas. (*halting again*) Here's my own case—lent a man three . . . hundred pounds, and for that three hundred bought myself an enemy and sold a friend.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed ego sum insipientior, qui rebus curem publicis,
potius quam, id quod proximumst, meo tergo tute-
lam geram.

eo domum.

Charm. Heus tu, asta ilico. audi.

Stas. Heus tu, non sto.

Charm. Te volo.

Stas. Quid si ego me te velle nolo?

Charm. Aha nimium, Stasime, saeviter. 1060

Stas. Emere meliust cui imperes.

Charm. Pol ego emi atque argentum dedi;
sed si non dicto audiens est, quid ago?

Stas. Da magnum malum.

Charm. Bene mones, ita facere certumst.

Stas. Nisi quidem es obnoxius.

Charm. Si bonus es, obnoxius sum; sin secus es, faciam ut
iubes.

Stas. Quid id ad me attinet, bonisne servis tu utare an
malis?

Charm. Quia boni malique in ea re pars tibi est.

Stas. Partem alteram
tibi permitto; illam alteram apud me, quod bonist,
apponito.

Charm. Si eris meritus, fiet. respice huc ad me. ego sum
Charmides.

Stas. Hem quis est qui mentionem homo hominis fecit
optumi?

Charm. Ipsus homo optumus.

Stas. Mare terra caelum, di vestram fidem, 1070
satin ego oculis plane video? estne ipse an non est?
is est,

THREE BOB DAY

But what an ass I am to put my mind on public matters instead of being guardian of my own . . . back that's closest to me! I'm going home. (*turns into the lane*)

Charm. (*calling*) Hey, you! Stop where you are! Listen here!

Stas. (*not looking*) Hey, yourself! I won't stop.

Charm. (*behind him*) I want you!

Stas. (*not looking*) What if I don't want your . . . wanting me?

Charm. Huh! You're much too stuffy, Stasimus.

Stas. (*not looking*) Better buy a man to . . . order about.

Charm. Gad! I did buy one, and cash down; but if he pays no attention to me, what am I to do?

Stas. (*not looking*) Make it bad for his . . . backside.

Charm. A good suggestion, I'll certainly be about it.

Stas. (*not looking*) That is, unless he's got some . . . hold on you.

Charm. If you're a good sort, you have a hold on me; but if not, I'll do as you say.

Stas. (*not looking*) What's the odds to me whether your slaves prove good or . . . bad?

Charm. Well, it's something you share in, that good and bad.

Stas. (*still not looking*) I leave you my share of the . . . last, just set me down for the other share, the good one.

Charm. All right, if you deserve it. Come, look round here. I am Charmides.

Stas. (*turning with a start*) Eh? Eh? Who's the man that named the . . . best man living?

Charm. The best man living, himself.

Stas. Heavens and earth and sea! Ye gods above, can I believe my eyes? Is it really himself or not?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

certe is est, is est profecto. o mi ere exoptatissime,
salve.

Charm. Salve, Stasime.

Stas. Salvom te—

Charm. Scio et credo tibi.

sed omitto alia, hoc mihi responde: liberi quid
agunt mei,
quos reliqui hic filium atque filiam?

Stas. Vivont, valent.

Charm. Nempe uterque?

Stas. Vterque.

Charm. Di me salvom et servatum volunt.

cetera intus otiose percontabor quae volo.
eamus intro, sequere.

Stas. Quo tu te agis?

Charm. Quonam nisi domum?

Stas. Hicine nos habitare censes?

Charm. Vbinam ego alibi censeam?

Stas. Iam—

Charm. Quid iam?

Stas. Non sunt nostrae aedis istae.

Charm. Quid ego ex te audio? 1080

Stas. Vendidit tuos natus aedis.

Charm. Perii.

Stas. Praesentariis

argenti minis numeratis—

Charm. Quot?

Stas. Quadraginta.

Charm. Occidi.

quis eas emit?

Stas. Callicles, cui tuam rem commendaveras;
is habitatum huc commigravit nosque exturbavit
foras.

Charm. Vbi nunc filius meus habitat?

THREE BOB DAY

It is, surely it is, it . . . absolutely is! Oh, my dear master, how we've longed for you! Oh, I'm glad you're safe, sir!

Charm. And I you, Stasimus.

Stas. To see you safely——

Charm. I know, I know, I believe you. But never mind that now. Answer me this: how are those I left here, my children, my son and daughter?

Stas. Alive and well, sir.

Charm. Both, you mean?

Stas. Both, sir.

Charm. (*devoutly*) Then safe I am, thanks be to heaven, and saved! My other questions I can ask inside at our leisure. Let's go in, come.

(*goes toward his house*)

Stas. Where are you . . . heading, sir?

Charm. Where? Why, home, of course.

Stas. (*rather enjoying the situation*) You think we're living here?

Charm. Why, where else should I think?

Stas. Now——

Charm. Now, what?

Stas. That's not our house, sir.

Charm. (*halting*) What's this you're telling me?

Stas. Your son has sold the house, sir.

Charm. Good Lord!

Stas. For ready money, sir, all paid down——

Charm. How much?

Stas. Two hundred pounds, sir.

Charm. Damnation! Who bought it?

Stas. Callicles, sir, the man you entrusted your affairs to; he . . . immigrated into our house and routed us out.

Charm. Where does my son live now?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Stas. Hic in hoc posticulo.

Charm. Male disperii.

Stas. Credidi aegre tibi id, ubi audisses, fore.

Charm. Ego miserrumis periculis sum per maria maxuma
vectus, capitali periculo per praedones plurimos
me servavi, salvos redii: nunc hic disperii miser,
propter eosdem quorum causa fui hac aetate
exercitus.

1090

admit animam mi aegritudo. Stasime, tene me.

Stas. Visne aquam
tibi petam?

Charm. Res quom animam agebat, tum esse
offusam oportuit.

IV. 4.

Call. Quid hoc hic clamoris audio ante aedis meas?

Charm. O Callices, o Callices, o Callices,
qualine amico mea commendavi bona?

Call. Probo et fideli et fido et cum magna fide.
et salve et salvom te advenisse gaudeo.

Charm. Credo, omnia istaec si ita sunt ut praedicas.
sed quis iste est tuos ornatus?

Call. Ego dicam tibi.

thensaurum effodiebam intus, dotem, filiae 1100

THREE BOB DAY

Stas. Here in the annex, sir.

Charm. Good Lord, I'm ruined, ruined!

Stas. I fancied you'd take it . . . hard when you heard it, sir.

Charm. (*in extremities*) I risked and suffered everything, sailing endless seas! At mortal risk I made my way through multitudes of pirates, and got back home unharmed—and it's now and here I'm ruined, ruined miserably, all on account of the very ones I've worn out my poor old life for! (*swaying*) Ah, I can't breathe, it's such a bitter blow! Hold on to me, Stasimus!

Stas. (*obeying*) Want me to get some . . . water for you, sir?

Charm. (*recovering ; wryly*) It's my estate I wish they'd watered, when it was gasping for its breath.

Scene 4. ENTER *Callicles*, IN WORKING CLOTHES, FROM HIS HOUSE.

Call. (*before he sees them*) What's all this hullabaloo I hear in front of my house?

Charm. (*rushing up to him*) Oh Callicles, Callicles, Callicles! What sort of friend did I leave in charge of my property?

Call. (*emphatically*) A sound one, and trustworthy, one you can trust and trust implicitly. (*whispers a few words ; then aloud*) So here you are! And it's glad I am to see you here in safety!

Charm. I believe it, if conditions are as you state. But what's that get-up of yours?

Call. I'll tell you. (*in a low tone*) I was digging up the treasure inside there to get a dowry for your

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tuae quae daretur. sed intus narrabo tibi
et hoc et alia. sequere.

Charm.

Stasime.

Stas.

Hem.

Charm.

Strenue

curre in Piraeum, atque unum curriculum face.
videbis iam illic navem qua advecti sumus.
iubeto Sangarionem quae imperaverim
curare ut efferantur, et tu ito simul.
solutumst portitori iam portorium;
nihil est morae. i, i, ambula actutum redi.
Illic sum atque hic sum.

Stas.

Call.

Sequere tu hac me intro.

Charm.

Sequor.

Stas.

Hic meo ero amicus solus firmus restitit,
neque demutavit animum de firma fide,
quamquam labores multos
sed hic unus, ut ego suspicor, servat fidem.
¹ ob rem laborem eum ego cepisse censeo.¹

1110

ACTVS V

Lys.

Hic homost omnium hominum praecipuos,
voluptatibus gaudiisque antepotens:
ita commoda quae cupio eveniunt,
quod ago adsequitur, subest, subsequitur,
ita gaudiis gaudium suppeditat.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *quamquam labores multos ob rem et liberos
apsentis mei eri eum ego cepisse censeo. sed hic e. q. v.*
Ritschl.

THREE BOB DAY

daughter. (*Stasimus overhears, stands open-mouthed*)
But I'll give you an account of this and other
matters inside. Come along.

Charm. Stasimus!

Stas. (*startled from his reverie*) Aye, sir.

Charm. Quick, run down to the Piraeus, and make one long
race of it! The ship we came in is there now,
you'll see it. Tell Sangario to look after the
unloading of the things I ordered, and you keep with
him. Customs matters have already been settled
at the custom-house: there's no cause for delay.
Off with you, off, step along, and return at once!

Stas. (*with a great show of haste*) I'm there and back again,
sir.

Call. (*to Charmides*) Come on inside with me.

Charm. Coming.

Stas. (*looking after them*) Well, he's the one man that's
remained a loyal friend to master and never
faltered in his faith and loyalty, * * * despite a
lot of trouble * * * But he's the only one that
has kept faith, I fear. And a good thing he did
trouble himself, I take it!

[EXIT.]

ACT V

(*A few minutes have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Lysiteles*, EBULLIENT.

Lys. Here's the man that tops mankind entire in joys
and delights beyond comparement! Ah, the
glorious way my desires work out! The way the
things I want troop up to me, stand by, troop after
me, joy treading on the heels of joy! Why, just now

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

modo me Stasimus Lesbionici servos convenit domi; 1120
is mihi dixit, suum erum peregre huc advenisse
Charmidem.

nunc mi is propere conveniundum est, ut quae cum eius
filio

egi, ei rei fundus pater sit potior. eo quantum
potest.

sed fores hae sonitu suo mihi moram obiciunt in-
commode.

V. 2.

Charm. Neque fuit neque erit neque esse quemquam
hominem in terra arbitror,
quod fides fidelitasque amicum erga aequiperet
tuam;
nam exaedificavisset me ex his aedibus, absque te
foret.

Call. Si quid amicum erga bene feci aut consului fideliter,
non videor meruisse laudem, culpa caruisse arbitror.¹

Charm. Est ita ut tu dicis. sed ego hoc nequeo mirari satis, 1132
eum sororem despondisse suam in tam fortem
familiam.

Call. Lysiteli quidem Philtonis filio.

Lys. Enim me nominat.

Charm. Familiam optumam occupavit.

Lys. Quid ego cesso hos conloqui?
sed maneam etiam opinor, namque hoc commodum
orditur loqui.

Charm. Vah.

Call. Quid est.

Charm. Oblitus intus dudum tibi sum dicere:

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 1130–1131:

*nam beneficium, homini proprium quod datur, prosum perit,*²

² *prosum perit* Boethius: *prosumpserit* corrupt (Leo).

quod datum utendum est, id repetendi copias quando velit.

THREE BOB DAY

I'm looked up at home by Stasimus, Lesbonicus' slave, and told that his master Charmides is back from abroad! I must look him up at once, so as to get my arrangement with the son put on a firmer footing by the father. I'll go this instant. (*listening, then withdrawing*) There's a noise at his door, though, that'll mean delay, confound it!

Scene 2. ENTER *Charmides* AND *Callicles*.

Charm. (*fervently*) There never was or will be, or is now, anyone else on earth, I do believe, whose faithfulness and fidelity to a friend can equal yours. Why, but for you, he'd have unhoused me from this house.

Call. If I have served a friend at all or been faithful to his interests, it doesn't seem to call for praise, but only makes me feel I can't be censured.¹

Charm. (*patting Callicles' shoulder*) Just as you say. But I can't marvel enough at this—that he has betrothed his sister into a family of such standing.

Call. Yes, to Philto's son, Lysiteles.

Lys. (*aside, pricking up his ears*) Ah, he mentions my name!

Charm. It's the finest sort of family he got into.

Lys. (*aside*) Why not step up and speak to them? No, I'd better wait a while, I think, for he's beginning on exactly the right topic.

Charm. Huh!

Call. What is it?

Charm. Something I forgot to tell you in there a moment

¹ Vv. 1130-1131: For what you give a man as an outright gift is gone for good; what you give as a loan can be reclaimed at will.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

modo mi advenienti nugator quidam occessit
 obviam,
 nimis pergraphicus sycophanta; is mille nummum se
 aureum
 meo datu tibi ferre et gnato Lesbonico aibat meo; 1140
 quem ego nec qui esset noram, neque eum ante
 usquam conspexi prius,
 sed quid rides?

Call. Meo adlegatu venit, quasi qui aurum mihi
 ferret aps te, quod darem tuae gnatae dotem, ut
 filius
 tuos, quando illi a me darem, esse allatum id aps te
 crederet
 neu qui rem ipsam posset intellegere,¹ thensaurum
 tuom
 me esse penes, atque eum ² me lege populi patrium
 posceret.

Charm. Scite edepol.

Call. Megaronides communis hoc meus et tuos
 benevolens commentust.

Charm. Quin conlaudo consilium et probo.

Lys. Quid ego ineptus, dum sermonem vereor inter-
 rumpere,
 solus sto nec quod conatus sum agere ago? hominis
 conloquar. 1150

Charm. Quis hic est, qui huc ad nos incedit?

Lys. Charmidem socerum suom
 Lysiteles salutat.

Charm. Di dent tibi, Lysiteles, quae velis.

Call. Non ego sum salute dignus?

Lys. Immo salve, Callicles;
 hunc priorem aequomst me habere: tunica propior
 palliost.

¹ Leo brackets following *et*.

THREE BOB DAY

ago: just as I arrived here some humbug or other ran foul of me, quite a hyper-colossal swindler. Said he was bringing you and my son Lesbonicus a thousand pounds in gold of my own providing. I didn't know who the fellow was, never set eyes on him anywhere before. But why are you laughing?

Call. I'm responsible for him. He was to pretend he brought me the gold from you to use for your daughter's dowry, so that when I gave her money I had in hand, your son would believe it was brought from you and couldn't possibly suspect the real situation, that your treasure was in my possession, and then sue me for it as part of his paternal property.

Charm. Ingenious, by Jove!

Call. It was our common friend Megaronides that contrived the scheme.

Charm. Well, it's one I commend! Congratulations!

Lys. (*aside*) Why stand here all alone like a dunce, for fear of interrupting their conversation, and not do what I meant to do? I'll confer with 'em both.
(*advances*)

Charm. (*to Callicles*) Who's this coming along?

Lys. (*gayly, with outstretched hand*) Lysiteles, sir, greets his father-in-law Charmidès.

Charm. (*very genial*) God grant your every wish, Lysiteles!

Call. (*smiling*) Don't I deserve a greeting?

Lys. (*shaking hands*) Yes, and you have mine, Callicles. But *he's* the man that should come first with me—"your shirt is closer than your coat."

² Leo brackets following *a*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Call. Deos volo consilia vostra vobis recte vortere.

Charm. Filiam meam tibi desponsam esse audio.

Lys. Nisi tu nevis.

Charm. Immo haud nolo.

Lys. Sponden ergo tuam gnatam uxorem mihi?

Charm. Spondeo, et mille auri Philippum dotis.

Lys. Dotem nil moror.

Charm. Si illa tibi placet, placenda dos quoque est quam dat tibi.

postremo quod vis non duces, nisi illud quod non vis feres.

Call. Ius hic orat.

Lys. Impetrabit te advocato atque arbitro.
istac lege filiam tuam sponden mi uxorem dari?

Charm. Spondeo.

Call. Et ego spondeo idem hoc.

Lys. Oh, salvete, adfines mei.

Charm. Atque edepol sunt res, quas propter tibi tamen suscensui.

Lys. Quid ego feci?

Charm. Meum corrumpi quia perpressu's filium.

Lys. Si id mea voluntate factumst, est quod mihi suscenseas.

sed sine me hoc aps te impetrare quod volo.

Charm. Quid id est?

Lys. Scies.

si quid stulte fecit, ut ea missa facias omnia.
quid quassas caput?

Charm. Cruciatur cor mi, et metuo.

Lys. Quidnam id est?

1160

THREE BOB DAY

Call. (*cordially, to them both*) May your plans have heaven's help and a happy outcome!

Charm. So my daughter is betrothed to you, I hear?

Lys. Unless you are unwilling, sir.

Charm. No, no, I'm not unwilling.

Lys. Then you do promise me your daughter?

Charm. I promise her—and a thousand pounds for a dowry.

Lys. I don't care about a dowry, sir.

Charm. (*laughing*) If you're pleased with her, you've got to be pleased with the dowry she gives you, too. In short, you shan't get what you want, unless you take what you don't want.

Call. (to *Lysiteles*) His plea is just.

Lys. (*buoyant*) He'll win his case, seeing it's defended and decided by you. (to *Charmides*) Then on those terms you promise me your daughter, sir?

Charm. I promise her.

Call. (*with a smile*) Yes, and I promise her, too.

Lys. (*rapturous*) Ah! God bless you, my dear kinsmen!

Charm. (*with sudden gravity*) And yet, by Jove, there are certain things that have made me incensed at you.

Lys. (*startled*) What have I done?

Charm. Well, you allowed my son to become a waster.

Lys. Why, sir, if that came about with my approval, you'd have reason to be incensed at me. (*sees Charmides was joking*) But, sir, let me prevail on you to do something I want.

Charm. What is it?

Lys. This, sir. If your son did act a bit foolishly, do overlook it all. Why shake your head?

Charm. (*seriously concerned*) I'm torn between distress and fear.

Lys. Why on earth is that?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Charm. Quom ille itast ut esse nolo, id crucior; metuo, si
tibi 1170
denegem quod me oras, ne te leviozem erga me
putes.
non gravabor. faciam ita ut vis.

Lys. Probus es, eo, ut illum evocem.

Charm. Miserumst, male promerita, ut merita sunt, si ulcisci
non licet.

Lys. Aperite hoc, aperite propere et Lesbonicum, si
domist,¹
evocate: ita subitost propere quod eum conventum
volo.

Lesb. Quis homo tam tumultuoso sonitu me excivit²
foras?

Lys. Benevolens tuos atque amicus.

Lesb. Satine salve? dic mihi.

Lys. Recte. tuom patrem rediisse salvom peregre
gaudeo.

Lesb. Quis id ait?

Lys. Ego.

Lesb. Tun vidisti?

Lys. Et tute item videas licet.

Lesb. O pater, pater mi, salve.

Charm. Salve multum, gnate mi. 1180

Lesb. Si quid tibi, pater, laboris—

Charm. Nihil evenit, ne time:
bene re gesta salvos redeo—si tu modo frugi esse
vis.

¹ Leo brackets following *foras*.

² Leo brackets following *subito*.

THREE BOB DAY

Charm. His being a sort I hate to have him be, that distresses me; yet I fear your thinking I hold you too lightly, if I deny your request. (*pauses*) Well, I won't be obdurate, I'll do as you wish.

Lys. Excellent, sir. I'll go and call him out. (*makes for the door of the annex*)

Charm. It's deplorable, if ill-doing can't be punished as it deserves to be.

Lys. (*knocking and shouting*) Open up here, open up at once, and call Lesbonicus out, if he's at home! I want to see him at once, it's most urgent! (*pounds again*)

ENTER *Lesbonicus* INTO THE DOORWAY, ANGRILY.

Lesb. Who's the man that made this thundering racket to get me out?

Lys. (*excitedly*) A friend of yours, and a good one!

Lesb. (*wonderingly*) All right, are you? Tell me.

Lys. Grand! And happy to have your father safe back from abroad!

Lesb. (*tempestuous*) Who says he is?

Lys. I do!

Lesb. You've seen him?

Lys. And you can see him yourself, too! (*pointing to the corner*)

Lesb. (*making a dash into Charmides' arms*) Oh father, father dear, God bless you!

Charm. (*forgetting his anger*) And you, my dear boy, and you!

Lesb. (*contritely*) If you've been made any trouble, father——

Charm. (*affectionately*) Nothing has happened, have no fears. I've prospered and I'm back, and blest indeed—if only you're ready now to show your worth.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec tibi pactast Callicli huius filia.

Lesb. Ego ducam, pater,
et eam et si quam aliam iubebis.

Charm. Quamquam tibi suscensui,
miseria una uni quidem hominist adfatim.

Gall. Immo huic parumst,
nam si pro peccatis centum ducat uxores, parumst.

Lesb. At iam posthac temperabo.

Charm. Dicis, si facies modo.

Lys. Numquid causaest quin uxorem cras domum
ducam?

*Charm.*¹ Licet.
tu in perendinum paratus sis ut ducas. ω. Plaudite.

¹ Leo brackets following *optimumst*.

THREE BÓB DAY

(*Lesbonicus clearly more than ready*) We've settled on a wife for you, the daughter of Callicles here.

Lesb. I'll marry her, father—her and anyone else you say.

Charm. (*laughing*) Angry though I was at you, one affliction for one man is really quite sufficient.

Call. (*dour*) Oh no! For *him* it's not enough. Why, if he married a hundred wives, for his sins, it's not enough.

Lesb. But from now on, sir, I keep myself in hand.

Charm. Good words, my son, to live up to.

Lys. Is there any reason why I shouldn't marry tomorrow, sir?

Charm. None at all. (*to Lesbonicus*) And you make ready for your own marriage the day after.

Stage Musician (*stepping forward*)

Give us your applause.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

TRVCLENTVS

ARGVMENTVM

Tres unam pereunt adulescentes mulierem,
Rure unus, alter urbe, peregre tertius;
Vtque ista ingenti militem tangat bolo,
Clam sibi supposuit clandestino editum.
Vi magna servos est ac trucibus moribus,
Lupae ni rapiant domini parsimoniam;
Et is tamen mollitur. miles advenit
Natique causa dat propensa munera.
Tandem compressae pater cognoscit omnia,
Vtque illam ducat qui vitiarat convenit,
Suomque is repetit a meretrice subditum.

PERSONAE

DINIARCHVS ADVLESCENS
ASTAPHIVM ANCILLA
TRVCVLENTVS SERVVS
PHRONESIVM MERETRIX
STRATOPHANES MILES
CYAMVS SERVVS
STRABAX ADVLESCENS
CALLICLES SENEX
ANCILLAE

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Three young fellows are infatuated with the same woman; one a country youth, another a city man, the third a soldier from abroad. In order to nick the soldier for something really handsome, she smuggles in a baby of secret parentage and calls it hers. There is a slave who is exceedingly rough and gruff in trying to keep his master's savings from the clutch of jades; but even he is thawed out. The soldier arrives and "his son's" birth makes him prodigiously generous. Finally the father of the outraged girl learns everything, and it is agreed that the man who ravished her shall marry her, and this man then reclaims his child from the courtesan who posed as its mother.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DINIARCHUS, *a young Athenian.*

ASTAPHIUM, *Phronesium's maid.*

TRUCULENTUS, *slave in the family of Strabax.*

PHRONESIUM, *a courtesan.*

STRATOPHANES, *a soldier.*

CYAMUS, *slave of Diniarchus.*

STRABAX, *a country youth.*

CALLICLES, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

MAIDSERVANTS, *belonging to Phronesium and Callicles.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

PROLOGVS

Perparvam partem postulat Plautus loci
de vestris magnis atque amoenis moenibus,
Athenas quo sine architectis conferat.
quid nunc? daturin estis an non? adnuont.
scio rem quidem urbis me ablaturum sine mora;
quid si de vostro quippiam orem? abnuont.
eu hercle in vobis resident mores pristini,
ad denegandum ut celeri lingua utamini.

sed hoc agamus qua huc ventumst gratia.
Athenis mutabo ita ut hoc est proscaenium
tantisper dum transigimus hanc comoediam.
hic habitat mulier, nomen cui est Phronesium;
haec huius saeculi mores in se possidet:
numquam ab amatore¹ postulat id quod
datumst,

sed relicuom dat operam ne sit relicuom,
poscendo atque auferendo, ut mos est mulierum;
nam omnes id faciunt, cum se amari intellegunt.²

ea se peperisse puerum simulat militi,
quo citius rem ab eo auerrat cum pulvisculo.
quid multa? ³

10

20

¹ Leo brackets following *suo*. ² Leo notes lacuna here.

³ Vv. 20-21 are hopelessly mutilated: *stuit superet muliere
hiscum anima ad eum habenti erce teritur*. Leo notes lacuna
following.

TRUCULENTUS

Scene :—Athens. A street in which stand the house of Phronesium and the town house of Strabax' father.

PROLOGUE

Within the precincts of your great and gracious city 'tis but a tiny tract that Plautus asks, whereto he may bring Athens without the aid of engineers. (*scans the audience*) Well now? Will you give it him or not? They nod assent. (*chuckling*) Hm! Public property is mine for the taking, I observe. Now what if I beg a grant from your private means? (*looks about*) They nod dissent. Ah, how stoutly you maintain the grand old customs, with your swift eloquence in saying "No."

But now to the matter for which we come here. This stage that you see before you I will change to Athens, at least while we present this play. Here (*pointing*) lives a woman named Phronesium. In her methods of procedure she is worthy of our times: never does she ask a lover to give her things already given, but concentrates on making all that is left him leave him, by virtue of the teasing, taking ways our ladies have. For this is what they all do, once they realise that they are loved. * * *

She leads a soldier to believe that she has born him a son, so as to save time in asweeping away his assets to the last speck.

Why say more? * * *

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Din. Non omnis aetas ad perdiscendum sat est
amanti, dum id perdiscat, quot pereat modis;
neque eam rationem eapse umquam educet
Venus,
quam penes amantum summa summarum redit,
quot amans exemplis ludificetur, quot modis
pereat quotque exoretur exorabilis:
quot illic blanditiae, quot illic iracundiae
sunt, quot supplicia danda, di vostram fidem,
hui,
quid perierandum est etiam, praeter munera: 30
primumdum merces annua, is primus bolust,
ob eam tres noctes dantur; interea loci
aut aera¹ aut vinum aut oleum aut triticum,
temptat benignusne an bonae frugi sies:
quasi in piscinam rete qui iaculum parat,
quando abiit rete pessum, adducit lineam;
si inierit rete piscis, ne effugiat cavet:
dum huc dum illuc rete circumvortit, impedit
piscis usque adeo donecum eduxit foras.
itidem si amator id quod oratur dedit 40
atque est benignus potius quam frugi bonae,²
si semel amoris poculum accepit meri
eaeque intra pectus se penetravit potio,

¹ *aut aera* Ital. : *aut ara* corrupt (Leo).

² Leo brackets following v., 42 :
adduntur noctes, interim ille hamum vorat.

TRUCULENTUS

ACT I

ENTER *Diniarchus*. HE SURVEYS *Phronesium's* HOUSE
WITH A RUEFUL AIR.

Din. (*disgustedly*) A lover can spend his whole life learning, and yet not really learn, how many means are found to wreck him. And Venus herself, the mistress of all that lovers have and are, will never teach arithmetic of this sort—how many kinds of fool a lover's made, how many means are found to wreck him, how many wheedling ways are used to wheedle him. And how many blandishments there are, how many ireful moods, how many penitential gifts! God help us! Whew! And then the lying that one's let in for, besides the presents!

First of all, the yearly fee—that's her first haul, and for that you get three nights. Meanwhile she tries you with calls for cash or wine or oil or wheat to see if you're liberal or thrifty. It's like an expert that throws his casting net in a fish pond, and, when it's gone to the bottom, tightens up the rope. He takes good care no fish he may have netted gets away. He swirls his net now here, now there, keeping the fish entangled all the time until he lands them. A lover's in the same fix—let him give what's begged for and be liberal instead of thrifty,¹ let him once drain that cup of undiluted love and feel the draught deep down

¹ v. 42: More nights are added, he meanwhile swallowing the hook.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

extemplo et ipse perit et res et fides.
 si iratum scortumst forte amatori suo,
 bis perit amator, ab re atque ab animo simul;
 sin alter altri propitiust, idem perit:
 si raras noctes ducit, ab animo perit;
 sin crebras ducit, ipse gaudet, res perit.

50

ita agitur tecum in aedibus lenosis.¹
 prius quam unum dederis, centum quae poscat
 parat:

aut perit aurum aut conscissa pallula est
 aut empta ancilla aut aliquod vasum argen-
 teum

aut vasum ahenum antiquum aut lectus
 sculptilis²

aut armariola Graeca, aut aliquid semper est
 quod praestet³ debeatque amans scorto suo.

atque haec celamus nos clam magna industria,
 quom rem fidemque nosque nosmet perdimus,
 ne qui parentes neu cognati sentiant;
 quos cum celamus si faximus conscios,
 qui nostrae aetati tempestivo temperent,
 unde anteparta demus postpartoribus,
 faxim lenonum nec⁴ scortorum plus siet
 et minus damnosorum hominum quam nunc
 sunt siet.

60

nam nunc lenonum et scortorum plus est fere,
 quam olim muscarum est cum caletur maxime.
 nam nusquam alibi si sunt, circum argentarias
 scorta et lenones qui sedent cottidie,
 ea nimia est ratio; quippe qui certo scio,
 ibi plus scortorum esse iam quam ponderum.

¹ *ita agitur tecum* Leo: *iteca in aedibus lenosis* corrupt (Leo).

² *sculptilis* Kiessling: *laptiles* corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

within him, and instantly he's lost, he and his fortune and his credit. In case the hussy chances to get angry at her lover, the lover's a double wreck, in fortune and in peace of mind together. Yet if all goes smoothly with them, he's still a wreck: having her seldom, his peace of mind is wrecked; having her often, he's happy, but his fortune wrecked.

This is how it goes in harlothauntry—before you've given her one thing she finds a hundred things to tease for: a trinket's lost or mantlet torn, or a maid has been bought, or some silver bowl, or bit of antique bronze, or a graven couch, or a Grecian jewel box, or something, always something, that the minx expects her lover to pay the bill for.

And while we're busy ruining our own fortunes, credit and lives, we take great pains to keep our doings dark and under cover, so that our parents and relatives won't somehow find them out. If only we'd confide in them and not conceal things, if we'd submit our youthful wills to their reason in season, and learn to pass on past gains to future heirs, I warrant you the pimps and harlots would be no more, and the spendthrifts fewer than they are at present. Why, now-a-days there are more pimps and harlots, almost,³ than flies in the heat of summer-time. Why, if they're nowhere else, the pimps and harlots that beset the banks each day make quite a total. It's a fact, I'm sure you'll find more harlots there than scale-weights. What

³ *praestet* Buecheler: *petra* corrupt (Leo).

⁴ *nec scortorum plus siet* Lindsay: *et scortorum plus est* corrupt (Leo).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quos quidem quam ad rem dicam in argentariis 70
referre habere, nisi pro tabulis, nescio,
ubi aera perscribantur usuraria:
accepta dico, expensa ne qui censeat.
postremo id magno in populo multis¹ homi-
nibus,
re placida atque otiosa victis hostibus:
amare oportet omnes qui quod dent habent.
nam mihi haec meretrix quae hic habet,
Phronesium,
suom nomen omne ex pectore exmovit meo,
phronesim, nam phronesis est sapientia.
nam me fuisse huic fateor summum atque
intumum,
quod amantis multo pessimum est pecuniae; 80
eadem postquam alium repperit qui plus daret,
damnosio rem meo² exinde immovit loco,
quem antehac odiosum sibi esse memorabat
mala,
Babyloniensem militem. is nunc dicitur
venturus peregre; eo nunc commenta est
dolum:
peperisse simulat esse, ut me extrudat foras
atque ut cum solo pergraecetur milite;
eum esse simulat militem puero patrem.
eum isti suppositum puerum opinor pessumae.
mihi verba retur dare se? an me censuit
celare se potesse, gravida si foret? 90
nam ego Lemno advenio Athenas nudius tertius,
legatus hinc quo cum publico imperio fui.
sed haec quidem eius Astaphium est ancillula;
cum ea quoque etiam mihi fuit commercium.

¹ multis Camerarius: mulier corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

earthly use they are at the bankers', I don't see, except to serve as account books for recording loans—loans made, that is; don't think I mean loans paid.

In short, this is how a great and teeming people occupies itself in time of peace and leisure, after its wars are won: all those that have the price must have amours.

Now here's my case—this courtesan that lives in there, (*pointing*) Phronesium, has expunged that name of hers entirely from my mind, expunged all phronesis, phronesis being wisdom. I used to hold—yes, I admit it—the highest, closest place with her, and that's the very damndest place for a lover's purse. But as soon as she found another man she could get more out of, she thereupon in-ushered him, as a better prodigal, to my seat, despite her earlier talk of how she loathed him, blast her! He's a Babylonian soldier. It's said now he's arriving from abroad; so now she has a plot all ready: she's pretending she has had a baby, so as to crowd me out and live in style with just her soldier—this soldier being the baby's father, she pretends. Huh! This baby being the slut's by proxy only, in my opinion! Does she fancy she can gull me? Did she suppose she could hide it from me, if she'd been with child? It was just the day before yesterday I got back to Athens after that mission of mine to Lemnos in charge of those state affairs. (*as Phronesium's door opens*) Ah, but there's her little maid Astaphium! I've had dealings with that young lady, too. (*withdraws*)

² *meo* Lindsay: *mihi* corrupt (Leo).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

I. 2.

Ast. Ad fores auscultate atque adservate aedis,
ne quis adventor gravior abaetat quam adveniat,
neu, qui manus attulerit steriles intro ad nos,
gravidas foras exportet. novi ego hominum
mores;

ita nunc adulescentes morati sunt: quini
aut seni adveniunt ad scorta congerrones; 100
consulta sunt consilia: quando intro ad-
venerunt,

oenus eorum aliqui osculum amicae usque oggerit,
dum illi agant ceteri cleptae;

sin vident quempiam se adservare, obludiant qui
custodem oblectent

per ioculum et ludum; de nostro saepe edunt:
quod fartores, faciunt.

fit pol hoc, et pars spectatorum scitis pol haec vos
me haud mentiri.

ibist ibus¹ pugnae et virtuti de praedonibus praedam
capere.

at ecastor nos rursum lepide referimus gratiam
furibus nostris: 110

nam ipsi vident cum eorum aggerimus bona atque
etiam ultro ipsi aggerunt ad nos.

Din. Me illis quidem haec verberat verbis.

nam ego huc bona mea degessi.

Ast. Commemini, iam pol ego eumpse ad nos, si domi
erit, mecum adducam.

Din. Heus, mane dum, Astaphium, prius quam abis.

Ast. Qui revocat?

Din. Scies: respice huc.

Ast. Quis est?

¹ *ibist ibus* Camerarius: *ibi sibis* corrupt (Leo),

TRUCULENTUS

Scene 2.

ENTER *Astaphium* INTO *Phronesium's*
DOORWAY.

Ast. (to servants within) Keep alert at the door and look after the house, so that no arrival here can slip away bearing more than he arrived with, or bring us in barren hands and carry 'em out teeming. I know the things that men are up to; here's what the young ones are up to now—in they come, five or six gay pals, to see us girls; their scheme's all settled. When they're inside, one of them contrives to keep their hostess fully employed in kissing, while all the rest attend to kleptomany. But if they see anyone observing them, they quip and crank it to beguile their guard with jokes and capers. Yes, they stuff away a lot at our expense—like so many sausage-makers! This is the God's truth, and plenty of you spectators are well aware that I'm not lying. It's a great and laudable exploit for them to loot us looters. But mercy me, we do return the favour to our thieves in nice shape! Why, we take goods of theirs while they themselves look on, and they even take them to us of their own accord.

Din. (aside) Hm! Those words of hers are a wallop for me! I've taken goods of mine to this house before now!

Ast. (answering someone within) Yes, yes, I remember, I'll soon bring him here with me, if he's at home.
(moves on)

Din. (calling) Hi there, *Astaphium*! Wait a minute. don't go yet!

Ast. (stops without turning) Who's calling me back?

Din. Look back here, and you'll find out.

Ast. (not turning) Who is it?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Din.	Vobis qui multa bona esse volt.	
Ast.		Dato, si esse vis.
Din.	Faxo erunt. respice huc modo.	
Ast.		Oh,
	enicas me miseram, quisquis es.	
Din.	Pessuma, mane.	120
Ast.	Optume, odio es.	
	Diniarchusne illic est? atque is est.	
Din.	Salva sis.	
Ast.	Et tu.	
Din.	Fer contra manum et pariter gradere.	
Ast.	Tuis servio atque audiens sum imperiis.	
Din.	Quid agis?	
Ast.	Valeo et validum teneo.	
	peregre quoniam advenis, cena detur.	
Din.	Bene dicis benigneque vocas, Astaphium.	
Ast.		Amabo,
	sine me ire, era quo iussit.	
Din.	Eas.	
	sed quid ais?	
Ast.		Quid vis?
Din.	Dic quo iter inceptas; quis est quem arcessis?	
Ast.		Archilinem 130
	¹ obstetricem.	
Din.	Mala tu femina es, oles unde es disciplinam.	
	manifesto mendaci, mala, teneo te.	
Ast.		Quid iam, amabo?
Din.	Quia te adducturam huc dixeras eumpse, non	
	eampse;	
	nunc mulier facta est iam ex viro: mala es prae-	
	strigiatrix.	
	sed tandem eloquere, quis is homost, Astaphium?	
	novos amator?	

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *tonstricem* Bergk.

TRUCULENTUS

- Din.* A man that wishes you girls all sorts of good things,
Ast. (*not turning*) If that's your wish, gratify it.
Din. I will. Only do look back here.
Ast. (*not turning*) Oh dear, you pester me to death, whoever you are. (*goes on*)
Din. Wait, you little devil!
Ast. You bore me, angel mine. (*turns*) Is that Diniarchus? Yes, it is.
Din. (*steps toward her*) Greetings!
Ast. (*indifferently, waiting for him*) And to you.
Din. Out with your hand and do some walking yourself.
Ast. (*advancing languidly*) I am your humble and obedient servant, sir.
Din. (*as they shake hands*) How are you?
Ast. Healthy, and holding the hand of a healthy man. Now you're back from abroad, a (*vaguely*) dinner party's due.
Din. (*ironical*) Pleasant thought; nice of you to invite me, Astaphium. (*still holding her hand*)
Ast. Come, my dear sir, let me go where mistress ordered.
Din. (*releasing her*) Go along. (*suddenly*) But see here!
Ast. What do you want?
Din. Tell me where you're off to? Who is it you're fetching?
Ast. Archilis the midwife.
Din. You're a sly wench, you smell of your home training. I've caught you in a lie, clear as can be, slyboots.
Ast. Why, my dear sir, how so?
Din. Well, it was "him" you said you'd bring, not "her." Now your man has turned woman. You're a sly trickstress. But come, out with it, Astaphium. Who is this fellow? Some new lover?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ast.* Nimis otiosum te arbitror hominem esse.
- Din.* Qui arbitrare?
- Ast.* Quia tuo vestimento et cibo alienis rebus curas.
- Din.* Vos mihi dedistis otium.
- Ast.* Qui, amabo?
- Din.* Ego expedibo.
rem perdididi apud vos, vos meum negotium abstulistis.
- Ast.* si rem servassem, fuit ubi negotiosus essem. 140
An tu te Veneris publicum aut Amoris alia lege habere posse postulas, quin otiosus fias?
- Din.* Illa, haud ego, habuit publicum: pervorse interpretaris;
nam advorsum legem meam ob meam scripturam pecudem cepit.
- Ast.* Plerique idem quod tu facis faciunt rei male gerentes:
ubi non est, scripturam unde dent, incusant publicanos.
- Din.* Male vertit res pecuaria mihi apud vos: nunc vicissim
volo habere aratiunculam pro copia hic apud vos.
- Ast.* Non arvos hic, sed pascuost ager: si arationes habituru's, qui arari solent, ad pueros ire meliust. 150
hunc nos habemus publicum, illi alii sunt publicani.
- Din.* Vtrosque pergnovi probe.
- Ast.* Em istoc pol tu otiosu's,
cum et illic et hic pervorsus es. sed utriscum rem esse mavis?
- Din.* Procaciores estis vos, sed illi periuriores;
illis perit quidquid datur, neque ipsis apparet quicquam:

TRUCULENTUS

Ast. I judge that you're quite a gentleman of leisure.

Din. Why do you judge that?

Ast. Because you mind other folks' affairs without charging them for your clothes and keep.

Din. You girls have given me the leisure.

Ast. And how, my dear sir?

Din. I'll illuminate. I lost my capital at your place, it's you that put me out of business. If I had saved my capital, I'd have something to do business with.

Ast. Think you can do business farming out the public lands of Venus or of Love except on the terms of becoming a man of leisure?

Din. The girl in there did the public land farming, not I: you've got things twisted. Yes, and now dead against the legal terms of my pasturage tax, she has taken my live-stock.

Ast. Most people that mismanage their affairs do as you do: when nothing's left 'em to pay their taxes, they blame the public officials.

Din. Your grazing land has turned out poorly for me: what I want you to provide me now, for a change, is a nice, inexpensive little ploughing-piece.

Ast. Ours isn't plough-land, it's pasture: if it's ploughing you must have, better go to boys for it. They're used to being ploughed. We girls do our bit with public land, but they're the real publicans.

Din. I'm well acquainted with both lots.

Ast. Ah yes, and that's just why you're a man of leisure—you went wrong in both directions. But which do you prefer to deal with?

Din. You're worse malaperts, but they're worse perjurers. Whatever you give them is sunk, and they themselves have nothing to show for it. You

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vos saltem si quid quaeritis, exhibitis et comestis.
postremo illi sunt improbi, vos nequam et gloriosae.
Ast. Male quae in nos vis, ea omnia tibi dicis, Diniarche,
et nostram et illorum vicem.

Din. Qui istuc?

Ast. Rationem dicam :
quia qui alterum incusat probri, sumpse enitere
oportet.

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tu a nobis sapiens nihil habes, nos nequam abs te
habemus.

Din. O Astaphium, haud istoc modo solita es me ante
appellare,
sed blande, cum illuc, quod apud vos nunc est, apud
me habebam.

Ast. Dum vivit, hominem noveris : ubi mortuost, quies-
cat.

te dum vivebas noveram.

Din. An me mortuom arbitrare?

Ast. Qui potis,¹ amabo, planius? qui antehac amator
summus

habitu's, nunc ad amicam venis querimoniam
deferre.

Din. Vestra hercle factum iniuria, quae properavistis
olim :

rapere otiose oportuit, diu ut essem incolumis vobis.

Ast. Amator similest oppidi hostilis.

Din. Quo argumento ?¹

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Ast. Quam primum expugnari potis,¹ tam id optimum est
amicae.

Din. Ego fateor, sed longe aliter est amicus atque
amator :

certe hercle quam veterrimus, tam homini optimust
amicus.

Ast. Si vivit.

TRUCULENTUS

girls at least, on getting something, do drink it down and eat it up. In brief, they're no good, and you're conceited good-for-nothings.

Ast. All this abuse you mean for us you're piling on yourself, Diniarchus, instead of us and them.

Din. How so?

Ast. I'll tell you how: because "he who damns another's faults had best be paragon himself." You haven't profited by us, wise boy; we have by you, despite our good-for-nothingness.

Din. (*pleadingly*) Oh Astaphium, that's not the tone you used to take with me before! How fond you were when all that's now in your hands lay in mine!

Ast. (*frigidly*) While a man's alive you know him: when he's dead, let him rest in peace. Yourself now—while you lived I knew you.

Din. Eh? D'ye suppose I'm dead?

Ast. Why, bless your soul, how could one be more so? You, the lover that once stood supreme, now come and bring your sweetheart—wails.

Din. Good Lord! That's due to your own bad tactics; you girls were in too much of a rush. More leisurely marauding was the thing, so that I should last you longer.

Ast. A lover's like a hostile city.

Din. How do you mean?

Ast. The sooner he can be stormed and sacked, the better for his girl friend.

Din. I admit that, but a friend's far different from a lover. Heavens, yes! The older a friend is, the better you find him. That's sure.

Ast. If he's alive.

¹ Leo brackets following *est*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Din.* Non hercle occidi, sunt mi etiam fundi et aedis.
Ast. Cur, obsecro, ergo ante ostium pro ignoto alienoque
 astas?
 i intro, haud alienus tu quidem es; nam ecastor
 neminem hodie
 mage amat corde atque animo suo, si quidem habes
 fundum atque aedis.
- Din.* In melle sunt linguae sitae vestrae atque orationes,
 facta atque corda in felle sunt sita atque acerbo
 aceto:
 eo dicta lingua dulcia datis, corde amara facitis.¹ 180
- Ast.* Non istaec, mea benignitas, decuit te fabulari,
 sed istos qui cum geniis suis belligerant parcipromi.
- Din.* Mala es atque eadem quae soles inlecebra.
- Ast.* Vt expectatus
 peregre advenisti, quam, obsecro, cupiebat te era
 videre.
- Din.* Quid tandem?
- Ast.* Te unum ex omnibus amat.
- Din.* Euge, fundi et aedis,
 per tempus subvenistis. sed quid ais, Astaphium?
- Ast.* Quid vis?
- Din.* Estne intus nunc Phronesium?
- Ast.* Vtut aliis, tibi quidem intus.
- Din.* Valetne?
- Ast.* Immo edepol*melius iam fore spero, te
 ubi videbit.
- Din.* Hoc nobis vitium maximumst, cum amamus tum
 hoc perimus: 190
 si illud quod volumus dicitur, palam cum mentiuntur,
 verum esse insciti credimus, ne ut iusta utamur ira.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 181:

Ast. *Amantes si qui non danunt, non didici fabulari.*²

² Corrupt (Leo): *non didici fabulare* P.

TRUCULENTUS

Din. I'm no corpse yet, by Jove! I've still got land and houses.

Ast. (*effusively*) Then why in the world do you stand in front of our door like a stranger and outsider? Do go on in; you're no outsider, not you. Why, goodness me, there's no one on earth she loves more, heart and soul, (*aside*) considering your land and houses!

Din. You girls have your tongues and talk soaked in honey; your hearts and deeds are soaked in gall and bitter vinegar. So your tongues give us words of sweetness, your hearts give us deeds of bitterness.¹

Ast. (*fondling him*) You shouldn't talk like that, you dear bountiful thing. Leave it for those penny-pinchers that war against their own well-being.

Din. (*pulling away*) You're a sly one, the same alluring piece as usual.

Ast. How we've longed for you to get back from abroad! Ah, but hasn't mistress been eager to see you!

Din. She has, eh? Why?

Ast. You're the one and only man she loves.

Din. (*aside*) Well done, land and houses! You helped out just in time! (*aloud*) But I say, Astaphium.

Ast. What do you want?

Din. Is Phronesium in now?

Ast. To you she is, whatever she is to others.

Din. Is she well?

Ast. Dear me, yes, and she'll feel still better now, I hope, when she sees you.

Din. This is our greatest weakness, this is the ruin of us lovers—if what we want to hear is told us, we swallow their barefaced lies, poor fools, and let our righteous indignation drop.

¹ v. 181: *Ast.* When lovers don't make presents, I don't know how to prattle.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ast. Heia, haud itast res.

Din. Ain tu eam me amare?

Ast. Immo unice unum.

Din. Peperisse audiui.

Ast. Ah obsecro, tace, Diniarche.

Din. Quid iam?

Ast. Horresco misera, mentio quotiens fit partionis,
ita paene nulla tibi fuit Phronesium. i intro, amabo,
vise illam. atque opperimino: iam exhibit; nam
lavabat.

Din. Quid ais tu? quae numquam fuit praegnas, qui
parere potuit?
nam equidem illi uterum, quod sciam, numquam
extumere sensi.

Ast. Celabat metuebatque te, ne tu sibi persuaderes, 200
ut abortioni operam daret puerumque ut enicaret.

Din. Tum pol isti est puero pater Babyloniensis miles,
quoius nunc ista adventum expetit.

Ast. Immo ab eo ut nuntiatumst,
iam hic adfuturum aiunt eum. nondum advenisse
miror.

Din. Ibo igitur intro?

Ast. Quippini? tam audacter quam domum ad te;
nam tu quidem edepol noster es etiam nunc,
Diniarche.

Din. Quam mox te huc recipis?

Ast. Iam hic ero: propest, profecta quo sum.

Din. Redi vero actutum. ego interim hic apud vos
opperibor.

TRUCULENTUS

Ast. Now, now, now! That's not so.

Din. So you say she loves me?

Ast. Ah yes, you're all in all to her.

Din. I heard she's had a child.

Ast. (*apparently much upset*) Oh hush, for God's sake, Diniarchus!

Din. What's wrong?

Ast. Oh poor me! I shudder every time that childbirth's mentioned! Ah, how close you came to having no Phronesium! But go on in and see her, there's a dear. You'll have to wait, though. She'll soon be out. She was just bathing.

Din. Look here, you. How could she give birth to a child she never carried? Why, she certainly never showed any plumpening, to my knowledge.

Ast. She hid it from you, fearing you'd urge her to have an abortion, and be the death of her baby boy.

Din. Then by the Lord, that baby boy's father is the Babylonian soldier whom she's waiting for now so eagerly.

Ast. Yes, and according to a message from him, they say he'll be here shortly. I wonder he hasn't arrived already.

Din. (*doubtfully*) Am I to go in, then?

Ast. (*petting him*) Of course you are—as boldly as in your own house. Why, the idea, Diniarchus! You're still one of us, even now.

Din. (*trying to hold her*) How long before you're back?

Ast. Oh, I'll be here soon: it's near by, the place I'm bound for.

Din. Be sure you hurry back. I'll be waiting here at your place, meanwhile.

[EXIT.]

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS II

Ast.

Hahahae, requievi,
quia intro abiit odium meum. 210
tandem sola sum. nunc quidem meo arbitrato
loquar libere quae volam et quae lubebit.
huic homini amanti mea era apud nos naeniam dixit
domi,
nam fundi et aedis obligatae sunt ob Amoris prae-
dium.
verum apud hunc mea era sua consilia summa
eloquitur libere,
magisque adeo ei consiliarius hic amicust quam
auxiliarius.
dum fuit, dedit; nunc nihil habet: quod habebat nos
habemus,
iste id habet quod nos habuimus. humanum facinus
factumst.
actutum fortunae solent mutari, varia vitast:
nos divitem istum meminimus atque iste pauperes
nos: 220
verterunt sese memoriae; stultus sit qui id miretur.
si eget, necessest nos pati: amavit, aequom ei
factum est.
piaculumst miserere nos hominum rei male geren-
tum.¹
meretricem sentis similem esse condecet,
quemquem hominem attigerit, profecto ei aut malum
aut damnum dare.
numquam amatoris meretricem oportet causam
noscere,

TRUCULENTUS

ACT II

Ast. (*maliciously*) Ha, ha, ha! What a relief to see that pest of mine go in! Alone at last! Now I can suit myself and say precisely what I choose and please. The poor fond thing! My mistress has sung his death dirge there at our place. His "land and houses"! They've been mortgaged to meet payments on Love's estate. Still, mistress doesn't hesitate to confide her most important plans to him, and he's really counted on more as a friend for staff duty than active service. He was lavish while he could be; now he has nothing. We have what he had, he has what we had. It's the way the world goes. Fortunes keep changing round, all in a wink, life takes such turns. We remember him as rich, and he remembers us as poor: other times, other memories; and only a fool would wonder at it. If he's gone broke, we've got to bear it: he had his love and got his dues. For us to pity men that mismanage their affairs would be a sin.¹

A courtesan ought to be like a bramble bush, and make certain that any man she touches gets stuck or stung. She never should take notice of a lover's pleas; if he gives her nothing, he's to be

¹ Vv. 224-226: A high class bawd must have good teeth, must fasten on each arrival and wheedle him along, with a heart full of ill intentions and a tongue whose words sound well.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 224-226:
*bonis esse oportet dentibus lenam probam,
adripere ut quisquis veniat blandique adloqui,
male corde consultare, bene lingua loqui.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quin, ubi nil det, pro infrequente eum mittat militia
domum.

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nec umquam erit probus quisquam amator nisi qui
rei inimicust suae.

nugae sunt nisi, modo quom dederit, dare iam
lubeat denuo;

is amatur hic apud nos, qui quod dedit id oblitust
datum.

dum habeat, dum amet; ubi nil habeat, alium
quaestum coepiat.

aequo animo, ipse si nihil habeat, aliis qui habent,
det locum.¹

at nos male agere praedicant viri solere secum,
nosque esse avaras. qui sumus? quid male nos
agimus tandem?

nam ecaster numquam satis dedit suae quisquam
amicae amator,

neque pol nos satis accepimus neque umquam ulla
satis poposcit.

240

nam quando sterilis est amator ab datis,
si negat se habere quod det, soli credimus,
nec satis accipimus, satis cum quod det non
habet:

semper datores novos oportet quaerere,
qui de thesauris integris demus danunt.
velut hic agrestis est adulescens, qui hic habet,
nimis pol mortalis lepidus nimisque probus
dator.²

sed est huic unus servos violentissimus,
qui ubi quamque nostrarum videt prope hasce
aedis adgredi,

250

¹ Leo brackets following v., 236 :
probus amator, qui relictis rebus rem perdit suam.

TRUCULENTUS

cashiered for desertion. You won't ever find a high class lover that doesn't hate his bank account. He's no use, unless he enjoys following up new gifts with newer ones. The man who's loved at our house is the one who forgets the gift that's given. He can love while he can pay; when he can't, let him try another occupation. If he can't pay, himself, he should give place to those that can, and do it gracefully.¹ Yet it's always our dreadful conduct, our greed, the men keep harping on. How ours? What dreadful conduct, pray? Why, good heavens, there was never a lover lived that provided his girl security enough, and God knows we haven't had security enough, and no girl ever asked enough. Why, when a lover's gifts run dry and he says he has nothing to give us, we accept his word alone and go without security when he has none to offer. Yes, we must always be on the look-out for new givers, that make their gifts from treasures still untouched. Just like this country lad that lives here. (*indicating the house of Strabax*) Ah, what a delightful soul he is, what a high class giver!² But he has a slave that's a perfect brute. The minute he spies any of us coming near this house, he scares us

¹ V. 236 : A high class lover's one that drops all else and then drops all his money.

² Vv. 248-249: But only last night, without his father knowing it, he jumped over the garden wall there and joined us. He's the man I want a word with.

² Leo brackets following vv., 248-249 :
*sed is clam patrem etiam hac nocte illac
 per hortum transiit ad nos. eum volo convenire.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

item ut de frumento anseres, clamore absterret
abigit;

ita est agrestis. sed fores, quidquid est futurum,
feriam.

ecquis huic tutelam ianuae gerit? ecquis intus exit?

II. 2.

Truc. Quis illic est qui tam proterve nostras aedis arietat?

Ast. Ego sum, respice ad me.

Truc. Quid ego? nonne ego videor tibi?
quid tibi ad hasce accessio aedis est prope aut
pultatio?

Ast. Salve.

Truc. Sat mihi est tuae salutis. nil moror. non
salveo?

aegrotare malim quam esse tua salute sanior.

sed volo scire, quid debetur hic tibi nostrae domi?

Ast. Comprime sis eiram.

Truc. Eam quidem hercle tu, quae solita es, comprime,
impudens, quae per ridiculum rustico suades
stuprum.

Ast. Eiram dixi: ut decepisti! dempsisti unam litteram.
nimis quidem hic truculentust.

Truc. Pergin male loqui, mulier, mihi?

Ast. Quid tibi ego male dico?

Truc. Quia enim me truncum lentum nominas.
nunc adeo, nisi abis actutum aut dicis quid quaeras
cito,

iam hercle ego hic te, mulier, quasi sus catulos
pedibus proteram.

260

¹ *Truncum lentum* = a poor dull log.

TRUCULENTUS

away with his shouting and shooing like geese from a corn bin. He's such a country bumpkin. (*approaching Strabax' house*) I'll thump on the door, though, whatever happens. (*does so, calling sweetly*) Is anyone taking charge of this door? Is anyone coming out here? (*the door opens violently; Astaphium steps aside*)

Scene 2.

ENTER *Truculentus*, RAGING.

Truc. (*rushing past her blindly*) Who's making all this ruction a-ramming our house?

Ast. (*ingratiatingly*) It's I. Do give me a look, sir.

Truc. (*unmollified*) "I," is it? Ain't I I, don't you think? What d'ye mean, coming nigh this house or knocking here?

Ast. I hope you're in good health, sir.

Truc. Got enough of your good healths. No use for 'em. Ain't I good-healthy? I'd rather be sick than heartier for any good health of yours. What's owing you here at our house—tell me that?

Ast. (*soothingly*) In a pet, my huffy dear!

Truc. In and pet your hussy yourself, drat you! You're used to it! You bold thing, getting fresh with a farmer chap and making vile advances!

Ast. I said "huffy." You artful creature! You changed the letters. (*in a low tone*) My word, but he's irascible!

Truc. (*overhearing*) Still insulting me, are you, woman?

Ast. I insulting you? How?

Truc. How? By calling me ass¹ or bull, or something. Lookye now, unless you leave here in no time, or say what you're after quick, then hanged if I don't up with my feet, woman, and stamp you like a sow does a litter of pigs.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ast. Rus merum hoc quidemst.

Truc. Pudendumst vero clurinum pecus.
advenisti huc te ostentatum, cum exornatis ossibus, 270
quia tibi suaso infecisti propudiosa pallulam? ¹

Ast. Nunc places, cum mi inclementer dicis.

Truc. Quid hoc quod te rogo?
mancupion qui accipias, gestas tecum ahenos anulos?
pignus da ni lignae haec sunt quas habes Victorias.
Ast. Ne attigas me.

Truc. Egon te tangam? ita me amabit sarculum,
ut ego me ruri amplexari mavelim patulam bovem
cumque ea noctem in stramentis pernoctare
perpetem,

quam tuas centum cenatas noctes mihi dono dari.
rus tu mi opprobras? ut nanta es hominem quem
pudeat probri!

sed quid apud nostras negoti, mulier, est aedis tibi?
quid tu huc occursas, in urbem quotienscumque
advenimus?

Ast. Mulieres volo convenire vostras.

Truc. Quas tu mulieres
mihi narras, ubi musca nulla feminast in aedibus?

Ast. Nullan istic mulier habitat?

Truc. Rus, inquam, abierunt. abi.

Ast. Quid clamas, insane?

Truc. Abire hinc ni properas grandi gradu,

¹ Leo brackets following v., 272 :
an eo bella es, quia accepisti armillas aeneas?

TRUCULENTUS

Ast. (*in a low tone*) If this isn't plain farmyard!

Truc. (*overhearing*) What's really to be abashed of is monkey stock. (*surveying her with attempted disdain*) Come here to show off, did you, with those bedizened bones, all because you've dipped that mantlet of yours in smoke-dye, strumpet? ¹

Ast. (*softly*) Now I like you, you're so nice and gruff to me.

Truc. (*weakening, almost imperceptibly*) What d'ye say to my question? (*grabbing at her hand*) Carry those brass rings about to claim property with, do you? (*eyeing her earrings*) Bet you those are wooden Victories you're wearing. (*fingers them*)

Ast. (*coyly*) Don't you touch me, sir.

Truc. (*recovering*) I touch you? So help me holy grub-hoe, I'd rather take me a broad-horned ox on the farm to cuddle, and stay beside it on the straw the whole night through, than get the gift of you for a hundred nights, freedinnered. Shaming me with the farm, eh? Huh! Haven't you hit on a man that's ashamed of such a scandal! But what's your call to come to our house, woman? What d'ye mean, running over here every time we come to town?

Ast. I want to see your women folks.

Truc. What's this talk of women-folks, when there isn't a fly—female—at our house?

Ast. No woman's living there?

Truc. Gone off to the farm, I tell you. (*almost ogling her, then bawling*) Off with you!

Ast. Why yell so, you wild man?

Truc. You stir your stumps and hustle off, or by the

¹ v. 272: Pretty, ain't you, just because you got some brass bracelets?

*
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

iam hercle ego istos fictos compositos crispas
cincinnos tuos
unguentatos usque ex cerebro exvellam.

Ast. Quanam gratia?

Truc. Quia ad foris nostras unguentis uncta es ausa
accedere

quiaque istas buccas tam belle purpurissatas habes. 290

Ast. Erubui mecastor misera propter clamorem tuum.

Truc. Itane? erubuisti? quasi vero corpori reliqueris
tuo potestatem coloris ulli capiendi, mala.

buccas rubrica, creta omne corpus intinxti tibi.
pessumae estis.

Ast. Quid est quod vobis pessumae haec male fecerint?

Truc. Scio ego plus quam tu arbitrare scire me.

Ast. Quid id obsecro
quod scias?

Truc. Erilis noster filius apud vos Strabax
ut pereat, ut eum inliciatis in malam fraudem et
probrum.

Ast. Sanus si videare, dicam: dicis contumeliam.
nemo homo hic solet perire apud nos: res perdunt
suas;

ubi res perdidere, abire hinc, si volunt, salvis
licet. 300

ego istunc non novi adulescentem vestrum.

Truc. Veron serio?

quid maceria illa ait, in horto quae est, quae in
noctes singulas

latere fit minor, qua istoc ad vos damni permensust
viam?

Ast. Nil mirum—vetus est maceria—lateres si veteres
ruunt.

Truc. Ain tu vero veteres lateres ruere? numquam edepol
mihi

TRUCULENTUS

Lord, I'll grab that hair you've got fixed up so slick and fine, all frizzled and perfumed, and yank it out away down from your brains.

Ast. What in the world for?

Truc. For having dared to come to our door all scented up with scents, (*again weakening slightly*) aye, and for having those cheeks of yours painted so pretty.

Ast. (*meltingly*) Oh dear me! Why, I merely blushed because you yelled so.

Truc. Hey? Blushed, did you? As if you'd really left room for colour on any part of you, you wicked girl. You've daubed your cheeks with red chalk and the rest of you with white clay. You're just awful creatures.

Ast. And what wicked thing have these just awful creatures done to your people?

Truc. I know more than you think I know, I do.

Ast. (*lightly*) Dear, dear! What can it be you know?

Truc. (*roaring again*) About our master's son Strabax' being lost at your house, about your leading him on into wickedness and sin and disgrace.

Ast. (*vigorously*) If I could think you sane, I'd tell you! You slander us. No man's in the habit of being lost at our house: it's their money they lose. When that's lost, they can depart in safety if they like. As for that young man of yours, I don't know him.

Truc. (*sarcastic*) The solemn truth, eh? But what's that wall saying, that garden wall that grows a brick lower each night, where he's travelled the road to ruin going over to you folks?

Ast. No wonder, when the wall's so old, that old bricks tumble off.

Truc. You got the face to say it's old bricks tumbling

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quisquam homo mortalis posthac duarum rerum
creduit,

ni ego vostra ero maiori facta denarravero.

Ast. Estne item violentus ut tu?

Truc. Non enim ille meretriculis
munerandis rem coegit, verum parsimonia
duritiaque: quae nunc ad vos clam exportantur,
pessumae;
ea vos estis exunguimini ebibitis. egone haec
mussitem?

iam quidem hercle ibo ad forum atque haec facta
narrabo seni,

neque istuc insegmenti tergo coget examen mali.

Ast. Si ecastor hic homo sinapi victitet, non censeam
tam esse tristem posse. at pol ero benevolens visust
suo.

verum ego illum, quamquam violentust, spero
inmutari pote

blandimentis, oramentis, ceteris meretriciis;

vidi equom ex indomito domitum fieri atque alias
beluas.

nunc ad eram revidebo. sed eccum odium progreditur
meum.

tristis exit. haud convenit etiam hic dum Phronesium.

II. 3.

Din. Piscis ego credo, qui usque dum vivont lavant,
minus diu lavare quam haec lavat Phronesium.
si proinde amentur, mulieres diu quam lavant,
omnes amantes balneatores sient.

TRUCULENTUS

off? By Jupiter, may no living soul ever again believe me in the two¹ big things, if I don't set old master right about your goings on.

Ast. (*sweetly*) Is he the same ferocious sort you are?

Truc. Master? Huh! It wasn't by treating little trollops he laid up his money; it came of thrift and hard living—and now it's being smuggled off to your place, you awful creatures. That's what you gorge on and grease yourselves and guzzle on. And me keep it mum? Dashed if I don't off to the forum this minute, and let the old man hear these doings—I won't have my hide sprouting a mess of trouble I didn't go a-sowing.

Ast. Mercy me, I wouldn't think the man could be so snappish, if he lived on mustard. He certainly seemed a good friend to his master, though. (*after reflection*) Oh well, ferocious or not, I have my hopes that our alluring ways and wheedlements and the rest of our little arts can make a changed man of him. I've seen untamed horses tamed, yes, and other beasts. (*turning toward her house*) Now to see mistress again. (*the door opens*) Ah, but there's my pest appearing. He comes out glum. No meeting with Phronesium even yet. [EXIT.

Scene 3. ENTER *Diniarchus*, NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE.

Din. Even fish, that spend their whole lives bathing, don't bathe as long, I do believe, as this Phronesium here. If women would let you love 'em the length of time their baths last, lovers would all turn bathmen.

¹ Possibly things divine and human; possibly a corruption of *divinarum*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ast. Non quis parumper durare opperirier?
Din. Quin hercle lassus iam sum durando miser:
 mihi quoque prae lassitudine opus est ut lavem.
 sed obsecro hercle, Astaphium, i intro ac
 nuntia
 me adesse, ut properet suade, iam ut satis
 laverit.

330

Ast. Licet.

Din. Audin etiam?

Ast. Quid vis?

Din. Di me perduint,
 qui te revocavi. non tibi dicebam "i" modo?
Ast. Quidnam revocabas? improbu's nihilique
 homo:

Din. tute tibi mille passum peperisti moram.
 Sed quid haec hic autem tam diu ante aedis
 stetit?

nescio quem praestolata est; credo, militem.
 illum student iam; quasi volturii triduo
 prius praedivinant, quo die esuri sient:
 illum inhiant omnes, illi est animus omnibus;
 me nemo magis respiciet, ubi is ¹ huc venerit,
 quasi abhinc ducentos annos fuerim mortuos.
 ut rem servare suave est! vae misero mihi,
 post factum flector, qui antepartum perdidi.
 verum nunc si qua mi obtigerit hereditas
 magna atque luculenta, nunc postquam scio
 dulce atque amarum quid sit ex pecunia,
 ita ego illam edepol servem itaque parce victi-
 tem,

340

ut—nulla faxim cis dies paucos siet;
 ego istos, qui nunc me culpant, confutaverim.

¹ Leo brackets following *est*.

TRUCULENTUS

Ast. Can't you stand a little waiting?

Din. Good Lord! I'm tired to death already standing it. I need a bath too, I'm so tired. But for God's sake, Astaphium, go in and report I'm here. Persuade her to hurry up and agree she's bathed enough now.

Ast. Very well. (*going*)

Din. Yes, and—do you hear?

Ast. (*coming back*) What do you want?

Din. (*forgetting*) Damn it all, why did I call you back? Didn't I just now tell you "Go"?

Ast. Then why on earth did you call me back? You're a poor useless being: all you've produced for yourself is a mile's delay.

Din. (*pacing about*) But I wonder why she stood out in front here so long, though? On the watch for some one—the soldier, I daresay. It's him they're after now; they're the same as vultures, prognosticating the date of their next meal three days beforehand. It's him they're all gaping for, all their heads are full of him. When he gets here no one will pay me any more attention than if I'd been dead and gone two hundred years ago. Ah, the comfort of holding on to your cash! It's awful, damn it, this coming too late, when I've lost the family fortune! (*resolutely*) But now if I could only drop into some big handsome legacy, now that I know the sweet and bitter things that money brings you, ye gods, I'd hold on to it so and live so frugally that—(*with a wavering glance at Phronesium's house*) inside a few days I'd have it entirely spent! Those that criticize me now—how I'd confute 'em! (*a noise at Phronesium's doorway*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed aestuosas sentio aperiri fores,
quae absorbent quidquid venit intra pessulos.

350

II. 4.

Phron. Num tibi nam, amabo, ianua est mordax mea,
quo intro ire metuas, mea voluptas?

Din. Ver vide,
ut tota floret, ut olet, ut nitide nitet.

Phron. Quid tam inficetu's, Lemno adveniens qui tuae
non des amicae, Diniarche, savium?

Din. Vah, vapulo hercle ego nunc, atque adeo male.

Phron. Quo te avortisti?

Din. Salva sis, Phronesium.

Phron. Salve. hicine hodie cenas, salvos cum advenis?

Din. Promisi.

Phron. Vbi cenabis?

Din. Vbi tu iusseris.

360

Phron. Hic me lubente facies.

Din. Edepol me magis.

nempe tu eris hodie mecum, mea Phronesium?

Phron. Velim, si fieri possit.

Din. Cedo soleas mihi,
properate, auferte mensam.

Phron. Amabo, sanun es?

Din. Non edepol bibere possum iam, ita animo malest.

Phron. Mane, aliquid fiet, ne abi.

TRUCULENTUS

But there! There goes that seething door that gulps down anything that comes within its bolts!
(retires a bit)

Scene 4. ENTER *Phronesium*, ATTENDED BY MAIDS.

Diniarchus GLANCES AT HER, THEN LOOKS ELSEWHERE.

Phron. (seeing him, tenderly) Why, bless your heart, you don't think my door will bite you, darling, that you're afraid to enter?

Din. (aside, unwillingly rapturous) Behold her! Sweet spring, all flowering and fragrant, agleam and aglow!

Phron. Well, *Diniarchus*, why are you so unmannerly as to arrive from *Lemnos* and not give your sweetheart a loving kiss?

Din. (risking another quick glance) Oh, Lord help me! I'm in for a beating now, and a bad one, too!

Phron. Turned away? Where to?

Din. (stiffly) Good morning to you, *Phronesium*.

Phron. And to you. Won't you dine with us to-day, now that you're safely back?

Din. (struggling) I'm engaged.

Phron. (pathetically) Where are you dining?

Din. (succumbing) Wherever you say!

Phron. Here, if you want to please me.

Din. And please me more! You mean you'll stay with me to-day, *Phronesium* dear?

Phron. I'd like to, if I only could.

Din. (as if to dining room attendants, wildly) Here with my sandals! Quick! Remove the table!

Phron. (alarmed) My dear man! Are you sane?

Din. (staggering away) Drink I cannot now, God help me, I feel so faint!

Phron. Wait! We'll find some way! Don't go!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Din.* Ah, aspersisti aquam.
iam rediit animus. deme soleas, cedo bibam.
- Phron.* Idem es mecastor qui soles. sed dic mihi,
benene ambulatumst?
- Din.* Huc quidem hercle ad te bene,
quia tui videndi copia est.
- Phron.* Complectere. 370
- Din.* Lubens. heia, hoc est melle dulci dulcius.
hoc tuis fortunis, Iuppiter, praestant meae.
- Phron.* Dan saviū?
- Din.* Immo vel decem.
- Phron.* Em istoc pauper es:
semper plus pollicere quam ego abs te postulo.
- Din.* Vtinam a principio rei item parsisses meae
ut nunc reparcis saviis.
- Phron.* Si quid tibi
compendi facere possim, factum edepol velim.
- Din.* Iam lauta es?
- Phron.* Iam pol mihi quidem atque oculis meis.
num tibi sordere videor?
- Din.* Non pol mihi quidem;
verum tempestas, memini, quondam etiam fuit, 380
cum inter nos sordebamus alter de altero.
sed quid ego facinus audiui adveniens tuom,
quod tu hic me absente novi negoti gesseris?
- Phron.* Quid id est?
- Din.* Primumdum, cum tu es aucta liberis
cumque bene provenisti salva, gaudeo.

TRUCULENTUS

- Din.* (*emerging*) Ah! Those words are a dash of water! Now I feel revived! (*to imaginary slaves*) Off with my sandals, give me a drink! (*returns to her jauntily*)
- Phron.* (*smiling, relieved*) Up to your same old tricks, bless you! But tell me, did you have a good trip?
- Din.* A good one it surely was that brought me here and gave me the sight of you!
- Phron.* (*meltingly*) Take me in your arms.
- Din.* (*doing so with fervour*) Gladly! Ah-h-h! This is sweeter than sweet honey! This, oh Jupiter, is where thy lot falls short of mine!
- Phron.* Can't I have a kiss, a kiss?
- Din.* Yes, and make it ten! (*begins*)
- Phron.* (*gaily closing the account*) There! That's why you're poor: you persist in proffering more than I plead for.
- Din.* I only wish you had been as sparing of my purse in the first place as you are of kisses now.
- Phron.* If I could possibly save you anything, oh, I wish I could!
- Din.* (*surveying her appreciatively*) Spick and span at last, eh?
- Phron.* Oh yes, at last—to my own mind and eyes, anyhow. I don't look dirty to you, do I?
- Din.* Oh no—not to me, anyhow. Still, there was a time, though, in the old days, I remember, when we thought each other rather dirty. But what are these antics of yours I hear of on arriving, this new enterprise you've engaged in during my absence?
- Phron.* Why, what do you mean?
- Din.* (*sarcastic*) Well, first of all, congratulations on increasing your family and pulling through safe and sound.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phron. Concedite hinc vos intro atque operite ostium.
tu nunc superstes solus sermoni meo es.
tibi mea consilia summa semper credidi.
equidem neque peperī puerum neque praegnas fui;
verum adsimulavi me esse praegnatem: haud nego. 390

Din. Quem propter, o mea vita?

Phron. Propter militem
Babyloniensem, qui quasi uxorem sibi
me habebat anno, dum hic fuit.

Din. Ego senseram.

sed quid istuc? cui rei te adsimulare retulit?

Phron. Vt esset aliquis laqueus et redimiculum,
reversionem ut ad me faceret denuo.
nunc huc remisit nuper ad me epistulam,
sese experturum quanti sese penderem:
si quod peperissem id non necarem ac tollerem,
bona sua med habiturum omnia.¹

Din. Ausculto lubens. 400

quid denique agitis?

Phron. Mater ancillas iubet,
quoniam iam decimus mensis adventat prope,
aliam aliorum ire, praemandare et quaerere
puerum aut puellam, qui supponatur mihi.
quid multa verba faciam? tonstricem Suram
novisti nostram, quae mercedem sese habet? ²

Din. Novi.

Phron. Haec ut opera circumit, per familias,
puerum vestigat; clanculum ad me detulit,
datum sibi esse dixit.

Din. O mercis malae.
eum nunc non illa peperit, quae peperit prior, 410
sed tu posterior.

¹ Leo brackets following *esse*.

² Corrupt (Leo): *mercede sese alit* Bugge.

TRUCULENTUS

Phron. (to her maids) Step inside, girls, and shut the door.
(to *Diniarchus*, after they have gone) Now we're all alone; no one's about but you to hear me. (*fondly*) And you're the man I've always trusted my most important plans to. (*coming closer*) The fact is, I've neither born a baby nor been with child; but I pretended to be. I don't deny that.

Din. Oh, my precious one! Because of whom?

Phron. That Babylonian soldier, who kept me like a wife the year he was here.

Din. I had guessed as much. But why did you do it? What return could such pretending reap you?

Phron. I wanted some noose to retrieve him with, some little love-knot to renew his interest. And now he just recently sent me back a letter saying he intends to test how much I think of him: if I let this child of ours live and brought it up, I was to have everything he owns.

Din. This is thrilling. And what is your plan?

Phron. Mother told the maids, now the tenth month's almost on us, to go looking here and there and bespeak some baby, boy or girl, that I could palm off as mine. But to cut it short—you know our hairdresser Syra that keeps herself by working for hire?

Din. I know her.

Phron. Well, with her jobs taking her among different families, a baby boy's tracked down; she brought him to me on the sly, saying he'd been given her.

Din. Ah, some wicked work! It seems this boy wasn't born of the mother that bore him first, but of you in a second birth.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phron. Ordine omnem rem tenes.
nunc ut praemisit nuntium miles mihi,
non multo post hic aderit.

Din. Nunc tu te interim
quasi pro puerpera hic procuras?

Phron. Quippini,
ubi sine labore res geri pulcre potest?
ad suum quemque aequum est quaestum esse calli-
dum.

Din. Quid me futurum est, quando miles venerit?
relictusne abs te vivam?

Phron. Vbi illud quod volo habebō ab illo, facile inveniam quo modo divortium et discordiam inter nos parem: post id ego ¹ tecum, mea voluptas, usque ero assiduo.

Din. Immo hercle vero accubuo mavelim.

Phron. ² Dis hodie sacrificare pro puero volo,
quinto die quod fieri oportet.

<i>Din.</i>	<i>Censeo.</i>
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100	100

Phron. Non audes aliquid mihi dare munusculum?

Din. Lucrum hercle videor facere mi, voluptas mea,
ubi quippiam me poscis.

Phron. At ego, ubi abstuli.

Din. Iam faxo hic aderit. servolum huc mittam meum.

Phron. Sic facito.

Din. Quidquid attulerit, boni consulas.

Phron. Ecce tu munus te curaturum scio,
ut cuius me non paeniteat mittatur mihi.

Din. Num quippiam aliud me vis?

¹ Leo brackets following *totum*.

² Leo brackets preceding *quin*.

TRUCULENTUS

- Phron.* You have the facts in hand. And now, according to advance word from my soldier, it won't be long before he's here.
- Din.* You meanwhile looking after yourself as if you'd just been brought to bed?
- Phron.* Why not, when it can all be done so beautifully and unlaboriously? Everyone ought to know the tricks of his trade.
- Din.* What's to happen to me when the soldier comes? Can I live, deprived of you?
- Phron.* After I've got what I want from him, I'll easily find some way of dissolving our happy home in discord. Then after that, my dearest one, you'll always have me for evermore beside you.
- Din.* (*embracing her*) Ah, but what I really want is to have you bedside me!
- Phron.* (*laughing*) Well, now I must offer sacrifice in behalf of my baby. That's the proper thing to do on the fifth day.
- Din.* Right you are.
- Phron.* (*snuggling closer*) You wouldn't like to make me some tiny present?
- Din.* Oh, my dearest one, I feel enriched when you ask me for anything!
- Phron.* (*with a disarming smile*) That's how I feel when I've got it.
- Din.* I'll see it's here at once. I'll send my slave lad over.
- Phron.* That's a good idea.
- Din.* Whatever he brings, do think well of it.
- Phron.* Tut, tut! I know you'll make sure that any present of yours is one I won't be sorry to have sent me.
- Din.* There's nothing more you want of me?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phron.

Vt quando otium

tibi sit ad me revisas, et valeas.

Din.

Vale.

pro di immortales, non amantis mulieris,
sed sociae unanimantis, fidentis fuit
officium facere quod modo haec fecit mihi,
suppositionem pueri quae mihi credidit,
germanae quod sorori non credit soror.
ostendit sese iam mihi medullitus:

scio mi infidelem numquam, dum vivat, fore. 440

egone illam ut non amem? egone illi ut non bene
velim?

me potius non amabo quam huic desit amor.
ego isti non munus mittam? iam ¹ modo ex hoc
loco

iubebo ad istam quinque deferri minas,
praeterea obsonari una dumtaxat mina.
multo illi potius bene erit quae bene volt
mihi,
quam mihi, qui mihimet omnia facio mala.

II. 5.

Phron.

Puero isti date mammam. ut miserae
matres sollicitaeque ex animo sumus cruciamurque! 450
edepol commentum male, cumque eam rem in corde
agito,
nimio—minus perhibemur malae quam sumus
ingenio.

ego prima de me, domo docta, dico.
quanta est cura in animo, quantum corde capio
dolorem—dolus ne occidat morte pueri:

¹ Corrupt (Leo): iam ego Leo.

TRUCULENTUS

Phron. (*with a final caress*) Only to come over and see me when you find time, and take care of yourself.

[EXIT INTO HER HOUSE.]

Din. And you! (*in transports*) Ye immortal gods! She's more than my loving girl, she's my mutual-hearted, trustful little pal to treat me as she treated me just now and confide the substitution of that child to me, a thing no sister would confide to her own sister. Now she has opened up her very inmost thoughts to me. She'll never in all her life be faithless with me, I know that. Ah, and I, shouldn't I love her? Shouldn't I wish her everything that's good? I'll cease to love myself rather than fail in love for her. I not send her some present? I'll go this very instant and have twenty-five pounds brought over to her, yes, and at least another fiver's worth of edibles. I'd rather make things nice for a girl so nice to me, lots more than for myself that do myself nothing but damage.

[EXIT.]

Scene 5. ENTER *Phronesium*, IN NEGLIGÉE, ATTENDED BY MAIDS WHO PLACE A COUCH IN THE DOORWAY AND SPREAD IT.

Phron. (*to those within*) Girls, nurse that baby. (*with mock plaintiveness*) Ah, the strain that's put on us poor mothers, the torments we endure! (*as if repentant*) Dear, dear! This is a wicked trick, and when I stop to think it over, there's very much—(*merrily*) less wickedness scored up against us girls than we have in us. I speak for myself first and I'm a natural adept, I am. (*tristful again*) What anxiety of mind, what agony of heart I feel, for fear my little man may die and—kill off my little manoeuvre!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

mater dicta quod sum, eo magis studeo vitae;
quae ausa hunc sum, tantundem dolum nunc
adgrediar.

lucri causa avara probrum sum exsecuta,
alienos dolores mihi suppositi;
sed nullam rem oportet dolose adgredi,
nisi astu totam accurateque exsequare.

460

vosmet iam videtis, ut ornata incedo:

puerperio ego nunc me esse aegram adsimulo.
male quod mulier facere incepit, nisi id efficere
perpetrat,

id illi morbo, id illi senio, ea illi miserae miseriast;
bene si facere incepit, eius rei nimis cito odium
percipit.

nimis quam paucae sunt defessae, male quae facere
occeperunt,

nimisque paucae efficiunt, si quid facere occeperunt
bene:

mulieri nimio male facere levius onus est quam
bene.

470

ego quod mala sum, matris opera mala sum et meapte
malitia,

quae me gravidam esse adsimulavi militi Babylonio:
eam nunc malitiam accuratam miles inveniat volo.

is hic haud multo post, credo, aderit; nunc prius
praecaveo sciens

sumque ornata ita ut aegra videar, quasi puerperio
cubem.

date mi huc stactam atque ignem in aram, ut
venerem Lucinam meam.

hic apponite atque abite ab oculis. eho, Pithecium,
face ut accumbam, accede, adiuta. em sic decet
puerperam.

TRUCULENTUS

Being called a mother, I'm the more concerned to make things live; having dared this trick, I must do as much to complete it. (*seemingly penitent again*) It's shocking, what my avid love of gain has led me into—this taking on the throes of others as my own; (*cheerily*) but then, an underhand game shouldn't be played at all, unless one plays it through, smoothly and systematically, (*assuming an air of langour*) Now you yourselves see me—this get-up I step forth in: it intimates that I'm still drooping from that childbirth. (*ingenuous*) When it's something bad a woman sets about, if she doesn't keep at it and complete it, she feels all run down, all dragged out, feels awfully poorly, poor thing. If she sets about something good, how quickly she does detest it! Very very few of us ladies ever weary of an evil undertaking, and very very few of us stick by a good one long. Doing wrong is really much less burdensome than doing right, for a woman. (*gravely*) As for my own badness, it comes of mother's bad training and (*lightly*) being somewhat baddish myself—what with my pretending to the Babylonian soldier that I was going with child. But now I want my soldier man to find that my baddishness has system.

He'll be here presently, I fancy; I'm already primed and prepared for him with this effective invalid costume and the lying-in look it gives me. (*calling*) Girls, let me have some myrrh and lay a fire on the altar—I must do homage to my Lucina. (*much bustling, as the maids obey these and later orders*) Yes, set it here, and get out of sight. (*sways toward the couch*) And oh, Pithecium! Get me stretched out, step here, assist me! (*comfortably*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

soleas mihi deduce, pallium inice in me huc,
Archilis.

ubi es, Astaphium? fer huc verbenam mi intus et
bellaria.

480

date aquam manibus. nunc ecce adveniat miles
velim.

II. 6.

Strat. Ne expectetis, spectatores, meas pugnas dum
praedicem:

manibus duella praedicare soleo, haud in sermonibus.
scio ego multos memoravisse milites mendacium:
et Homeronida et postilla mille memorari pote,
qui et convicti et condemnati falsis de pugnis sient.
non laudandus cui plus credit qui audit quam ille
qui videt:¹

pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem;
qui audiunt audita dicunt, qui vident plane sciunt. 490
non placet quem scurrae laudant, manipularis
mussitant,

neque illi quorum lingua gladiatorum aciem prae-
stringit domi.

strenui nimio plus presunt populo quam arguti et
cati:

facile sibi facunditatem virtus argutam invenit,
sine virtute argutum civem mihi habeam pro prae-
fica,

quae alios conlaudat, eapse sese vero non potest.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 488:

non placet quem illi plus laudant qui audiunt, quam qui vident.

TRUCULENTUS

placed) There! That's the way to treat a new mother. And Archilis! Take off my sandals and throw a coverlet over me, here! Astaphium! Where are you? Bring me out some verbenā and goodies for my sickroom. (*everything arranged, the maids, except Astaphium, go inside*) Ah-h! Now let my soldier boy appear!

Scene 6. ENTER *Stratophanes*, STRUTTING MIGHTILY,
FOLLOWED BY AN ORDERLY WITH TWO SLAVE GIRLS.

Strat. (*halting the parade; loftily*) Spectators, expect ye not from me announcement of my deeds of arms: 'tis with my hands, not with my tongue, that I am wont to announce my martial exploits. I know that many military men have been mendacious: one could mention Homeronides¹ and a thousand more who have been convicted and condemned for battles falsely fought. No praise belongs to him whose feats convince the hearer more than the observer.² One sharp-eyed witness outranks ten keen-eared. Hearers tell of what they hear, observers really know. I like not your warrior that gets applause from city fops and mutterings from his men, nor those whose tongues make blunt the edge of swords at home. Ah, 'tis men of action that avail a race far more than fluent, clever chaps. Valour easily finds its eloquence, its fluency. But lacking valour, your fluent citizen, methinks, is naught but female hired to mourn, loud in praise of others and fitly dumb about herself. (*giving his cloak a rakish hitch*) Ah

¹ *Homeronida* a fictitious name.

² v. 488: I like not him who wins more praise from hearers than observers.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nunc ad amicam decimo mense post Athenas
Atticas

viso, quam gravidam hic reliqui meo compressu,
quid ea agat.

Phron. Vide quis loquitur tam propinque.

Ast. Miles, mea Phronesium,
tibi adest Stratophanes. nunc tibi opust, aegram
ut te adsimules.

Phron. Tace.

cui adhuc ego tam mala eram monetrix, me maleficio
vinceres?

Strat. Peperit, mulier, ut ego opinor.

Ast. Vin adeam ad hominem?

Phron. Volo.

Strat. Euge, Astaphium eccam it mi advorsum.

Ast. Salve ecastor, Stratophanes.

¹ salvom te—

Strat. Scio. sed peperitne, opsecro, Phronesium?

Ast. Peperit puerum nimium lepidum.

Strat. Ehem, ecquid mei similest?

Ast. Rogas?

quin ubi natust machaeram et clupeum poscebat
sibi?

Strat. Meus est, scio iam de argumentis.

Ast. Nimium tui similest.

Strat. Papae,
iam magnust? iamne iit ad legionem? ecquae spolia
rettulit?

Ast. Heia, nudius quintus natus ille quidem est.

Strat. Quid postea?
inter tot dies quidem hercle iam aliquid actum
oportuit.

¹ Leo brackets preceding *venire*.

TRUCULENTUS

well, back I come to Attic Athens after ten months' absence, to see my mistress and learn how she fares, left here, as she was, big with child from my embrace. (*inspects himself and his retinue*)

Phron. (*in a low tone to Astaphium*) See who it is that's talking so near by.

Ast. (*looking*) It's your soldier Stratophanes, ma'am, he's come! Now's the time to pretend you're a poor sick woman.

Phron. Tush, tush! A girl to whom I've been such a bad art teacheress, all this while, are you now more artful than I am?

Strat. (*inspection finished*) She has had her child, no doubt. (*turns toward Phronesium's house*)

Ast. (*aside to Phronesium*) Shall I go up to him, ma'am?

Phron. Yes.

Strat. (*as she approaches*) Aha! Excellent! Here comes Astaphium to meet me.

Ast. (*delightedly*) Ah, Stratophanes, sir! Ah, to see you safely——

Strat. (*magnanimous*) I know, I know. But tell me, Phronesium has had her child?

Ast. Yes, sir, a boy, and what a wonder boy!

Strat. Oho! Resembles me somewhat, does he?

Ast. Do you ask that, sir—and he clamouring for blade and buckler the instant he was born?

Strat. (*much gratified*) My son, indeed! Such evidence is final.

Ast. He's the very image of you, sir.

Strat. Heigh ho! Already a strapper, eh? Already joined the army, has he? Brought back some booty yet?

Ast. Oh, I say, sir! He's only five days old.

Strat. And what of that? Zounds! Within so many days some valiant deed could really be expected.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quid illi ex utero exitiost prius quam poterat ire in proelium?

Ast. Consequere atque illam saluta et gratulare illi.

Strat. Sequor.

Phron. Vbi illa, obsecro, est quae me hic reliquit, eapse abiit? ubist?

Ast. Adsum, adduco tibi exoptatum Stratophanem.

Phron. Vbi is est, obsecro?

Strat. Mars peregre adveniens salutat Nerienem uxorem suam.

quom tu recte provenisti quomque es aucta liberis, gratulor, quom mihi tibiue magnum peperisti decus.

Phron. Salve, qui me interfecisti paene vita et lumine quique mihi magni doloris per voluptatem tuam condidisti in corpus, quo nunc etiam morbo misera sum.

520

Strat. Heia, haud ab re, mea voluptas, tibi istic obvenit labos:

filium peperisti, qui aedis spoliis opplebit tuas.

Phron. Multo ecastor magis oppletis tritici opust granariis, ne, ille prius quam spolia capiat, hic nos extinxit fames.

Strat. Habe bonum animum.

Phron. Savium pete hinc sis. ah, nequeo caput tollere, ita dolet itaque aegre moveo¹ neque etiam queo pedibus mea sponte ambulare.

Strat. Si hercle me ex medio mari

¹ *aegre moveo* Seyffert: *ego medulo* corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

What business had he faring from the womb ere he could take the field?

Ast. Do come along, sir, and greet her and offer her congratulations.

Strat. (*following*) I come.

Phron. (*faintly*) Oh dear, oh dear! Where is that girl that left me here and went away herself? Where is she?

Ast. Beside you, ma'am, and bringing you the Strato-phanes you've yearned for.

Phron. Where is he, oh, where is he?

Strat. (*transcendental*) Mars, arriving from abroad, doth greet his spouse, his Neriene. Congratulations on recovering thus finely, on adding to the family, and on contributing to me, and to yourself, a real distinction.

Phron. (*with resentment sufficiently fond*) And welcome to you that almost ended life and the light of day for me, you that for your own gratification packed my poor body with the anguish that still leaves me racked and wretched.

Strat. Tut, tut, my darling, that labour will prove for you no labour lost! A son you've borne, one who will stock your house with booty.

Phron. Ah yes, but there's much more need of our store-rooms being stocked with wheat, or before he gets his booty our whole household will expire of hunger.

Strat. Have no fear.

Phron. (*sighing*) Kiss me—please come here and get it. Ah! I can't lift my head, it pains so, it hurts so to move, and I haven't the strength to walk alone yet.

Strat. (*accepts the invitation; Phronesium does sufficiently thorough work*) By heaven, if you summoned me from

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

savium petere tuom iubeas, petere hau pigeat,¹ mel
meum.

id ita esse experta es: nunc experiere, mea
Phronesium,

me te amare. adduxi ancillas tibi eccas ex Suria
duas,

is te dono. adduce hoc tu istas. sed istae reginae
domi

suae fuerunt ambae, earum patriam ego excidi
manu.

his te dono.

Phron.

Paenitetne te quot ancillas alam,
quin examen super adducas, quae mihi comedint
cibum?

Strat.

Hoc quidem herclest ingratum donum. cedo tu mi
istam purpuram.

mea voluptas, attuli eccam pallulam ex Phrygia tibi.
tene tibi.

Phron.

Hocine mi ob labores tantos tantillum dari?

Strat.

Perii hercle ego miser. iam mi auro contra
constat filius:

etiam nihili² pendit addi purpuram. ex Arabia
tibi

attuli tus, Ponto amomum. tene tibi, voluptas mea.

Phron.

Accipe hoc, Astaphium, abduce hasce hinc e con-
spectu Suras.

Strat.

Ecquid amas me?

Phron.

Nihil ecastor, neque meres.

¹ Leo brackets following *me*.

² *nihili* Ital.: *addi* Lindsay: *etiam num mali pendit*
addit corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

the midst of the sea to get a kiss of yours, get it I would, and gladly, my sweet, sweet girl. You have had proof that this is so: and now, my own Phronesium, for proof that you have won my love. (*with a grand gesture toward his retinue*) Look! I have brought you these two servant maids from Syria. I present you with them. (*to his orderly, Phronesium indifferent*) Bring the wenches here, my man. (*Phronesium still indifferent*) But both of them were princesses in their native land, before I laid it waste with this right arm. I present you with them.

Phron. (*nearly*) Aren't you satisfied with the many maids I feed, without bringing in another swarm to eat me out of house and home?

Strat. (*aside*) Hm! This present seems unwelcome. (*to orderly*) Come, you, hand me that purple cloak. (*holding it out to Phronesium*) Look, my darling, here is a mantelet for you from Phrygia. Take it, it is yours. (*Phronesium unresponsive, he lays it on the couch*)

Phron. A little gift like this for all those pains?

Strat. (*aside*) Ye gods, but this is awful, dreadful! That son of mine is standing me his weight in gold already. Even the addition of that purple cloak made no impression. (*aloud, having other gifts fruitlessly displayed and placed on the couch*) And here is incense for you from Arabia, Pontic balsam. Yours, all yours, my darling.

Phron. Take the stuff, Astaphium, and take off those Syrian creatures somewhere out of sight. (*Astaphium obeys and returns*)

Strat. (*nearly pathetic*) Have you no love for me?

Phron. No, sir, not a bit, and you deserve none.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Strat.

Nilne huic sat est?
ne bonum verbum quidem unum dixit. viginti
minis
venire illaec posse credo dona quae ei dono dedi.
vehementer nunc mi est irata, sentio atque in-
tellego;
verum abibo. quid ais? nunc tu num nevis me,
voluptas mea,
quo vocatus sum ire ad cenam? mox huc cubitum
venero.
quid taces? planissume edepol perii. sed quid illuc
novi est?
quis hic homost, qui ducit pompam tantam?
certumst quo ferant
observare. huic credo fertur. verum iam scibo
magis.

550

II. 7.

Cyam.

Ite ite hac simul, mulieri damnigeruli,
foras egerones, bonorum exagogae.
satin, si quis amat, nequit quin nihili sit atque imp-
probis se artibus expoliat?
nam hoc qui sciam, ne quis id quaerat ex me,
domist qui facit improba facta amator,
qui bona sua pro stercore habet, foras iubet
ferri, metuit
ne apud nos non mundissimum sit;
puras sibi esse volt aedis: domi quidquid
habet, eicitur ἐξω.
quandoquidem ipse perditum se it, secreto hercle
equidem eum adiutabo,
neque mea quidem opera umquam hilo minus pro-
pere quam pote peribit.
nam iam de hoc obsonio de mina deminui una modo

560

TRUCULENTUS

Strat. (*aside*) Is nothing enough for her? Not even one kind word has she said to me. Why, I do believe those gifts I gave her would sell for a hundred pounds. She's in an awful rage at me now, that's plain, that's unmistakable. Well, I'll be off. (*to Phronesium, humbly*) I say, my darling, you wouldn't mind now if I went to a dinner party I've been asked to? I'll be back later for the night. (*pauses*) Why don't you speak? (*aside, going*) Damnation! It's perfectly clear I'm done for! (*looking down the street*) But that's odd! What is it? Who's the man with such a train in tow? I'll watch where that stuff's going, I certainly will. I do believe it goes to her! I'll soon know more, though. (*halts, with his orderly, at a distance*)

Scene 7. ENTER *Cyamus*, FOLLOWED BY SLAVES LADEN WITH PROVISIONS.

Cyam. (*to slaves, roughly*) Come, come along with you, this way, you wreckus-porters for a wench, you lugitouters, you export-wares-men! (*to audience, disgustedly*) Can't a chap in love keep from being a worthless booby, a finished student of all that's vile? Just to save anyone's asking me how I know this, we've got a lover at home, and the vile things he does do! He takes his own property for dung, has it carried off outside, dreads our being the least bit defiled by it. He wants his house to be pure—so all he has in it is tossed *dehors*. Seeing he means to go to smash, I'll certainly give him a little unobtrusive (*grinning*) help, by Jove, and never do the slightest thing to prevent his making the fastest possible progress to his—finish. Now out of this five quid catering account (*with a wave toward*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quinque nummos: mihi detraxi partem Her-
culaneam.

nam hoc adsimile est quasi de fluvio qui aquam
derivat sibi:

nisi derivetur, tamen omnis ea aqua abeat in mare;
nam hoc in mare abit misereque perit sine bona
omni gratia.

haec cum video fieri, suffuror suppilo,
de praeda praedam capio.

meretricem ego item esse reor, mare ut est:
quod des devorat nec datis umquam abundat.

hoc saltem: rem servat nec ulli ubi sit
apparet:

des quantumvis, nusquam apparet, neque datori
neque acceptrici.

velut haec meretrix meum erum miserum sua
blanditia

paene intulit in pauperiem:

privabit bonis, luce, honore atque amicis.

attat, eccam adest propinque. credo audisse haec
me loqui.

pallida est, ut peperit puerum. adloquar quasi
nesciam.

iubeo vos salvere.

Phron. Noster Cyame, quid agis? ut vales?

Cyam. Valeo, et venio ad minus valentem, et melius qui
valeat fero.

erus meus, ocellus tuos, ad te ferre me haec iussit
tibi

dona quae vides illos ferre, et has quinque argenti
minas.

Phron. Pol haud perit quod illum tantum amo.

Cyam. Iussit orare, ut haec grata haberes tibi.

570

580

TRUCULENTUS

the provision train) I just took a ten bob discount: I deducted the tithe due to Hercules for—myself. Why, it's the same as when a fellow diverts some water from a river for his own use: if it wasn't diverted, well, the whole lot of it would run into the sea. For it's into the sea this is running, (*indicating the provisions*) to meet its miserable and thankless fate. When I watch these things going on, I—take to emboodling, embezzling and looting the loot. The sea and harlots are a lot alike, as I see it. All you give she gobbles up: give—give—there's no overflow. Anyhow—what's got is kept and no one gets a glimpse of it: give all you own, it's nowhere visible to giver or to giveree. Now look at this harlot that's almost beggared my poor master with her blandishments: she'll strip him of fortune, honour, position and friends. (*seeing Phronesium*) Whew-w! There she is close by! Heard what I said, no doubt. She's pale, from having been brought to bed. Well, I'll hail her and act the ignorant. (*to Phronesium and Astaphium*) A very good morning to you both.

Phron. (*cordially*) My dear Cyamus! How goes it? How are you feeling?

Cyam. I feel well, ma'am, and find a lady feeling (*glancing at the couch*) not so well, and bring her something to improve her feelings. My master, ma'am, the apple of your eye, ma'am, told me to bring you the presents you see those fellows bringing, and this twenty-five pounds here. (*hands her a purse*)

Phron. (*making sure the soldier hears*) Dear man! It's not for nothing that I love him so!

Cyam. He told me to say he hoped these gifts would please you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phron. Grata acceptaque ecastor habeo. iube vasa auferri
intro, i Cyame.

Ast. Ecquid auditis, haec quae iam Cyamo imperat?

Cyam. Vasa nolo auferant: desiccari iube.

Ast. Impudens mecastor, Cyame, es.

Cyam. Egone?

Ast. Tu.

Cyam. Bona fide?

tune ais me impudentem esse, ipsa quae sis stabu-
lum flagiti?

Phron. Dic, amabo te, ubi est Diniarchus?

Cyam. Domi.

Phron. Dic ob haec dona, quae ad me hodie miserit,
me illum amare plurimum omnium hominum
merito,

590

meque honorem illi habere omnium maxumum,
atque ut huc veniat ad me obsecrare.

Cyam. Ilicet.

sed quisnam illic homost, qui ipse se comest, tristis,
oculis malis?

animo hercle homost suo miser,
quisquis est.

Phron. Dignust mecastor. nequam est. non nosti,
obsecro,

militem, hic apud me qui erat? huius pater pueri
illic est.

usque abegi, aspuli, iussi abiret; tamen
mansit: auscultat, observat quam rem agam.

Cyam. Novi hominem nihili.

illicinest?

Phron. Illic est.

Cyam. Me intuetur gemens;

traxit ex intimo ventre suspirium.

600

hoc vide, dentibus frendit, icit femur;

TRUCULENTUS

- Phron.* Indeed I am pleased and accept them gladly.
(sinking back on her couch) Go, Cyamus, have their things taken off inside.
- Ast.* *(to the porters, sharply)* Do you hear her orders to Cyamus?
- Cyam.* *(to Astaphium, as the porters obey)* I don't want their things taken off: have 'em emptied out.
- Ast.* Why, Cyamus, the impudence of you!
- Cyam.* Me?
- Ast.* You.
- Cyam.* Oh, really now? So you say I'm impudent? That from a store of iniquity like yourself?
- Phron.* Tell me, my good lad, where is Diniarchus?
- Cyam.* At home, ma'am.
- Phron.* *(very distinctly)* Tell him these presents he has sent me to-day make me love him more than any man in all the world, as he deserves, and that he has my very, very highest regard, and that I'm eager for him to come over and see me.
- Cyam.* At once, ma'am. *(noticing the soldier)* But who on earth's the man that's eating himself there, ma'am, looking so grim and evil-eyed? Gad! He's low in his mind, whoever he is.
- Phron.* Yes, and it serves him right. He's worthless. You surely must know the soldier that used to live with me? He's the father of this child of mine. I've driven him off, packed him off, ordered him off—everything; yet still he stands there, listening, observing all I do.
- Cyam.* I know the good-for-nothing. So that's the man?
- Phron.* It is.
- Cyam.* *(loud and derisive)* He moans and glares at me. He heaved that sigh from away down in his belly. Look there, he's grinding his teeth and whacking

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

num obsecro nam hariolust, qui ipse se ver-
berat?

Strat. Nunc ego meos animos violentos meamque iram ex-
pectore iam promam.
loquere: unde es? cuius es? cur ausu's mi
inclementer dicere?

Cyam. Lubitumst.

Strat. Istucine mihi respondes?

Cyam. Hoc. non ego te flocci facio.

Strat. Quid tu? cur ausa es alium te dicere amare
hominem?

Phron. Lubitumst.

Strat. Ain tandem? istuc primum experiar. tun tantilli
doni causa,
holerum atque escarum et poscarum, moechum
malacum, cincinnatum,
umbraticulum, tympanotribam amas, hominem non
nauci?

610

Cyam. Quae haec res?
meone,¹ improbe tu, male dicere ero audes, fons viti
et peiuri?

Strat. Verbum unum adde istoc: iam hercle ego te hic hac
offatim conficiam.

Cyam. Tange modo, iam ego te hic agnum faciam et
medium distruncabo.
si tu in legione bellator clues, at ego in culina
clueo.

Phron. Si aequom facias, adventores meos non incuses,
quorum
mihi dona accepta et grata habeo, tuaque ingrata,
quae abs te accepi.

Strat. Tum pol ego et donis privatus sum et perii.

¹ Leo brackets following *ero tu*.

TRUCULENTUS

his thigh! Good Lord! Is he some mad dervish, to beat himself that way?

Strat. (*striding up to Cyamus, horrific*) Now will I emit the fury from my breast and vent the vials of my raging heart! Speak! Whence comest thou? Whose art thou? How durst thou address me rudely?

Cyam. (*unperturbed*) Just a whim.

Strat. That is thy response to me?

Cyam. This. (*makes a contemptuous gesture*) I don't give a damn for you.

Strat. (*turning to Phronesium*) And what of thee? How durst thou say that thou dost love another man?

Phron. (*yawning*) Just a whim.

Strat. So, indeed? I'll first make test of that. Canst thou, thou, for a scrubby gift of greens, fodder and vinegar-water, deign to love a soft seducer with crinkled locks, an indoorsportsman, a thrummer of the tambourine, a makeshift of a male?

Cyam. (*wrathful*) What's all this? You dare run down my master, you useless rip, you fount of iniquity and lies?

Strat. (*hand on sword*) Add one word more, and by the Lord, I'll take this blade and here hew thee into gobbets!

Cyam. (*hand on knife*) You only touch me, and I'll use you for a lamb here and desunder you up the middle. You may be a well known hero in the army, but that's what I am in the kitchen.

Phron. (*to Stratophanes*) With any sense of fitness, you'd not affront my visitors whose gifts are acceptable and welcome to me, unlike the unwelcome stuff I've accepted from you.

Strat. (*tragic*) Ye gods! Then am I both denuded of my gifts and am myself undone!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Phron.* Plane istuc est.
- Cyam.* Quid nunc ergo hic odiosu's, confessus omnino reus?
- Strat.* Perii hercle hodie, nisi hunc a te abigo.
- Cyam.* Accede huc modo, adi huc modo. 620
- Strat.* Etiam, scelus viri, minitare? quem ego¹ iam iam concipilabo.
- quid tibi huc ventio est? quid tibi hanc aditio est?
- quid tibi hanc notio est, inquam, amicam meam?
- emoriere ocius, ni manu viceris.
- Cyam.* Quid, manu vicerim?
- Strat.* Fac quod iussi, mane.
- iam ego te hic offatim conficiam, sic occidi te optimum est.
- Cyam.* Captiost: istam machaeram longiorem habes quam haec est.
- sed verum me sine dum petere: siquidem belligerandum est tecum.
- adereo, dum ego tecum, bellator, arbitrum aequom ceperim.
- sed ego cesso hinc me amoliri, ventre dum salvo licet?
- 630

II. 8.

- Phron.* Datin soleas? atque me intro actutum ducite, nam mihi de vento miserae condoluit caput.

¹ Leo brackets following *offatim iam*.

TRUCULENTUS

Phron. (*icily*) No doubt about it.

Cyam. (*to Stratophanes, solicitously*) Well then, why stay and bore us, your case being a complete and admitted failure?

Strat. (*to Phronesium*) Undone I am this day, by heaven, an I not rid thee of this catiff!

Cyam. (*drawing his knife*) Just you come over here, just you come here!

Strat. Ha, scoundrel! Threats? One moment more and I shall reave thee! What meanest thou by venturing here? What meanest thou by approaching her? What meanest thou, I say, by thrusting thy acquaintance on my mistress? (*drawing his sword*) Thy life is o'er this instant, unless thou master me at arms!

Cyam. (*thoughtfully comparing weapons*) Master you at arms, eh? (*backs away, on guard*)

Strat. Do as I bade thee, wait! Now will I hew thee into gobbets here! That death befits thee best! (*advances, not too fast*)

Cyam. (*retreating, still on guard*) There's a catch in this. That sabre you have is longer than this thing of mine. But only let me go and get my spit: if I've really got to fight a war with you, I'll be there, once I get hold of the right referee (*eyeing his knife disgustedly*) with you, warrior. (*aside*) But how about decamping promptly while my belly's still intact?

[EXIT WITH UNPLEASANT GESTURES, FOLLOWED BY THE PORTERS. *Stratophanes* PURSUES HIM CAUTIOUSLY, THEN SWAGGERS BACK.]

Scene 8.

Phron. (*calling to maids within*) My sandals, girls! (*they are put on; she rises*) And now take me inside at once, for I've got a horrible headache from all this wind.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Strat. Quid mihi futurum est, cui duae ancillae dolent,
quibus te donavi? iamne abiisti? em sic
datur.

quo pacto excludi, quaeso, potui planius,
quam exclusus nunc sum? pulcre ludificor.
sine.

quantillo mi opere nunc persuaderi potest,
ut ego his suffringam talos totis aedibus.

num quippiam tam immutat mores mulierum?
postquam filiolum peperit, animos sustulit.

640

nunc quasi mi dicat: nec te iubeo neque voto
intro ire in aedis. at ego nolo, non eo.

ego faxo dicat me in diebus pauculis
crudum virum esse. sequere me hac. verbum
sat est.

ACTVS III

Strab. Rus mane dudum hinc ire me iussit pater,
ut bubus glandem prandio depromerem.
post illoc quam veni, advenit, si dis placet,
ad villam argentum meo qui debebat patri,
qui ovis Tarentinas erat mercatus de patre.
quaerit patrem. dico esse in urbe. interrogo,

650

quid eum velit.¹
homo cruminam sibi de collo detrahit,
minas viginti mihi dat. accipio libens,
condo in cruminam. ille abit. ego propere minas

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *concredat mihi si quid velit*
Schoell.

TRUCULENTUS

Strat. (*plaintively, as they enter*) And what becomes of me and the ache I get from those two maids I gave you? Gone already, have you? (*the door slams; he kicks it*) There! Take that! Pray how could I have been more clearly not admitted than I am not admitted now? A pretty trick to play me! All right, all right! But precious little persuading would I need now to smash the ankle-bones of this whole house! How can women's ways be changed so? The airs she has put on since she bore that brat! Now she the same as tells me: "I neither ask you nor forbid you to go inside this house." (*furtively tries the door; finds it locked*) But I don't want to go in, and I won't. Let a few days pass, and I'll make her call me a man of iron. (*to his orderly, with hauteur*) Come this way. Enough of words.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT III

ENTER *Strabax*, IN COUNTRY ATTIRE. HE SLINKS BY HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, AND STOPS NEAR *Phronesium's*.

Strab. (*gleefully*) Father sent me off on a morning trip to the farm a while ago so as to get the cattle a feed of nuts. After I come there, up to the farmhouse comes a fellow—glory be!—who owed father the price for some Tarentine sheep that father sold him. He asks for father. He's in the city, says I. What's he after him for, I want to know. The fellow unslings a money sack from his neck and hands me a hundred pounds. I take it cheerfully and stow it in a sack myself. Off he goes. And I—I hurried to the city loaded with

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ovis in crumina hac in urbem detuli.
 fuit edepol Mars meo periratus patri,
 nam oves illius hau longe absunt a lupis.
 nunc ego istos mundulos urbanos amasios
 hoc ictu exponam atque omnis eiciam foras.
 eradicarest certum cumprimis patrem,
 post id locorum matrem. nunc hoc deferam
 argentum ad hanc, quam mage amo quam matrem
 meam.

660

tat, ecquis intust? ecquis hoc aperit ostium?

Ast. Quid istuc? alienun es, amabo, mi Strabax,
 qui non extemplo intro ieris?

Strab. Anne oportuit?

Ast. Ita te quidem, qui es familiaris.

Strab. Ibitur,
 ne me morari censeas.

Ast. Lepide facis.

III. 2.

Truc. Mirum videtur, rure erilem filium
 Strabacem non redisse; nisi si clanculum
 conlapsus est hic in corruptelam suam.

670

Ast. Iam pol illic inclamabit me si aspexerit.

Truc. Nimio minus saevos iam sum, Astaphium quam fui,
 iam non ego sum truculentus, noli metuere.

TRUCULENTUS

this (*tittering*) hundred pound sack of sheep. Lord, but Mars must have been awfully angry at father, for his sheep aren't far from the (*contentedly ogling Phronesium's house*) wolves! Now I'll eject those dandified city beaus with a jolt from this (*swinging his sack*) and send the whole crowd packing. My mind's made up—I'll root out father first, and mother next. I'll do it now, I'll take this money to my girl here that I love more than mother. (*knocks timidly*) Oo-hoo! Anyone coming? Anyone opening up here?

ENTER *Astaphium* INTO DOORWAY.

Ast. (*observing the sack*) How's this? Why, my dear Strabax, are you a stranger, not to have come right in?

Strab. Should I have?

Ast. Yes indeed, an intimate friend like you.

Strab. Here goes, then, to show you I'm not slow!

Ast. That's a nice boy.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Scene 2. ENTER *Truculentus* INTO HIS DOORWAY.
HE LOOKS WORRIED, AND WISTFUL.

Truc. (*thinking himself alone*) Seems queer the young master Strabax ain't back from the farm—if so be he's not sneaked into this place (*indicating Phronesium's house*) that'll take him plumb to perdition.

Ast. (*aside, seeing him*) Goodness, how he'll bellow now, if he sets eyes on me! (*tries to hide*)

Truc. (*sees her, hesitates, leers, approaches sheepishly*) I ain't near as savage now as I was, Astaphium. I ain't irascible now, don't be scared.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ast. Quid vis? quid metuam? tuam expecto trulentiam.

Truc. Dic impera mihi quid libet quo vis modo.
novos omnis mores habeo, veteres perdidi.
vel amare possum vel iam scortum ducere.

Ast. Lepide mecastor nuntias. sed dic mihi,
haben—

Truc. Marsipum te fortasse dicere?

680

Ast. Intellexisti lepide quid ego dicerem.

Truc. Heus tu, iam postquam in urbem crebro commeo,
dicax sum factus. iam sum caullator probus.

Ast. Quid id est, amabo? istaec ridicularia,
cavillationes, vis opinor dicere?

Truc. Istud pauxillum differt a cavillibus.

Ast. Sequere intro,¹ amabo, mea voluptas.

Truc. Tene hoc tibi:

rabonem habeto, ut mecum hanc noctem sies.

Ast. Perii, rabonem? quam esse dicam hanc beluam?
quin tu arrabonem dicis?

Truc. “A” facio lucri,

690

ut Praenestinis conia est ciconia.

Ast. Sequere, obsecro.

Truc. Strabacem hic opperiar modo,
si rure veniat.

Ast. Is quidem hic apud nos est Strabax,
modo rure venit.

¹ Leo brackets following *me*.

TRUCULENTUS

- Ast.* (*demurely, not sure she understands*) What are you after? I scared—of what? (*smiling*) I await your irascibility.
- Truc.* (*collapsing entirely*) Talk to me, order me about as you please, whatever you want, miss. I've got me all new manners. I've lost the old ones. I can make love, I can walk out with a wench now.
- Ast.* Oh, this is just the nicest news! But tell me, have you a—
- Truc.* (*showing his purse*) A wullet, ye mean, mayhap?
- Ast.* How nicely you do understand me!
- Truc.* Harkye, miss, what with all these city goings and comings, I'm witty now, I am. I'm a great rippartree man now.
- Ast.* Bless your heart, what's that? Oh, at saying funny things, you mean, no doubt, at repartee.
- Truc.* That's only a mite different than repartree.
- Ast.* Do please come on inside, please, you darling.
- Strat.* (*shakes his head, hands her money*) Here, miss, take it. Have it for a stallment so as you'll be with me this night.
- Ast.* (*aside*) Mercy on us! "Stallment"? What sort of beast have I got here? (*aloud, sweetly*) Why don't you say "installment"?
- Truc.* The "in"'s savings for me, same as Praeneste folks calling a woodpecker¹ a pecker.
- Ast.* (*leading him toward the door*) This way! You really must!
- Truc.* (*holding back*) I'll just wait here a bit for Strabax to come from the farm.
- Ast.* Oh, but Strabax has just come from the farm and is here at our house.

¹ *Ciconia*, a stork.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Truc.* Priusne quam ad matrem suam?
eu edepol hominem nihili.
- Ast.* Iamne autem ut soles?
- Truc.* Iamne nihil dico?
- Ast.* I intro, amabo, cedo manum.
- Truc.* Tene. in tabernam ducor devorsoriam,
ubi male accipiar mea mihi pecunia.

ACTVS IV

- Din.* Neque gnatust neque progignetur neque potest
reperirier
cui ego nunc aut dictum aut factum melius quam
Veneri velim.
- 700
- di magni,¹ ut ego laetus sum et laetitia differor.
ita ad me magna nuntiavit Cyamus hodie gaudia:
mea dona deamata acceptaque habita esse apud
Phronesium;
quom hoc iam volup est, tum illuc nimium magnae
mellinae mihi,
militis odiosa ingrataque habita. totus gaudeo.
mea pila est: si repudiatur miles, mulier mecum
erit.
salvos sum, quia pereo; si non peream, plane
perierim.
nunc speculabor quid ibi agatur, quis eat intro, qui
foras
veniat; procul hinc observabo, meis quid fortunis
fuat.
quia nil habeo, nam amovi² mi hic omnia, agam
precario.
- 710

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *laete laetus* Spengel.

² *nil habeo, nam amovi* Lindsay: *nihil habeo unum*
animos movi corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

Truc. (*outraged*) Without seeing his mother first? Fine doings! That boy's no good!

Ast. (*petting him*) There, there! Back to your old ways now?

Truc. (*subsiding*) Ain't I saying nothing now?

Ast. Go on inside, there's a dear. Let's have your hand.

Truc. (*giving up*) Here 'tis. (*muttering*) I'm being got into a tavern where I'll have bad entertainment for my money.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Diniarchus*, BLISSFUL.

Din. Ah, there's no one born, or yet to be, or possible to find, that I'd wish better spoken of or done by now than Venus! Ye gods above! Such happiness! I'm so happy that I'm bursting! Oh, the grand and glorious news that Cyamus has brought me this day—Phronesium's glad to get my presents and thinks they're just adorable! Ah, that's wonderful, and on top of that, it's so superlatively sweet to hear that the soldier's gifts are hateful and unwelcome to her! My joy's complete! I've got the ball! If that soldier's given the go-by, I'll have my girl! (*pauses, then wryly*) I'm saved because I'm lost, yet if I'm not lost, I'm lost lots worse. (*eyeing Phronesium's house*) Now I'll spy on operations there and see who enters and comes out. (*withdrawing*) From a distance here I'll keep watch and find what my fate's to be. Now that I have nothing, have transferred everything to her, I shall be at her mercy.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IV. 2.

Ast. Lepide efficiam meum ego officium: vide intus modo ut tu tuom item efficias.

ama, id quod decet, rem tuam: istum exinani.
nunc dum isti lubet, dum habet, tempus ei rei
secundumst.¹

prome venustatem amanti tuam, ut gaudeat
cum perdis.

ego hic interim restitans praesidebo,
istic dum sic faciat domum ad te exagogam;
nec quemquam interim istoc ad vos, qui sit
odio,

intro mittam: tu perge, ut lubet, ludo in
istoc.

Din. Quis istest, Astaphium, indica, qui perit?

Ast. Amabo, hicin tu eras?

Din. Molestusne sum.

Ast. Nunc magis quam fuisti, 720
nam si quid nobis usust nobis molestus.²

sed obsecro, da mi operam, ut narrem quae volo.

Din. Nam quid est? num mea refert?

Ast. Non mussito.

intus bolos quos dat!

Din. Quid? amator novos quispiam?

Ast. Integrum et plenum adortast thensaurum.

Din. Quis est?

Ast. Eloquar, sed tu taceto. nostin tu hunc Strabacem?

Din. Quidni?

Ast. Solus summam nunc habet hic apud nos, nunc is est
fundus nobis.

animo bono male rem gerit.

¹ *secundumst* Geppert: *secundas* corrupt (Leo).

² *molestus's* Lindsay: *molestus* corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

Scene 2.

ENTER *Astaphium* INTO THE DOORWAY.

Ast. (*merrily, to Phronesium within*) I'll see that my job's nicely seen to, ma'am. Only mind you do the same by yours inside there. Show your love, as you should—of your own welfare—and exsicate your man. Now's the proper time for it, while he's in the mood, while he has the cash. Bring out your charm for the poor dear and make him happy while you ruin him. Meantime I'll stay out here and take command so long as he keeps exporting his goods to your house. Meantime not a soul will I let in there to bother you. So play your little game along the way you like.

Din. (*stepping forward*) Astaphium, who's being ruined there now? Let me know.

Ast. (*surveying him coldly*) Oh, you, is it? So you were here?

Din. (*hurt*) Am I a bother?

Ast. More now than you were, for if anything helps us, you do bother us. (*reflecting, vastly amused*) Gracious! But just listen here to something I want to tell.

Din. (*anxiously*) Well? What is it? Something that concerns me?

Ast. I won't keep it mum. Oh, the hauls she's making in there!

Din. Eh? Some new lover?

Ast. She has come upon a real treasure, intact and full!

Din. Who is it?

Ast. I'll tell you, but keep it quiet. You know this Strabax? (*points to his house*)

Din. Of course.

Ast. (*laughing heartily*) He's head man at our house now, he alone; why, he's our real estate now. And he goes to the bad with such good cheer!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Din.* Perit hercle, ego idem ¹
bona perdididi, mala repperi, factus sum extimus a
vobis.
- Ast.* Stultus es, qui facta infecta facere verbis postules. 730
Thetis quoque etiam lamentando pausam fecit filio.
- Din.* Non ego nunc intro ad vos mittar?
- Ast.* Quidum quam miles magis?
- Din.* Quia enim plus dedi.
- Ast.* Plus enim es intro missus, quom dabas:
sine vicissim qui dant ² ob illud quod dant operis
utier.
- Din.* litteras didicisti: quando scis, sine alios discere.
Discant, dum mihi commentari liceat, ni oblitus
siem.
- Ast.* Quid erit interea magistrae, dum tu commentabere?
volt ³ illa itidem commentari.
- Din.* Quid?
- Ast.* Rem accipere identidem.
- Din.* Dedi equidem hodie: iussi ei quinque argenti
deferri minas,
praeterea una mina obsonatum.
- Ast.* Idem istuc delatum scio. 740
de eo nunc bene sunt tua virtute.
- Din.* Ei, meane ⁴ inimici mei
bona istic caedent? mortuom hercle me quam ut
id patiar mavelim.
- Ast.* Stultu's. ⁵
- Din.* Quid est? aperi rem. quid iam, Astaphium?

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *itidem* Geppert. Leo notes following line: *hic reposuit Langenus*.

² Leo brackets following *operam*.

³ Leo brackets following *interim*.

⁴ Leo brackets following *ut*.

⁵ *Stultu's*. *Din.* *Quid est? Aperi rem. quid iam,*

TRUCULENTUS

- Din.* (*bitterly*) Ruined he is, and I too, that sank my own good money for such bad returns, when all you do is shut me out.
- Ast.* You're silly to hope that words will do to undo what's done. Thetis herself, even, did make an end of sorrowing for her son.
- Din.* I'm not to be admitted to your house now?
- Ast.* And why you more than the soldier?
- Din.* Well, because I gave her more.
- Ast.* Well, you were admitted more while you did the giving. Now, in turn, let those that do give get the services their gifts are paying for. You've learned your letters: seeing you know them, let others learn.
- Din.* I will, if I can only repeat my lessons at school, so as not to forget.
- Ast.* What'll become of teacher meantime, while you repeat them? She wants to repeat things, too.
- Din.* What?
- Ast.* Receipt of tuition fees from time to time.
- Din.* I've certainly paid mine to-day. I gave orders to send her twenty-five pounds, besides five pounds' worth of provisions.
- Ast.* Which same I know arrived. (*maliciously*) Thanks to your kind help, everyone's doing nicely now.
- Din.* Damnation! Are enemies to do away in there with what belongs to me? Good Lord! I'd rather die than stand that!
- Ast.* (*encouragingly*) You're silly.
- Din.* (*hopefully*) How so? Explain. How's that, Astaphium?

Astaphium? Lindsay: *stultus quid est aperire.* *Din. Quid iam?* corrupt (Leo).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ast.* Quia pol mavelim
mihi inimicos invidere, quam med inimicis meis;
nam invidere alii bene esse, tibi male esse, miseria
est.
qui invident egent; illis quibus invidetur, i rem
habent.
- Din.* Non mei licet obsoni me participem fieri?
- Ast.* Si volebas participari, auferres dimidium domum.
nam item ut Acherunti hic apud nos ratio accepti
scribitur:
intro accipitur; quando acceptumst, non potest
ferri foras. 750
bene vale.
- Din.* Resiste.
- Ast.* Omitte.
- Din.* A, mitte intro.
- Ast.* Ad te quidem.
- Din.* Immo istoc ad vos volo ire.
- Ast.* Non potest, nimium petis.
- Din.* Experiri ¹—
- Ast.* Immo opperire. vis est experirier.
- Din.* Dic me adesse.
- Ast.* Abi, occupatast. res itast, ne frustra sis.
- Din.* Redin an non redis?
- Ast.* Vocat me quae in me potest plus quam potes.
- Din.* Vno verbo—
- Ast.* Eloquere.
- Din.* Mittin me intro?
- Ast.* Mendax es, abi.
unum aiebas, tria iam dixti verba, atque ea men-
dacia.
- Din.* Abiit intro, exclusit. egon ut haec mihi patiar fieri?

¹ Leo brackets following *sine*.

TRUCULENTUS

- Ast.* (*suddenly dispassionate*) How? Because I'd rather have my enemies envying me than me my enemies. Yes, to envy another's welfare, while you fare badly, is plain misery. The envious ones have come to want; the envied ones have everything.
- Din.* I'm not allowed to partake of my own provisions?
- Ast.* If it's partaking you wanted, you should have taken half home. You see, we keep accounts at our house just as they do in Hades: receipts are entered—and once they're entered, there's no removing them. (*turns away*) A very good day to you.
- Din.* (*seizing her*) Stop!
- Ast.* Let go of me!
- Din.* Oh, do let me go in!
- Ast.* In your own house, yes.
- Din.* No, no, it's there in yours I want to go!
- Ast.* It can't be done, you're too demanding.
- Din.* (*holding her and making for the door*) I want to try—
- Ast.* (*breaks away, blocks the door*) Oh no, try waiting. It's assault you're trying.
- Din.* Say I'm here.
- Ast.* Get out of here, she's busy. And that's a fact, don't fool yourself. (*about to enter*)
- Din.* Will you return or not?
- Ast.* (*seeming to hear Phronesium calling*) There's a voice that has more weight with me than yours has.
- Din.* (*pleadingly*) Just one word——
- Ast.* Say it.
- Din.* You'll let me in?
- Ast.* You're a liar. Be off. "One" word, you said. Here you've spoken four, and they're all lies.
- Din.* (*wild*) She's gone inside, and shut me out! Am I the man to put up with this treatment? (*shouting*)

[EXIT.]

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

iam hercle ego tibi, inlecebra, ludos faciam clamore
 in via,
 quae adversum legem accepisti a plurimis pecuniam ; 760
 iam hercle apud novos omnis magistratus faxo erit
 nomen tuom,
 post id ego te manum iniciam quadrupuli, venefica,
 suppostrix puerum. ego edepol iam tua probra
 aperibo omnia.
 nihil me prohibet, perdidi omne quod fuit : fio
 impudens,
 nec mi adeost tantillum pensi iam, quos capiam
 calceos.
 sed quid ego hic clamo? quid si me iubeat intro-
 mittier?
 conceptis me non facturum verbis iurem, si velit.
 nugae sunt. si stimulos pugnis caedis, manibus
 plus dolet.
 de nihilo nihil est irasci, quae te non flocci facit.
 sed quid hoc est? pro di immortales, Calliclem
 video senem, 770
 meus qui adfinis fuit, ancillas duas constrictas
 ducere,
 alteram tonstricem huius, alteram ancillam suam.
 pertimui : postquam unâ cura cor meum movit modo,
 timeo ne male facta antiqua mea sint inventa omnia.

IV. 3.

Call. Egon tibi male dicam tibi que aut male velim? ut
 animus meust,

¹ *quos capiam calceos* : what unbecoming thing I do.

TRUCULENTUS

By the Lord, I'll make things merry for you now, by yelling in the street, you seductress, with your illegal money-getting from man after man! By the Lord, I'll soon bring your name before all the new police commissioners, and after that I'll have you in court to pay quadruple damages, you sorceress, you child changeress! I'll soon expose all your villainies, by heaven, I will! There's nothing to prevent me; all there was I've parted with! No shame is left me! Not a pennyworth do I care now what shoes I wear!¹ (*pauses, then helplessly*) Yet why do I keep bawling here? What if she told them to let me in? Then I would take my formal oath to hold my tongue, if she so wished. Oh, it's no use! Beat a stick with your fists, and it's your hands that suffer. There's nothing in raging at nothing, when a girl doesn't give a damn for you. (*looks down the street*) But what's this? Ye immortal gods! There's old Callicles, who was to have been my father-in-law, leading along two servant maids in bonds! One of 'em is Phronesium's hairdresser, the other's a slave girl of his own! (*withdraws*) Lord, I'm scared! Here I was all worked up over one worry, and now I'm afraid my former sins, the whole of 'em, have been found out!

Scene 3. ENTER *Callicles*, FOLLOWED BY SLAVES IN CHARGE OF THE GIRLS. *Callicles* IDENTIFIES *Phronesium's* HOUSE AND HALTS.

Call. (*to his own maid, with savage irony*) Now am I a man to speak hard words to you, (*to the other*) and you, or to hold hard wishes? I should judge that you

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

propemodum expertae estis, quam ego sim mitis
tranquillusque homo.

rogitavi ego vos verberatas ambas pendentis simul;
commemini, quo quicque pacto sitis confessae scio;
hic nunc volo scire eodem pacton sine malo fate-
amini.

quamquam vos colubrino ingenio ambae estis, edico
prius,

780

ne duplicis habeatis linguas, ne ego bilinguis vos
necem,

nisi si ad tintinnaculos voltis vos educi viros.

Anc. Vis subigit verum fateri, ita lora laedunt bracchia.

Call. At si verum mi eritis fassae, vinclis exsolvemini.

Din. Etiamnum quid sit negoti, falsus incertusque sum,
nisi quia timeo tamen, egomet quia quod peccavi
scio.

Call. Ommium primum diversae state—em sic, istuc
volo;

neve inter vos significetis, ego ero paries. loquere
tu.

Anc. Quid loquar?

Call. Quid puero factumst, mea quam peperit filia,
meo nepote? capita rerum ede expedite.

Anc. Istae dedi. 790

Call. Iam tace. accepistin puerum tu ab hac?

Tom. Accepi.

Call. Tace.

nil moror praeterea. satis es fassa.

Tom. Infitias non eo.

TRUCULENTUS

two have had about enough experience of what a mild and tranquil soul I am. I questioned you when you were both strung up together and flogged; I have it fresh in mind, I know how you confessed each thing. What I want to know here and now is whether you confess in the same way unwhipped. No matter if you are a snaky-minded couple, I give you due notice not to try your double tongues on me, or I'll exterminate the two-tongued pair of you—that is, unless you'd like to be led off to the clinkclankcutioners.

Maid We're simply forced to confess the truth, sir, with these thongs cutting into our arms so.

Call. Well, if you do confess the truth to me, we'll have your bonds removed.

Din. (*aside*) I'm still in the dark, still uncertain what it's all about, but I do know I'm scared, though, aware as I am of my offence.

Call. (*to the girls*) Now first of all, stand apart. (*places them*) There! So! That's how I want you. And to keep you from signalling each other, I'll be a wall between you. (*to his own maid*) Speak up, you.

Maid Speak up what, sir?

Call. What was done with the boy my daughter bore, my own grandson? Come; come—the chief points—out with 'em!

Maid I gave him to her, sir. (*indicates her companion*)

Call. That'll do now. (*to the other*) You received the boy from her?

Hair. I admit it, sir.*

Call. That'll do. I want nothing more. You've confessed enough.

Hair. I don't deny it, sir.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Call.* Iam livorem verbo scapulis istoc concinnas tuis.
conveniunt adhuc utriusque verba.
- Din.* Vae misero mihi,
mea nunc facinora aperiuntur, clam quae speravi
fore.
- Call.* Loquere tu. qui dare te huic puerum iussit?
Anc. Era maior mea.¹
- Call.* Loquere tu. quid eo fecisti puero?
Ton. Ad meam eram detuli.
- Call.* Quid eo puero tua era fecit?
Ton. Erae meae extemplo dedit. 800
- Call.* Quoi, malum, erae?
Anc. Duae sunt istae.
- Call.* Cave tu nisi quod te rogo.
ex te exquiro.
- Ton.* Mater, inquam, filiae dono dedit.
- Call.* Plus quam dudum ² loquere.
- Ton.* Plus tu rogitas.
- Call.* Responde ocius
quid illa cui donatus puer est?
- Ton.* Supposivit.
- Call.* Cui?
- Ton.* Sibi.
- Call.* Pro filiolon?
- Ton.* Pro filiolo.
- Call.* Di, obsecro vostram fidem,
ut facilius alia quam alia eundem puerum unum
parit:

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 797-798 :

Call. Quid tu, cur eum accepisti?

Ton. Era med oravit minor,
puer ut sibi ferretur eaque ut celarentur omnia.

² Leo brackets following inqua.

TRUCULENTUS

Call. That one admission's enough to give your shoulder-blades a darker colour scheme. (*half to himself*) The statements of both agree so far.

Din. (*aside*) Oh, this is awful, awful! What I did is coming out, all I hoped to keep hushed up!

Call. (*to his own maid*) Your turn to speak. Who told you to give the child to her?

Maid Mistress, sir—my older one.¹

Call. (*to the other*) Now you speak. What did you do with this child?

Hair. I fetched him to my mistress, sir.

Call. And what did your mistress do with him?

Hair. Gave him to my mistress, right off, sir.

Call. What mistress, curse you?

Maid She has two, sir.

Call. (*turning on her fiercely*) Nothing from you but what I ask you! (*to the other*) It's you I'm questioning.

Hair. The daughter got him as a gift from the mother, I say, sir.

Call. Hm! You talk more than you did a while ago.

Hair. You ask more, sir.

Call. Quick now, answer me this: the girl who received the child, what did she do?

Hair. Palmed it off, sir.

Call. On whom?

Hair. On herself, sir.

Call. As her own youngster?

Hair. As her own, sir.

Call. God preserve us! How much easier it is for one woman than another to give birth to the same

¹ Vv. 797-798 :

Call. And you? Why did you take him?

Hair. My younger mistress asked me, sir, to have the child brought to her and everything kept secret.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec labore alieno puerum peperit sine doloribus.
puer quidem beatust: matrēs duas habet et avias
duas:

iam metuo, patres quot fuerint. vide sis facinus
muliebre.

Anc. Magis pol haec malitia pertinet ad viros quam ad
mulieres:

810

vir illam, non mulier praegnatem fecit.

Call. Idem ego istuc scio.
tu bona ei custos fuisti.

Anc. Plus potest qui plus valet.
vir erat, plus valebat: vicit, quod petebat abstulit.

Call. Et tibi quidem hercle idem attulit magnum malum.

Anc. Idem istuc ipsa, etsi tu taceas, reapse experta
intellego.

Call. Numquam te facere hodie quivi, ut is quis esset
diceres.

Anc. Tacui adhuc: nunc non tacebo, quando adest nec se
indicat.

Din. Lapideus sum, commovere me miser non audeo.
res palam omnis est, meo illic nunc sunt capiti
comitia.

meum illuc facinus, mea stultita est. timeo, quam
mox nominer.

820

Call. Loquere, filiam meam quis integram stupraverit.

Anc. Video ego te, propter male facta qui es patronus
parieti.

Din. Neque vivos neque mortuos sum, neque quid nunc
faciam scio,

TRUCULENTUS

identical baby! This one let the other labour, and bore the child without a pang. And a lucky boy he is—has two mothers and two grandmothers. What troubles me now is how many fathers he may have had. See how women act, will you!

Maid (*tartly, having spied Diniarchus*) My goodness, sir, it's more to men than women this mischief's to be laid. It's no woman got her with child, it was a man.

Call. Yes, I know that. And a fine guardian for the girl you've been!

Maid "The stronger arm, the upper hand." He was a man, had more strength: he overpowered her and got his way.

Call. And by the Lord, it's a bad bad way that man has got you in!

Maid That's plain enough without your telling me, from what I've been through.

Call. Never yet have I been able to extract from you who he was.

Maid (*very clearly*) I've kept silent so far: but now I won't keep silence, since he is here and doesn't show himself.

Din. (*aside*) Oh, I'm petrified! I dare not move, poor wretch! The whole thing's public, and now my life's at stake in court there! It was my doing, my imbecility! Oh, I'm scared to think how soon I'm named! (*scrunches against the house*)

Call. Speak! Who was it outraged my innocent daughter?

Maid (*glancing quickly at Diniarchus*) I see you there, you that your sins have changed to a wall-prop.

Din. (*aside*) I'm neither alive nor dead, and what to do now I don't know! I don't know how to get

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

neque ut hinc abeam neque ut hunc adeam scio,
timore torpeo.

Call. Dicin an non?

Anc. Diniarchus, quoi illam prius desponderas.

Call. Vbi is homost quem dicis?

Din. Adsum, Callicles. per tua obsecro
genua te, ut istuc insipienter factum sapienter feras,
mihique ignoscas quod animi impos vini vitio
fecerim.

Call. Non placet qui in mutum culpam confert, qui non
quit loqui.

nam vinum si fabulari possit, se defenderet. 830
non vinum viris moderari, sed viri vino solent,
qui quidem probi sunt; verum qui improbust si quasi
bibit

Din. sive adeo caret temeto, tamen ab ingenio improbust.
Scio equidem quae nolo multa mi audienda ob
noxiam.

Anc. ego tibi me obnoxium esse fateor culpae compotem.
Callicles, vide in quaestione ne facias iniuriam:

reus solutus causam dicit, testis vinctos attines.

Call. Solvite istas. agite, abite tu domum et tu autem
domum.

eloquere haec erae tu: puerum reddat, si quis eum
petat.

eamus tu in ius.

Din. Quid vis in ius me ire? tu es praetor mihi. 840

verum te obsecro, ut tuam gnatam des mi uxorem,
Callicles.

Call. Eundem pol te iudicasse qui admisti eam rem
intellego.

TRUCULENTUS

out of here or go up to him, either! I'm scared stiff!

Call. Will you name him or not?

Maid Diniarchus—the one you once betrothed her to.

Call. Where is this man you name?

Din. (*stumbles up, prostrates himself at Callicles' feet*)
Here I am, Callicles! I beseech you, sir, by these knees of yours, bear with a madman's act as a wise man should and forgive me for a thing I did when bereft of reason by that cursed wine!

Call. (*grim*) Fine business, laying the blame on a dumb accomplice that has no tongue! Why, if the wine could speak, it would defend itself. It is not the way of wine to control men, but men wine—men of any worth. A worthless man, however—call him drinker, yes, or abstainer—is worthless still by nature.

Din. Indeed, sir, I know I must listen to much that I hate to hear, because I'm guilty. I admit I've been to blame, sir, and I'm at your mercy.

Maid Callicles, sir, don't you think this trial is all wrong? The defendant's free while he pleads his case; the witnesses you keep tied up.

Call. (*to slaves*) Release them. (*to girls, loosed*) Get along, go on home, (*to his own maid*) you, (*to the other*) yes, and home with you, too! * Make this clear to your mistress: she is to return the child on demand.

[EXEUNT MAIDS.]

(*to Diniarchus* Come now, you, off to court!

Din. Why do you want me to go to court, sir? You yourself are my judge. But I do beseech you, Callicles, let me marry your daughter.

Call. (*somewhat mollified*) Bless my soul! I perceive you have both committed the deed and decided the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nam haud mansisti, dum ego darem illam: tute
sumpsisti tibi.

nunc habeas ut nactu's. verum hoc ego te multabo
bolo:

sex talenta magna dotis demam pro ista inscitia.

Din. Bene agis mecum.

Call. Filium istinc tuom te meliust repetere.

ceterum uxorem quam primum potest abduce ex
aedibus.

ego abeo. iam illi remittam nuntium adfini meo,
dicam ut aliam condicionem filio inveniat suo.

Din. At ego ab hac puerum reposcam, ne mox infitias eat; 850
nihil est, nam eapse ultro ut factumst fecit omnem
rem palam.

sed nimium pol opportune eccam eapse egreditur
foras.

ne ista stimulum longum habet, quae usque illinc
cor pungit meum.

IV. 4.

Phron. Blitea et luteast meretrix nisi quae sapit in vino
ad rem suam;

si alia membra vino madeant, cor sit saltem sobrium.
nam mihi dividiaest,¹ tonstricem meam sic con-
victam male.

ea dixit, eum Diniarchi puerum inventum filium.

ubi id audiui, quam ego propere potui egressa huc
sum foras.

¹ Leo brackets following *in*.

TRUCULENTUS

case. For you didn't wait till I gave her to you: you took her for yourself. Having found her, now keep her. (*Diniarchus revives*) But I intend to impose a big fine on you (*Diniarchus droops*)—eighteen hundred pounds that crazy act costs you, to be deducted from her dowry.

Din. (*again reviving*) That's good treatment, sir.

Call. You had better bring back your son from that quarter. (*indicating Phronesium's house*) And furthermore, lose no time in coming to take away your wife. (*about to leave*) I'll be going. I must send word at once to that connection of mine and tell him to find another match for his son.

[*EXEUNT Callicles AND HIS SLAVES.*]

Din. Well, now I'll demand the boy back from her, or later she may deny everything. That won't help her though, for she herself volunteered full information about it all. (*turns toward Phronesium's door*) Lord, what a piece of luck—here she is herself just coming out! (*withdraws, surveys her uncomfortably*) Ah, it's a long sting that woman has! She's puncturing my heart from all that distance.

Scene 4. ENTER *Phronesium*, FOLLOWED BY *Astaphium* WHO STOPS IN THE DOORWAY.

Phron. A girl in our line is a bungling little noodle-head, if she can't drink and still see what's good for her. The rest of her may be soused, but she mustn't let her brain be. (*looks about*) Why, it's abominable, having my hairdresser caught in such dreadful fashion. She said this child had been discovered to be Diniarchus' son. When I heard that, I hurried out as fast as I could.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Din.* Lubet adire quam penes est mea omnis res et liberi.
- Phron.* Video eccum qui suis tutorem med optavit liberis.
- Din.* Mulier, ad te sum profectus.
- Phron.* Quid agitur, voluptas mea? 860
- Din.* Non voluptas, aufer nugas, nil ego nunc de istac re ago.
- Phron.* Scio mecastor quid velis et quid postules et quid petas:
- Din.* me videre vis,¹ te a me ire postulas, puerum petis.
Di immortales, ut planiloqua est, paucis ut rem ipsam attigit.
- Phron.* Scio equidem sponsam tibi esse et filium ex sponsa tua
et tibi uxorem ducendam,² esse alibi iam animum tuum
et me quasi pro derelicta: scio, abiturus. sed tamen cogitato, mus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia, aetatem qui non cubili uni umquam committit suam, quin, si unum obsideatur, aliud iam perfugium elegerit. 870
- Din.* Otium ubi erit, de istis rebus tum amplius tecum loquar.
nunc puerum redde.
- Phron.* Immo amabo ut hos dies aliquos sinas eum esse apud me.
- Din.* Minime.
- Phron.* Amabo.
- Din.* Quid opus est?
- Phron.* In rem meam est.
triduom hoc saltem, dum aliquo miles circumducitur,

¹ Leo brackets following *et me*.

² Leo brackets following *iam*.

TRUCULENTUS

- Din.* (*aside, stepping forward*) Now for the wench that has her grip on all my property and children.
- Phron.* (*aside*) Ah, there's the man that chose me as his children's guardian.
- Din.* (*resolutely*) I was on my way to you, madam.
- Phron.* (*all sweetness and light*) How are things with you, darling mine?
- Din.* Don't darling me! No nonsense! I'm not concerned with things of that sort now.
- Phron.* Bless your heart, I know what you wish, what you claim, and what you come for: you wish to see me, claim we must part, come for the child.
- Din.* (*aside, admiringly*) Ye immortal gods! That's putting it plainly, that's hitting the point concisely!
- Phron.* Of course I know that you have a fiancée and a son by your fiancée, and a wife to marry, and that your mind is elsewhere now and I'm only a poor forsaken girl. I know, you'll leave me. (*softly*) But just the same, consider the wee mouse and what a canny little beastie he is. He doesn't ever entrust his welfare to a single cubbyhole, but has another refuge all picked and ready, if one is blocked.
- Din.* (*not so resolute*) When I'm at leisure we'll talk those matters over further. But now return the child.
- Phron.* Oh no, do let him stay with me, there's a dear, just for the next few days. (*fondles him*)
- Din.* By no means.
- Phron.* There's a dear!
- Din.* (*weakening*) What's the use of it?
- Phron.* It'll be a help to me. Do let me have him for the next three days, anyway, while I string the soldier

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sine me habere: siquidem habebo, tibi quoque
etiam proderit;

si auferes,¹ a milite omnis² mihi spes animam
efflaverit.

Din. Factum cupio, nam nefacere si velim, non est locus;
nunc puero utere et procura, quando quor cures
habes.

Phron. Multum amo te ob istam rem mecastor. ubi domi
metues malum,
fugito huc ad me: saltem amicus mi esto manu-
biarius.³

880

Din. Bene vale, Phronesium.

Phron. An non etiam tuum oculum vocas?

Din. Id quoque interim⁴ futatim nomen commemora-
bitur.
numquid vis?

Phron. Fac valeas.

Din. Operae ubi mi erit, ad te venero.

Phron. Ille quidem hinc abiit, abscessit. dicere hic quidvis
licet.

verum est verbum quod memoratur: ubi amici
ibidem sunt opes.

propter hunc spes etiamst hodie tactui⁵ militem;
quem ego ecastor mage amo quam me, dum id quod
cupio inde aufero.

quae cum multum abetulimus, hau multum eius
apparet quod datum est:

ita sunt gloriae meretricum.

Ast. Aha tace.

Phron. Quid est, obsecro?

¹ Leo brackets following *puerum*.

² Leo brackets following *tum*.

³ *manubiarius* Camerarius: *manubiniarius* corrupt (Leo).

⁴ Corrupt (Leo): *interatim furtim* Lindsay.

TRUCULENTUS

along. If I only do, you'll profit by it too, indeed you will. If you take him away, all my army prospects will have breathed their last.

Din. (*capitulating*) Well, good wishes—there being no chance for ungoodly ones! Make use of the child now and mind you're careful, seeing you have cause for care.

Phron. Oh, how much this does make me love you! Any time things look dangerous at home, just you take refuge with me. Let's at least have a bootiful friendship.

Din. (*trying to leave*) The best of luck to you, Phronesium!

Phron. (*clinging to him*) Won't you call me your precious pet any more?

Din. We'll have our galorious occasions for repeating that name, too. (*unwillingly wrenches himself away*) Nothing more you want?

Phron. (*fondly*) Do look after yourself.

Din. When my opportunity comes, I'll be with you.

Phron. (*cheerfully, as Astaphium joins her*) Well, he's gone, he's gone away. Now one can speak freely. (*laughing*) That's a true proverb they quote: "Where your friends are, there your wealth is." Thanks to him, I still have good hopes of trimming my soldier boy—whom I love more than my own self, ah yes, so long as I get what I want out of him. Even after getting a lot, though, we girls don't have a lot to show for what's given us. Such are the triumphs of our sisterhood.

Ast. (*looking down the street*) Oho! Quiet, ma'am!

Phron. Gracious! What's wrong?

⁵ *tactuiiri* Petitus, Lindsay: *tantum iri* corrupt (Leo).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ast.* Pater adest pueri.
Phron. Sine eumpse adire huc sine, si is est modo. 890
Ast. Ipsus est.
Phron. Sine eumpse adire, ut cupit, ad me.
Ast. Rectam tenet.
Phron. Ne istum ecastor hodie aspiciam confectum fallaciis.

ACTVS V

- Strat.* Ego minam auri fero supplicium¹ damnis ad amicam meam :
 ut illud acceptum sit, prius quod perdidi, hoc addam insuper.
 sed quid video? eram atque ancillam ante aedis.
 adeundae haec mihi.
 quid hic vos agitis?
Phron. Ne me appella quaeso.
Strat. Aha nimium saeviter.
Phron. Potine ut mihi molestus ne sis?
Strat. Ecquid, Astaphium, litiumst?
Ast. Merito ecastor tibi succenset.
Phron. Egon, atque isti etiam parum male volo.
Strat. Ego, mea voluptas, si quid peccavi prius, supplicium ad te hanc minam fero auri. si minus credis, respice. 900
Phron. Manus vetat prius quam penes sese habeat quicquam credere.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *damnas* Dousa.

TRUCULENTUS

Ast. (*points*) Here's the father of your child!

Phron. Let the man come here. Let him, if it's only he.

Ast. That's who it is.

Phron. Let the man have his way and come to me.

Ast. He's headed straight here, ma'am.

Phron. Ah! If I don't make a wife-worn spectacle of him to-day!

ACT V

ENTER *Stratophanes*, BADLY CRESTFALLEN AND DISTRESSED. HE STOPS AND RUEFULLY EXAMINES THE CONTENTS OF A PURSE.

Strat. I'm bringing my sweetheart five pounds to make amends—and swell my losses. So as to make my earlier extravagance acceptable, I'll add this to boot. (*notices the girls*) But what do I see? Mistress and maid in front of the house. I must up and at 'em. (*advances, genially*) What are you two doing here?

Phron. (*peevishly, turning away*) Don't you dare address me, sir.

Strat. Now, now! You're too snappish. (*tries to pet her*)

Phron. Can't you keep from pestering me?

Strat. Why is she so quarrelsome, *Astaphium*?

Ast. She has reason to be angry at you, mercy, yes!

Phron. (*to Astaphium*) Well, if I haven't! I'm altogether too good to that man.

Strat. But, darling girl, suppose I did act badly before, I'm bringing you this five pounds to make amends. (*holds out the purse*) Look round here, if you mistrust me.

Phron. (*still averted*) My hand forbids my trusting anything

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

puero opust cibo, opus est matri autem, opus est
quae puerum lavit,

opus nutrici, lact ut habeat, veteris vini largiter
ut dies noctesque potet, opust ligno, opust carboni-
bus,

fasciis opus est, pulvinis, cunis, incunabulis,
oleo opust, opus est farina, porro opus est tótum
diem :

numquam hoc uno die efficiatur opus, quin opus sem-
per siet ;

non enim possunt militares pueri dauco ¹ exducier

Strat. Respice ergo, accipe hoc, qui istuc efficias opus.

Phron. Cedo, quamquam parum est.

Strat. Addam etiam unam minam istuc post.

Phron. Parumst. 910

Strat. Tuo arbitrato quod iubebis dabitur. da nunc
savium.

Phron. Mitte me, inquam, odiosu's.

Strat. Nil fit, non amor, teritur dies.
plus decem pondo amoris ² pauxillisper perdidi.

Phron. Accipe hoc atque auferto intro.

Strab. * Vbi mea amicast gentium ?
neque ruri neque hic operis quicquam facio, cor-
rumpor situ,

ita miser cubando in lecto hic expectando obdurui.
sed eccam video. heus amica, quid³ agis ? ³

¹ *dauco* Seyffert : *etauio* corrupt (Leo).

² *amoris* Nonius : *moris* corrupt (Leo).

³ Leo brackets following *mille*.

TRUCULENTUS

that's not inside it. The child needs food; the mother needs it too; the woman that bathes him needs it; the nurse has her needs—so as to have milk she must drink lots and lots of old wine day and night; we need wood, we need coal, we need baby linen and pillows and cradle and cradle bedding; we need oil, we need farina, we go on needing the whole day long: we never can meet the needs of one day without more need the next. Sons of military men can't be reared on carrots, not they.

Strat. (*purse still extended, more humbly*) Do look round here, then; take this to meet those needs with.

Phron. (*acquiescing*) Let's have it, though it's not enough.

Strat. I'll add another five pounds to it later.

Phron. It's not enough.

Strat. (*faintly*) Ask all you like and you shall have it. (*fervently, embracing her*) Now let me have a nice long kiss.

Phron. (*pushing him away*) Leave me alone, I say! You weary me!

Strat. (*aside, desperate*) I get nowhere, I'm not loved, the day's almost done! It's more than ten pounds of—love I've let go oozling out of me!

Phron. (*giving Astaphium the purse*) Take this, take it away inside.

[EXIT *Astaphium*.]

ENTER *Strabax*, MUCH AGITATED, INTO DOORWAY.

Strab. (*to himself*) Where in creation is my sweetheart? I haven't got me a job on the farm or here either. I'm all mouldy and spoiled, hang it, what with lying on the couch here waiting till I'm numb. (*sees Phronesium*) Ah, there she is, though! Hey, sweetheart, what are you at?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Strat.* Quis illic est homo ?
- Phron.* Quem ego ecastor mage amō quam te.¹
- Strat.* Quam me ? quo modo ?
- Phron.* Hoc modo, ut molestus ne sis.
- Strat.* Iamne abis, postquam aurum habes ?
- Phron.* Condidi intro quod dedisti.
- Strab.* Ades, amica, te adloquor. 920
- Phron.* At ego ad te ibam, mea delicia.
- Strab.* Hercle vero serio,
quamquam ego tibi videor stultus, gaudere aliqui
me volo ;
nam quamquam tu es bella, malo tuo, nisi ego aliqui
gaudeo.
- Phron.* Vin te amplectar, savium dem ?
- Strab.* Quidvis face qui gaudeam.
- Strat.* Meosne ante oculos ego illam patiar alios ample-
xarier ?
mortuom hercle me hodie satiust. apstine hoc,
mulier, manum,
nisi si te mea manu ² ui in machaera et hunc vis
mori.
- Phron.* Nil halapari satiust, mīles, si te amari postulas ;
auro, hau ferro deterrere potes, hunc ne amem,
Stratophanes.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here :

Strat. Quam me ?

Phron. Quam te.

Strat. Quo modo ? Bothe.

² Corrupt (Leo) : nisi si te mea machaera vis et hunc una
mori Schoell.

TRUCULENTUS

- Strat.* (*roaring*) What man is that?
Phron. Oh well, one I love more than you.
Strat. Than me? How mean you?
Phron. (*turning away*) This is how—I won't be bothered by you.
Strat. You leave, the moment you have my money?
Phron. Why, I tucked inside there (*indicating her house*) what you gave me.
Strab. (*impatient*) Come here, sweetheart, I'm hailing you.
(*goes toward her*)

ENTER *Astaphium*, PLEASED WITH THE SITUATION,
INTO DOORWAY.

- Phron.* (*joining Strabax*) Well, you dear precious thing, I was just on my way to you.
Strab. (*aggrieved*) Really truly now, hang it, no matter what a fool you take me for, I want some fun, I do. No matter if you are pretty, you'll pay for it, if I don't have some fun.
Phron. Shall I hug you and give you a nice kiss? (*illustrates*)
Strab. (*contentedly*) Do what you want, so long as I have my fun.
Strat. (*aside*) Shall I endure to see her hug another man before my very eyes? Good Lord, I'd rather be dead this day! (*thunderously, drawing his sword*) Hands off that man, minx, if thou be not minded that ye both should die by this my hand and mighty blade!
Phron. (*over Strabax' shoulder*) No bambullying, soldier man, I advise you, if you want to be loved. Only gold, not iron, Stratophanes, can scare away my affection for this lad. (*they continue their caresses unperturbed*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Strat. Qui, malum, bella aut faceta es, quae ames hominem isti modi?

930

Phron. Venitne in mentem tibi quod verbum in cavea dixit histrio :
omnes homines ad suum quaestum callent et fastidiunt.

Strat. Huncine hominem te amplexari tam horridum ac tam squalidum?

Phron. Quamquam hic squallet, quamquam hic horret, scitus et bellust mihi.

Strat. Dedin ego aurum—

Phron. Mihi? dedisti filio cibaria.
nunc, si hanc tecum esse speras, alia opus auri mina.

Strab. Malam rem is et magnam magno opere, serva tibi viaticum.

Strat. Quid isti debes?

Phron. Tria.

Strat. Quae tria nam?

Phron. Unguenta, noctem, savium.

Strat. Par pari respondet. verum nunc saltem, etsi istunc amas,
dan tu mihi de tuis deliciis quidquid est ¹ pauxillum?

940

Phron. Quid id, amabo, est quod dem? ²
cave faxis vulnus tibi iam cui sunt dentes ferrei.

Strab. Volgo ad se omnis intromittit.

Strat. Abstine istac tu manum.

Strab. Iam hercle cum magno malo tu vapula vir strenuos.

Strat. Dedi ego huic aurum.

Strab. At ego argentum.

¹ *quidquid est* Geppert: *sum quicquid* corrupt (Leo).

² The rest of v. 941 and 942, *dic tum super feri capis dicit auavi consultam istuc mihi homo* (Leo), is hopelessly corrupt.

TRUCULENTUS

Strat. (*hovering over them helplessly*) Damnation! How can you be pretty or clever, to love a man of that sort?

Phron. You don't recall the remark the actor made in the theatre, eh? "All men are insensitive or squeamish as profits dictate."

Strat. That you should embrace a man like this, so unkempt, so squalid!

Phron. He may be squalid, he may be unkempt, but he's lovely and charming to me. (*proves it further*)

Strat. Didn't I give my money——

Phron. To me? You gave your son his nutriment. Now if you hope to have this lady with you, another five pounds is needed.

Strab. (*to Stratophanes, airily*) You're headed for hell, most particular hell; keep some coin to pay your way.

Strat. (*to Phronesium*) What do you owe that fellow?

Phron. Three things.

Strat. Three? What three?

Phron. Perfume, cuddling, kissing.

Strat. (*aside*) That's tit for tat. (*aloud, abjectly*) But at least now, even if you do love that lout, won't you give me just the littlest bit of those delights of yours?

Phron. Why, my dear man, what is it I'm to give? (*embraces Strabax smiles at the raging soldier*) * * * Look out you don't bite yourself now with those iron teeth of yours.

Strab. (*to Stratophanes*) She lets everyone in, all sorts.

Strat. Hands off her, you!

Strab. (*continuing operations*) Oh, go to blazes and be thrashed to you, you man of action.

Strat. This woman got gold from me!

Strab. Well, silver from me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Strat. At ego ancillas tura purpuram.¹

Strab. At ego oves et lanam, et ælia multa quæ poscet
dabo.

melius te minis certare mecum quam minaciis.

Phron. Lepidu's ecaster mortalis, mi Strabax, perge
obsecro.

Ast. Stultus atque insanus damnis certant: nos salvæ
sumus.

950

Strat. Age prior prompta aliquid.

Strab. Immo tu prior perde et peri.

Strat. Em tibi talentum argenti. Philippi hic est, em²
tene tibi.

Phron. Tanto melior, noster esto—sed de vostro vivito.

Strat. Vbi est quod tu das? solve zonam, provocator.
quid times?

Strab. Tu peregrinu's, hic ego habito: non cum zona ego
ambulo:

pecua ad hanc collo in crumina ego obligata defero.
quid dedi! ut discinxi hominem.

Strat. Immo ego vero, qui dedi.

Phron. I intro, amabo, i, tu eris mecum; tum tu eris
mecum quidem.

Strat. Quid tu? quid ais? cum hocin eris? ego ero
posterior, qui dedi?

Phron. Tu dedisti iam, hic daturust: istuc habeo, hoc
expeto.

960

¹ *At ego ancillas tura purpuram* Schoell: *eat apale puram*
corrupt (Leo).

² *Philippi hic est, em* Schoell: *Philippices est* corrupt
(Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

- Strat.* Well, maids and incense and a purple cloak from me!
- Strab.* Well, sheep and wool from me—and I'll give her lots of other things she asks for. Competition with me calls for cash, not brash.
- Phron.* Oh, Strabax dear, you're the cleverest creature. Do keep at him, do.
- Ast.* (*aside*) A fool and a madman competing to lose the most! That's fine for us.
- Strat.* (*beside himself*) Come then, you first, produce some present!
- Strab.* No, you first—go broke and go hang!
- Strat.* (*to Phronesium, wildly tearing off his money belt*) There you are! Three hundred pounds, coin of the realm! There! It's yours! Take it!
- Phron.* (*losing no time*) Ah, that's better! Our home is yours—but be your own provider.
- Strat.* (*to Strabax, triumphantly*) Where is your gift? Loose your money-belt, challenger! Why so timid?
- Strab.* You're from foreign parts; I live here, I do. I don't go walking round with a money-belt. It's flocks I fetch her, all tied up in this here sack on my neck. (*displaying it to Phronesium*) What a—gift! How I got him peeled!
- Strat.* (*with a confident laugh*) Ah no, how I got you, you mean! I made my gift.
- Phron.* (*to Strabax*) Go inside, there's a dear, go on. You can be with me. (*to Stratophanes*) Then you can be with me, too.
- Strat.* (*aghast*) What's that? What are you saying? He be with you? And I come second, I that made my gift?
- Phron.* (*sweetly*) Yes, yours is made already; his isn't, yet. I have that (*indicating the belt*) and I'm after this.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

verum utrique mos geratur amborum ex sententia.

Strat. Fiat. ut rem gnatam vidēo, hoc accipiundumst
quod datur.

Strab. Meum quidem te lectum certe occupare non sinam.

Phron. Lepide ecastor aucupavi atque ex mea sententia,
meamque ut rem video bene gestam, vostram rursum
bene geram :

rem bonam¹ si quis animatust facere, faciat ut sciam.
Veneris causa adplaudite: eius haec in tutelast
fabula.

spectatores, bene valetē, plaudite atque exurgite.

¹ *rem bonam* Buecheler : *romabo* corrupt (Leo).

TRUCULENTUS

(*indicating the sack*) But I must do my best for each of you and try to please you both. (*joins Strabax in her doorway*)

Strat. (*apoplectic*) So be it! (*aside*) As I see the situation, I must accept what's given me!

Strab. (*entering the house, to Stratophanes*) One thing's sure, I'll never let you edge me out of my bed, not me.

Phron. (*to audience*) Goodness me, what a lovely hunting trip I've had, just ideal! Seeing I've handled my own affairs so nicely, I'm ready now to do the same with yours. If anyone's disposed to make himself comfortable, make sure to let me know.

For Venus' sake applaud: this play is in her charge. Spectators, my fond farewell! Give us your applause and rise.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

VIDULARIA
OR
THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

[Only a score of fragments of the VIDULARIA, a total of hardly more than a hundred lines, have been discovered.]

VIDVLARIA

PERSONAE

ASPASIVS SERVVS
NICODEMVS ADVLESCENS
GORGINES PISCATOR
DINIA SENEX
CACISTVS PISCATOR
SOTERIS VIRGO
ADVLESCENS
MVLIER
LENO

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ASPASIUS,¹ *slave of Gorgines.*

NICODEMUS, *a young gentleman.*

GORGINES, *an old fisherman.*

DINIA, *a friend and neighbour of Gorgines.*

CACISTUS, *a fisherman.*

SOTERIS, *a girl.*²

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.³

A WOMAN.³

A PIMP.³

¹ Name doubtful.

² Relationship unknown.

³ Name and relationship unknown.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

PROLOGVS

		hanc rem vetere nomine	
	potentiam inimicorum		3
	laudatus	gratias	
Schedia			6
poeta hanc noster fecit	Vidulariam.		
		faxo scibitis.	
prius noscite alia : sane scitis, ipse est ;			
credo argumentum velle vos pernoscere ;			10
intellegetis potius quid agant quando agent.			
	uos in loco monitum		
		meam	14
magis	abeo	nunciam	15
uos	pro hoc		

Asp. Hominem, semel quem usurpavit servitus

I. *Nic.* Eiusdem Bacchae fecerunt nostram navem
Pentheum.

II. inopiam, luctum, maerorem, paupertatem,
algum, famem.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

The scene of the play is unknown. The action takes place in front of the house of Gorgines, and perhaps, of Dinia.

PROLOGUE

* * * This matter by an old name * * *
power of enemies * * * praised * * * thanks
* * * SCHEDIA * * * our dramatist has made this
play THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG. * * * I shall
let you know. First learn other matters: you
doubtless do know—it is he himself. I fancy that
you wish full information of the plot—but I prefer
to let you discover what they do when they do it.
* * * You, here and now admonished * * *
mine more * * * I leave * * * at once you
* * * instead of this one * * *

The play is opened by Aspasius. Only the first of his lines is preserved.

Asp. A chap that slavery once has got its hold on * * *

Nicodemus has been shipwrecked. Gorgines is hospitable to the destitute young fellow. The four fragments that follow seem to belong to a scene in which Nicodemus tells Gorgines his story.

I. Nic. It was his Bacchantes made a Pentheus of our ship.

II. want, affliction, sorrow, poverty, cold, hunger.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

III. *Gorg.* Paupera haec res est.

IV. haec myrtus Veneris est.

est quo censeo

Nic. Quid ais? licetne?

Din. Maxume, siquid est opus.
sed quid est negoti?

Nic. Te ego audiui dicere, 20
operarium te velle rus conducere.

Din. Recte audivisti.

Nic. Quid vis operis fieri?

Din. Quid tu istuc curas? an mihi tutor additu's?

Nic. Dare possum, opinor, satis bonum operarium.

Din. Est tibi in mercede servus quem des quispiam? 25

Nic. Inopia servum me

Din. Quid? tu locas te? non, ut opinor, serio,
nam equidem te mercenarium haud esse arbitror.

Nic. Non sum, siquidem tu non vis mercedem dare,
verum, si pretium das, duces tecum simul. 30

Din. Laboriosa, adulescens, vita est rustica.

Nic. Urbana egestas edepol aliquanto magis.

Din. Talis iactandis tuae sunt consuetae manus.

Nic. At qualis exercendas nunc intellego.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

III. *Gorg.* Means are very limited here.

IV. this is a myrtle grove of Venus.

Dinia wishes to hire a labourer. Nicodemus applies.
The following lines are from a scene between them.

* * * it is where * * * I think * *

Nic. (*courteous and eager*) What do you say, sir? May I?

Din. (*not too cordially*) Very well, if there's any need of
it. But what's it about?

Nic. I heard you speak of wishing to hire a farm labourer,
sir.

Din. You heard aright.

Nic. What sort of labour's to be done, sir?

Din. What's that to you? Been appointed my guardian?

Nic. I can supply you quite a good labourer, I believe,
sir.

Din. (*more interested*) Got some slave you let out for
wages, have you?

Nic. Lacking slaves * * * myself * * *

Din. What? You want the job yourself? (*scrutinizing
him*) You can't be serious, I judge, for you certainly
don't look to me like a wage-earner.

Nic. (*smiling*) I'm not, sir—that is, if you don't offer
wages. But if you do offer any pay, it'll pay you to
take me along with you.

Din. (*his interest increasing*) It's arduous, young man,
this living on a farm.

Nic. Gad! It's rather more so, sir, this living on nothing
in a city.

Din. All your hands are used to is throwing dice.

Nic. But now, sir, I see I must busy them pitching hay.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Din. Mollitia urbana atque umbra corpus candidumst. 35

Nic. Sol est ad eam rem pictor: ztrum fecerit.

Din. Heus tu, a meis illic estur satis durus cibus.

Nic. Misero male esse fuerit consentaneum.

quod abs te quaesso ut mihi impertias.

si tibi pudico homine est opus et non malo, 40

qui fidei plenior sit quam servi tui

cibique minimi maxumaque industria,

minime mendace, em me licet conducere.

Din. Non edepol equidem credo, mercennarium te esse.

Nic. An non credis? non conduci arbitror 45

dicat simul

operarium

iam unde conducam mihi

multum laboret, paullum mereat, paullum edit.

Nic. Minus operis nihilo faciam quam qui plurimum, 50

nec mihi nisi unum prandium quicquam duis,

praeter mercedem.

Din. Quid merendam?

Nic. Ne puis,

neque cenam.

Din. Non cenabis?

Nic. Immo ibo domum.

Din. Vbi habitas?

Nic. Hic apud piscatorem Gorginem.

Din. Vicinus igitur es mihi, ut tu praedicas. 55

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

Din. Your skin's all white from the soft, sheltered city life you've led.

Nic. The sun's a painter who'll attend to that, sir: he'll soon put the black on.

Din. Mark my words, it's mighty rough fare my workmen get there.

Nic. Quite in the nature of things, sir, that a poor devil fare poorly. What * * * of you, sir, * * * I beg you'll grant it to me. If you need a man that's decent, that's no bad sort, one who'll show more loyalty than your own slaves, one you can feed least, sweat most, and trust to the utmost—here I am, sir, ready to be hired.

Din. But good heavens, I really don't believe it, that you're a wage-earner.

Nic. You don't believe it, sir? Not * * * to be hired, I think * * * he would likewise say * * *

* * * labourer * * * now * * * I hire gets long hours, little pay, and little food.

Nic. I'll do quite as much as the one that does most, sir, and you needn't give me anything besides my wages except a meal at noon.

Din. How about a meal in the afternoon?

Nic. No need of it, sir, and no dinner.

Din. You won't have dinner?

Nic. Well, I'll go home, sir.

Din. Where do you live?

Nic. (*pointing*) Here with Gorgines the fisherman.

Din. Then you're my neighbour, according to that * * *

Cacistus finds Nicodemus' travelling bag while he is fishing, but Aspasius prevents his appropriating it. Gorgines appears and makes himself its temporary custodian. Fragments V and VI, and lines 56-68, deal with this incident.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. *Gorg.* Animum advortite ambo sultis. vidulum hic
apponite;

ego servabo, quasi sequestro detis; neutri reddibo,
donicum res iudicata erit haec.

VI. *Asp.* Haud fugio sequestrum

Cac. ibo et quaeram, si quem possim sociorum nanciscier
seu quem norim, qui advocatus adsit. iam hunc
novi locum. 56

hicine vos habitatis?

Gorg. Hisce in aedibus: huc adducito.
at ego vidulum intro condam in arcam atque occlu-
dam probe.

tu si quem vis invenire tibi patronum, quaerita;
perfidiose numquam quicquam hic agere decretumst
mihi. 60

Cac. Qur, malum, patronum quaeram, postquam litem
perdidi?

ne ego homo miser et scelestus dudum atque
infelix fui,

vidulum qui ubi vidi, non me circumspexi centiens;
verbero illic inter murtos latuit, insidias dedit. 65

tam scio quam me hic stare: captam praedam
perdidi.

nisi quid ego mei simile aliquid contra consilium
paro.

hic astabo atque observabo, si quem amicum
conspicer.

Din. Ne tu edepol hodie miserias multas tuas
mihi narravisti, eoque ab opere maxume
te abire iussi, quia me miserebat tui. 70

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

V. *Gorg.* Pay attention, please, the pair of you. Put the bag down here. I'll look after it as something you leave with me on deposit. Neither party gets it back till this matter's settled.

VI. *Asp.* I'm not avoiding a deposit * * *

Cac. (*sullen*) I'll go look round and see if I can run across some mate of mine, or someone I know, to come and be my counsellor. I know this place by now. You folks live here, do you?

Gorg. Yes, in this house. (*pointing*) Bring your man there. (*goes toward his door*) But I'll just stow the bag in a chest inside and fasten it well. As for you, if you want to find yourself some patron, go and look him up. Nothing underhand shall ever be done here, I'm set on that.

[EXIT *Gorgines* WITH THE BAG, FOLLOWED BY
Aspasius.]

Cac. (*wrathful*) Why go chasing up a patron, curse it, after I've lost my case? Oh, what a poor damned luckless fool I was a while ago, not to have peered round about me a hundred times when I spied that travelling bag! He was hidden amongst the myrtles there, the hound, lying in ambush. I know it, as sure as I'm standing here: the loot I captured is lost, if I don't lay some plan to prevent it, some sly one like myself. I'll stay round here and watch for some friend to get in sight. (*withdraws*)

ENTER *Dinia* AND *Nicodemus*.

Din. (*deeply moved*) Heavens, lad! The sea of troubles you've been through and tell me of! And I've been specially insistent on your quitting work of this sort because I felt troubled, too, about you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cac.

Illic est adulescens, quem tempestas

et iam ego audiui

74

in opus ut sese collocavit quam cito;

pol haut cessavit, postquam terram attigit.

mirum est si

rem mihi narravit;

79

egentiozem

neminem

81

neque esse credo neque fuisse neque fore.

Din.

Cave tu istuc dixis. immo etiam argenti
minam,

quam med oravisti ut darem tibi faenore,

iam ego adferam ad te. faenus mihi nullum
duis.

Nic.

85

Di tibi illum faxint filium salvum tuum,

qum mihi qui vivam copiam inopi facis.

sed quin accedat faenus, id non postulo.

Din.

Defaenerare hominem egentem hau decet.

quam ad redditurum te mihi dices diem,

90

cave demutassis.

Nic.

Vsque donec solvero,

VII. *Cac.*

Ibi ut piscabar, fuscina ici vidulum.

VIII.

Nescio qui servos e myrteta prosilit.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

Cac. (*aside*) He's the young chap that the storm * * * and now I've heard * * * how quickly he got himself a job. Lord! He didn't hang back, once he touched solid ground.

In the course of this scene Dinia seems to have been stirred by a faint recognition of Nicodemus' voice and to have spoken of his own son, lost and possibly in such straits as Nicodemus.

It's strange if * * * he recounted the affair to me * * * a man more destitute * * * does not exist, or ever did, or ever will, I do believe.

Din. Don't say a thing like that. No, no, see here, I'll go at once and bring you the five pounds you asked me to lend you at interest. As for interest, you needn't pay a bit.

Nic. May heaven preserve that son of yours for you, sir, and reward your providing me in my need with the means of living. But I don't expect you to forgo the interest, sir.

Din. A man that's destitute must not be burdened with interest charges. (*affecting rigour*) But the date you mention for repaying me, mind you don't change that.

Nic. Up to the very time I settle * * *

Cacistus appeals to Nicodemus, or to Dinia, to help him regain the travelling bag, and tells how he found it. The next four fragments come from this lost scene.

VII. *Cac.* There as I was fishing, I struck my spear against the bag.

VIII. Some slave or other leapt out of the myrtle grove.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IX. Quid multa verba? plurimum luctavimus.

X. Nunc apud sequestrum vidulum posivimus.

XI. Opposita est calcendix.

Nic. At ego signi dicam quid siet.

XII. XIII. *A.* Iuben hunc insui in culleo
atque in altum deportari, suis ut annonam bonam
piscibus concinnet?

B. Malo hunc adligari ad horiam,
ut semper piscetur, etsi sit tempestas maxima.

XIV. Signum recte comparebat; huius contendi
anulum.

XV. Malim moriri meos quam mendicarier:
boni miserantur illum, hunc inridet mali.

XVI. Nunc servos argentum a patre expalpabitur.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

IX. Why spin it out? We had an awful squabble.

X. Now we've left the bag on deposit.

Nicodemus is proved to be not only the owner of the bag, but also Dinia's long lost son. Fragments XI-XIV belong to this part of the play.

XI. There's a shell-fish over against it.

Nic. But I'll tell you what the seal is.

XII, *A.* Have this fellow sewed in a sack, won't you,

XIII. and carried out to sea, so as to help along his fish with a cheap food supply?

B. I'd rather have this fellow tied to a smack, so as to be always fishing, even when there's a raging storm.

The next fragment may come from an account of events which Dinia gives to his wife.

XIV. The seal was perfectly clear; I compared his ring.

The remaining fragments cannot be assigned to definite parts of the play. A young lover, a pimp, a tricky slave, and a deluded father seem to have been involved, as well as a girl named Soteris.

XV. Better those dear to me be dead than brought to beggary: a dead man's mourned by good men, a beggar's mocked by bad ones.

XVI. Now the slave will cajole the father's cash away.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

XVII. *Nic.* immo id quod haec nostra est patria et quod
hic meus pater,
illic autem Soterinis est pater.

XVIII. Nam audiui feminam ego leonem semel parere

XIX. Vbi quamque pedem viderat, subfurabatur
omnis.

XX. Sed leno egreditur foras ;
hinc ex occulto sermonem eius sublegam.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING BAG

XVII. *Nic.* * * * well, the fact that this is our country
and this man my father, while he's the father of
Soteris.

XVIII. For I heard of a woman's once giving birth to a
lion * * *

XIX. Every louse he saw, he'd emboodle 'em all.

XX. But the pimp's coming out; I'll catch what he
says from here secretly.



SELECTED FRAGMENTS

In addition to the twenty-one plays translated in these five volumes, we have some hundred and fifty quotations from other plays ascribed, with more or less certainty, to Plautus. They are found chiefly in the ancient grammarians who use them to illustrate odd words and forms sanctioned by the dramatist. Often the quotations are of less than a line in length, and only a score of them contain two lines or more. There are two of four lines each; and one, the longest, consists of nine lines. Translations of this longest fragment and a few others follow. The notation is that of Leo.

ADDICTUS
OR
THE BONDMAN

Gellius (3, 3, 14) quotes Varro and others as stating that the *Addictus* was one of three plays written by Plautus while working in a mill. We have only the following fragment.

I

opus facere nimio quam dormire mavolo:
veternum metuo.

“Servius,” commenting on Virgil’s *Georgics*,
1, 124 (*veternus*).

I’d a whole lot rather do my work than sleep:
I’m scared of torpour-complaint.

AGROECUS
OR
THE RUSTIC

Gellius (3, 3, 9) quotes Accius, through Varro, as saying: “For neither the *Gemini Lenones* nor the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Condalium nor the *Anus* were Plautus' work, nor the *Bis Compressa* nor the *Bacaria*, never, nor were the *Agroecus* or the *Commorientes*, for that matter, the work of Titus Maccius." We have only one line of the *Agroecus*.

I

quasi lupus ab armis valeo, clunes infractos gero.

Paulus, 61, and Nonius, 196 (*clunes* masculine).

My fore quarters are strong as a wolf's, but oh, the state of my haunches!

ASTRABA

OR

PACK SADDLE

The Astraba of Plautus is quoted by Varro, Nonius and Festus, alluded to by Probus. Gellius (11, 7, 5) doubts its authenticity.

II

axitiosae annonam caram e vili concinnant viris

Varro, *De Lingua Latina*, 7, 66 (*axitiosae*).

Synergetic women do make market prices soar for the men

FRAGMENTS

BACARIA

Our only knowledge of the *Bacaria* comes from Macrobius who, calling it a Plautine play so named from a parasite, quotes it to prove that the *acipenser* was a delicacy in the playwright's day.

I

quis est mortalis aut fuit tanta fortuna affectus
umquam quam ego nunc sum, cuius haec ventri
portatur pompa?
venit nunc qui mihi in mari acipenser latuit antehac,
cuius ego latus in latebras reddam meis dentibus
et mandibulis.

Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, 3, 16, 1.

What mortal soul is blest, or ever was, with such
good luck as mine is now, having all this com-
missary train move in to me? Here comes the
sturgeon that once hid from my sight in ocean's
depths, and now, thanks be to teeth and mandibles,
I'll hide its sides deep out of sight again.

BOEOTIA

OR

THE LADY FROM BOEOTIA

Gellius (3, 3, 3-5) says that "in addition to the
twenty-one plays known as 'Varronian' which
Varro separated from the others, as unquestionably

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

and universally ascribed to Plautus," Varro also accepted as Plautine still other plays such as the *Boeotia*. Gellius then quotes from that comedy the following lines spoken by a hungry parasite, and declares that they are not merely Plautine, but *Plautinissimi*.

I

ut illum di perdant, primus qui horas repperit
quique adeo primus statuit hic solarium;
qui mihi comminuit misero articulatim diem.
nam unum me puero venter erat solarium,
multo omnium istorum optimum et verissimum.
ubi is te monebat, esses, nisi cum nil erat;
nunc etiam quom est non estur, nisi Soli libet.
itaque adeo iam oppletum oppidum est solariis:
maior pars populi aridi reptant fame.

Gellius, 3, 3, 5.

May heaven blast the man that first invented hours, yes, and first set up a sundial here—and minced the day into mere nothings for me, curse it! Why, when I was a boy my only sundial was my belly, and it was easily the best and most reliable timepiece of 'em all. On its giving you notice, you'd eat, except when there was no food; now, even when there is it isn't eaten, unless it suits old Sol. Why, we've reached the point where this town's stuffed with sundials—while most of its citizens creep about all shrivelled up with emptiness.

FRAGMENTS

CAECUS VEL PRAEDONES

OR

THE BLIND MAN OR THE BANDITS

Charisius gives us ten short quotations from this play to illustrate Plautus' use of various adverbs and an interjection.

V

ita sunt praedones: prorsum parcunt nemini.

Charisius, 211 (*prorsum*).

Bandits are like this: they spare no one, absolutely no one.

VIII

si non strenue fatetur ubi sit aurum
membra exsecemus serra.

Charisius, 219 (*strenue*).

If he doesn't confess where the gold is, double quick, let's slice parts off him with a saw.

COLAX

OR

THE TOADY

Terence (*Eunuchus*, Prologue, 25) ascribes a play named *Colax* to both Naevius and Plautus,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

and admits that he himself took from Menander's comedy of this name the characters of a parasite and a braggart warrior. Four quotations from the *Colax* have come down to us; the only one of any length is found in a letter of Marcus Aurelius to Fronto. The emperor quotes with approval:

II

qui data fide firmata fidentem fefellerint,
subdoli subsentatores, regi qui sunt proximi,
qui aliter regi dictis dicunt, aliter in animo habent.

M. Caesar ad Frontonem, 2, 10, 33.

Who give their solemn word, then trick him
when he takes it, manoeuvring mealy-mouthers
that stand the closest to their king and tell him
one thing while they think another.

FAENERATRIX

OR

THE MONEYLENDRESS

Varro refers to Plautus' *Faeneratrix*, or *Feneratrix*, and Diomedes quotes a few words from the play, but it is to Festus and his interest in the obscure¹ phrase, *vapula Papiria*, that we owe the three-line fragment which follows.

¹ "Papiria" implying any patroness of high birth and importance?

FRAGMENTS •

I

heus tu, in barbaria quod dixisse dicitur
libertus suae patronae, id ego dico tibi:
“ Libertas salve, vapula Papiria.”

Festus, 372.

Lookye here, what they say that freedman in
foreign parts said to his patroness, well, I'm saying
it to you: “ Hurrah for Freedom! Papiria be
blowed! ”

FRETUM

OR

THE STRAIT

Of the *Fretum* we know only through Gellius,
who quotes a couple of lines from it with this
preface: “ I had no slightest doubt that the
Fretum was Plautine, and in fact the most authentic
of all his works. I copied off these two lines from
it, intending to look into the history of the Arretine
oracle.”

I

nunc illud est quod responsum Arreti ludis magnis
dicitur:
peribo si non fecero, si faxo vapulabo.

Gellius, 3, 3, 7.

Now here is the Arretine answer at the Great
Games: I perish if I do it not, doing it I take a
thrashing.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

FRIVOLARIA

OR

BAGATELLE

We have ten short fragments of this play quoted by Charisius, Paulus, Festus, Varro, Nonius and Priscian, and ascribed by them to Plautus.

II

is mi erat bilis, querquera, tussis, aqua intercus

Paulus, 256, (*querquera*); Festus, 257;

Priscian, 1, 271, (*intercus*).

The man was a bilious attack to me, an ague,
a cough, a dropsy

LIPARGUS

Only one fragment of this play is known. Illustrating the ancient forms, *edo*, *edis*, *edit*, Priscian quotes the following lines from "Plautus in Lipargo."

I

nil moror mihi fucum in alveo, apibus qui peredit
cibum.

Priscian, 1, 522.

I'll have no drone in my hive to batten on the
bees' food.

FRAGMENTS

NERVOLARIA

Varro, Festus and Nonius supply us with a few short quotations from this play, the meaning of whose title is uncertain. Gellius (3, 3, 6) tells us: "When I was reading Plautus' *Nervularia*—accounted one of the doubtful plays—to our Favorinus, and he heard this line from that comedy:

scrattae, scrupipedae, strittivillae sordidae,

(scramblefoot scratchers, hair-plucking drabs)

he was delighted with the ancient, salty flavour of those words describing the nastiness and ugliness of harlots, and said: 'This one verse alone is enough to prove that Plautus wrote that play.' "

IV

producte prodigum esse amatorem addecet.

Festus, 229, (*prodegeris*).

Lavishness long drawn out befits the lover.

SATURIO

Very likely this play, quoted four times by Paulus and Festus to illustrate the meaning of four words, got its title from a parasite of the same

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

name as one in the *Persa*. The *Saturio* is another of the three comedies said to have been written by Plautus when he worked for a miller.

III

male tibi evenisse video. glaber erat tamquam rien.

Festus, 277, (*rienes*).

I see you've had hard luck. He was smooth as a kidney.

FRAGMENTS OF UNKNOWN PLAYS VII (XXI)

nullam ego rem citiorem apud homines esse quam famam reor.

Paulus, 61, (*citior*).

No fleeter thing is known to men, methinks, than the voice of rumour.

VIII (XXII)

stultus est adversum aetatem et capitis canitudinem.

Paulus, 62, (*canitudinem*).

He's too asinine for his age and hoarihood of head.

FRAGMENTS

X (XXIV)

numnam mihi oculi caeculant? estne hic noster
Hermio?

Paulus, 62, (*caeculant*).

It can't be my eyes are obfuscated? Isn't this
our Hermio?

XII (XXVI)

sic me subes cottidie quasi fiber salicem.

Paulus, 90, (*fiber*).

You're at me every day like a beaver after
willow bark.

XIV (XXIX)

neque muneralem legem neque lenoniam
rogata fuerit necne flocci aestimo.

Paulus, 143, (*muneralis lex*).

Your law about presents or law about pimps,
passed or not, it's nothing to me.

XVII (XXXII)

non ego te novi, navalis scriba, columbar impudens?

Festus, 169, (*navalis scriba—columbar*).

I not know you, you shipboard scribe, you
impudent oar-hole?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

XXVI XXVII (XLV XLVI)

quid est? hoc rugat pallium: amictus non sum
commode.

exi tu, Dave, age sparge, mundum esse hoc vesti-
bulum volo.

Venus ventura est nostra, nolo hoc pulveret.

Gellius, 18, 12, 3-4.

How's this? My cloak wrinkles. I am not
properly attired.

Out with you, Davus, come do some sprinkling!
I want this vestibule made very neat. Soon my
Venus visits me; I won't have it dusty here.

XXXII (LI)

quid murmurillas tecum et te discrucias?

Nonius, 143, (*murmurillum*).

Why these mutterlings to yourself and this
self-torment?

XLI (LXI)

neque ego ad mensam publicas res clamo neque
leges crepo.

"Servius," commenting on Virgil's *Aeneid*, 1, 738,
(*increpitans*).

I don't blare about politics at table or bellow
over legislation.

FRAGMENTS

LI (LXXI)

faciles oculos habet, *

Servius, commenting on Virgil's *Aeneid*, 8, 310,
(*faciles oculos, mobiles vino*).

He has easy-running eyes.

LVI (LXXXI)

Si quid facturus es,
appende in umeris pallium
et perge ad eam quantum valet
tuorum pedum pernicitas.

Isidorus, *Origines*, 19, 24, 1, (*pallium*).

If you're going to do anything, bundle your cloak
on your shoulders and be off to her fast as your
fleetness of foot allows.

LVII (LXXXII)

aeneis coculis mi excocta est omnis misericordia.

Isidorus, *Origines*, 20, 8, 1, (*cocula*).

All pity was cooked out of me in brass cookpots.

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